THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

NOVEMBER 27, 1948

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The Private Life of Bernard Baruch

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Follow The Storm

This week's star story

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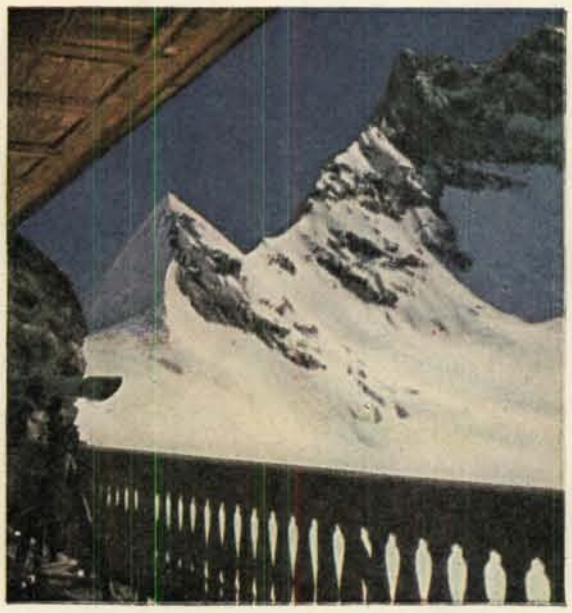
Nov. 27, 1948

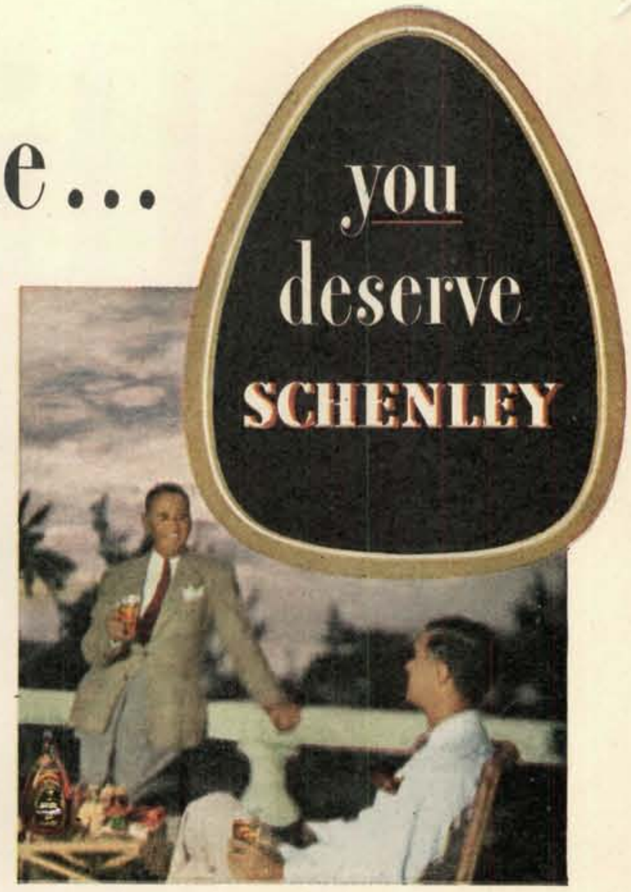
around the world...

When day is done...

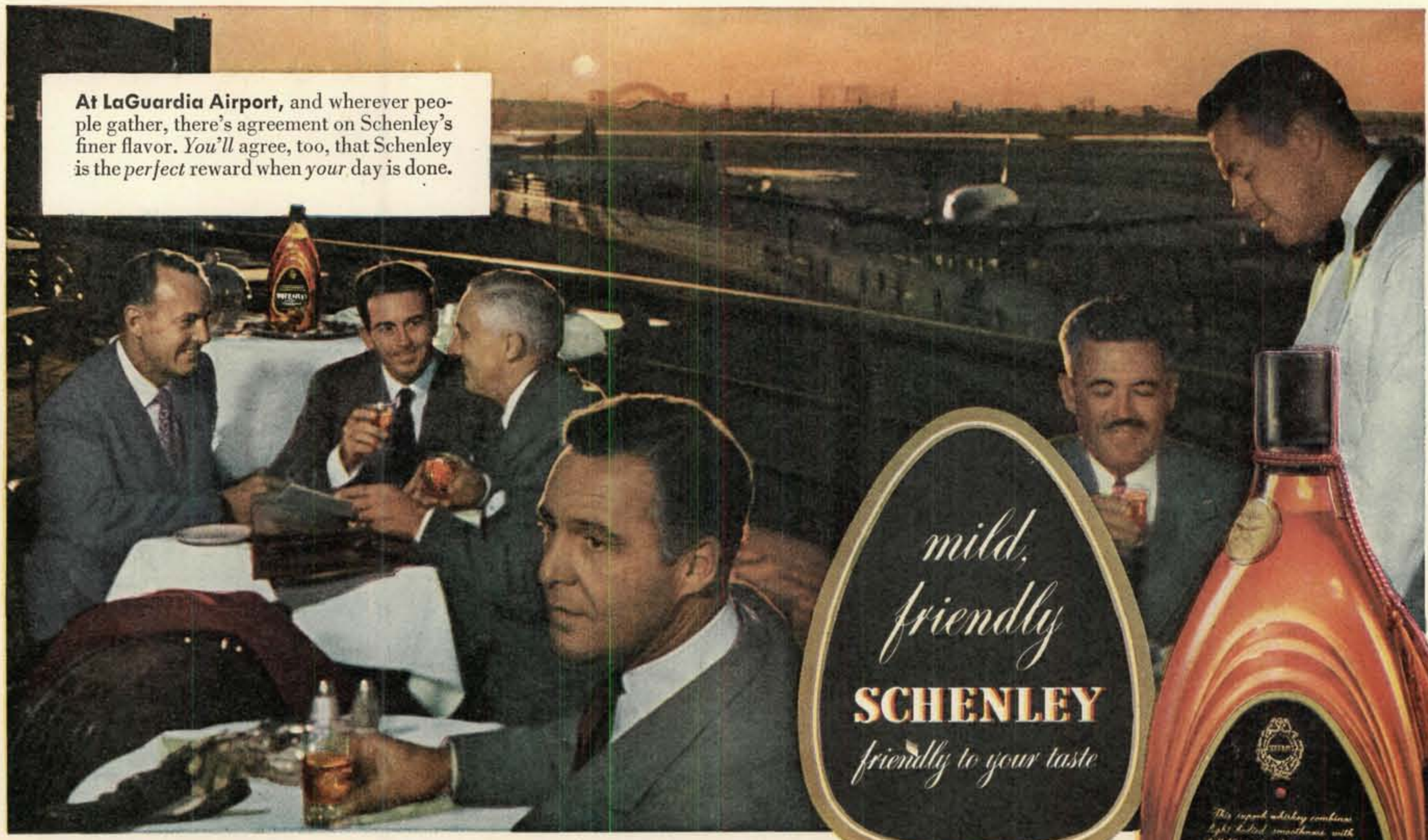
In tropical Hawaii, sunset over Diamond Head finds visitors at a luxury hotel enjoying the world's finest whiskey—mild, friendly Schenley, friendly to the taste.



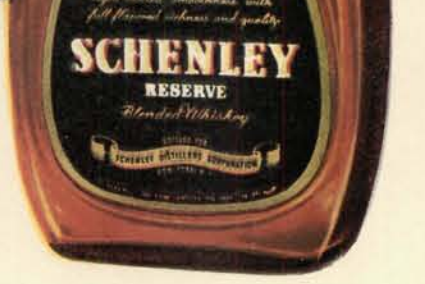
In the snow-clad Swiss Alps, experienced travelers enjoy a completely different scene, as they linger over their cocktails made with finer, milder Schenley.


you
deserve
SCHENLEY

In gay Havana, Schenley heightens the mellow mood of sundown at the Hotel Nacional. Though the scene may vary, one thing does not: Schenley's world-wide popularity.


mild,
friendly
SCHENLEY
friendly to your taste

At LaGuardia Airport, and wherever people gather, there's agreement on Schenley's finer flavor. *You'll* agree, too, that Schenley is the *perfect* reward when *your* day is done.


This superb whiskey combines light-bodied smoothness with full-flavored richness and quality.
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
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SCHENLEY
MARK OF MERIT

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Model Mother Connie Dickman shows how it can work for you, too

Refereeing a family romp, Connie Dickman displays the sparkling smile that won her fame as a Powers model. Her husband, former big-league pitcher Emerson Dickman, and two husky sons are *also* bright examples of the right dental care!

Of course, this West Englewood, N. J. family follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth. "*Because*," Mrs. Dickman explains, "*dentists say it works!*" Here's how their professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

Connie demonstrates the Ipana way that dentists say *works*—as Dickie and Bobby prepare to follow suit. It's fun to do—and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
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Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

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*Latest national poll

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only the BEST will do...for your new car!
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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Contents for November 27, 1948

Articles

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BERNARD BARUCH.........*Virginia Leigh* 13
MAIN STREET ON A FLATTOP..........................*Pat Frank* 16
AMERICA, THANK GOD!..................*Francis Cardinal Spellman* 18
COLORADO'S MOUNTAIN OF OIL.....................*J. D. Ratcliff* 22
THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS................*W. B. Courtney* 26
(*Part 3 of a five-part article*)
CAPTURE OF THE INNOCENTS................*Louis Francis Budenz* 28
MERCHANTS OF LUCK...........................*Howard Whitman* 30
WADDA YA READ?.................................*Stanley Frank* 32
THE RICHEST BANK IN THE WORLD......*Harmon and Elsie Tupper* 64

Short Stories

LEO THE TERROR...................................*Mervyn Wall* 14
FOLLOW THE STORM (*The Star Story*)..............*Frederick Howard* 24
I'M SORRY, THERE IS NO ANSWER...................*Corey Ford* 36
(*The Short Short Story*)
DOUBLE OR NOTHING.............................*Harry Sylvester* 41
WAY DOWN SOUTH IN BOSTON........................*Baird Hall* 60

Serial

PASSAGE TO PANAMA (*Part 2 of seven parts*)...........*Robert Carson* 20

Features

THE WEEK'S MAIL...............................*from our readers* 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.........................*Freling Foster* 8
THE WEEK'S WORK...................................*Ted Shane* 10
CLANCY..*John Ruge* 44
SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS ....*W. E. Farbstein* 62
INSIDE SPORTS.......................................*Bill Fay* 68
THE WEEK'S PREVIEW............................*Warren Phillips* 76
BIG GAME.......................................*Virgil Partch* 84
DO YOU NEED A CANOE?........................*Gurney Williams* 96
VERSE.. 42, 54, 86, 94
CARTOONS: 38, 47, 49, 52, 57, 58, 59, 63, 70, 71, 75, 79, 81, 88, 90, 91, 92, 93
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: *Freedom Should Ring* • *We, Their Elders, Share the Blame*... 98
COVER.. *Cy La Tour*

The Week's Mail

WHAT'S A FEW 100,000 YEARS BETWEEN FRIENDS?

GENTLEMEN: In Smithson's House of Wonders by Frank Gervasi (Oct. 2d) it was stated that the Neanderthal man existed 500,000 years ago and was "the oldest known inhabitant of the globe." According to all the references at our disposal the Neanderthal lived somewhere between 40 and 100 thousand years ago, and the honor of being first goes to the *Pithecanthropus erectus* who is dated at 500,000 years B.C.
WORLD HISTORY CLASS (Soph.), Williamson Central School, Williamson, N. Y.

LEVITATION

DEAR SIR: Keep Up With the World (May 15th) referred to Daniel Dunglas Home, who would seat himself in a chair, and in a brightly lighted room cause the chair to rise in the air and carry him around over the heads of the spectators.

From what I have read Home didn't perform in a well-lighted room. The lights were all turned down. Home would use luminous paint on his shoes, and then removing the shoes would stand up on a chair, and attaching the two shoes to a hitherto concealed apparatus, would wave the shoes in the air, giving an appearance of a person unsupported and floating over the heads of the spectators. The illusion was increased by the environment devoted to spiritualistic phenomena. True spiritualism needs do not rest on any such hocus-pocus. JAMES C. DUBOIS, Hondo, Cal.

FISHBACK

COLLIER'S: It burns me up to read what Margaret Fishback can sell as verse. See her last two lines—Keep Right (Oct. 9th):

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Don't let "Indigestion" fool you!

"Indigestion" often is only a minor discomfort due to improper habits of eating and drinking, [redacted] nervousness, [redacted] fatigue, and emotional strain.

Sometimes, however, "indigestion" may be a warning sign of certain diseases, or may indicate that something is wrong [redacted] which should have prompt medical attention.

If you have "indigestion" frequently, you should see your doctor. His diagnosis [redacted] of the cause, and prompt treatment, may help you escape a serious illness.

Remember... *better digestion is a step toward better health!*

[redacted]

The digestive system has been likened to a chemical factory. Here, innumerable gland cells manufacture juices which act chemically upon the food we eat so that it can be absorbed and used by the body.

When the system fails to function properly, "indigestion" usually results. Fortunately, this condition can generally be corrected by following a few common sense rules, under the guidance of your physician. He may suggest changes in your diet, eating moderately and at regular times, and chewing your food thoroughly. He will advise keeping in good physical condition, and avoiding mental or emotional tensions.

Whatever may be the cause of your "indigestion," prompt diagnosis and any necessary treatment offer the best chance for cure. Today, new drugs and new surgical methods hold promise for better control of physical diseases of the digestive system. In certain types of cases, some doctors are finding psychotherapy increasingly important.

If you have frequent attacks of "indigestion," don't try to be your own doctor. The continued use of home remedies may do more harm than good, and may delay the start of proper medical care.

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"He's a menace and a goose
And should not be on the loose."

There is no rhythm in that last line. Why couldn't she have spent two minutes more on it and have written,

"He, a menace and a goose,
Never should be on the loose."?

ANNE COPPINGER, Taunton, Mass.

Huh—what's that you say?

MUDDY WATERS

GENTLEMEN: Re Bill Davidson's wonderful articles on the pollution of our streams and air—Our Poisoned Waters (Oct. 16th) and Our Poisoned Air (Oct. 23d): The state of Maine has for a long time been covered with great forests, lovely rivers, great fisheries and so on.

The policy of the state has resulted in most of its rivers being destroyed. The beautiful rivers are all becoming fouled with refuse of people or factories. Fish are all leaving the rivers. Clams are largely unedible because of the carelessness of disposal of refuse. Lobsters are becoming more and more scarce.

It is only a matter of time until Maine will actually become a desert.

H. B. HAYDEN, Augusta, Me.

. . . I have lived on the Illinois River all my life and saw it change from a fine stream to a sewer. . . .

NATHAN FLEMING, Marseilles, Ill.

. . . The duck farms near by not only pollute the water and the air around them but some of our waters are already filled up that were formerly navigable.

One half of our best clamming grounds are closed up.

ED. G. WINTERS, Westhampton Beach, L. I.

. . . We live on the "Beautiful Ohio." From the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, then all along clear to the mouth is a huge sewer. All the cities and towns along the river derive their drinking water from the sewer. The only fish than can survive are a few "cats." We used to have a cabin cruiser on the river—we loved it! Sometimes the stench was nauseating. What a crusade!

MRS. THEO. APPLEBY, East Liverpool, Ohio

. . . Right now here in Georgia there are streams that are being poisoned by the waste matter of the mills, and thousands of fish are dying. Until Congress enacts strict laws against pollution, we will continue to have legislation on the statute books that is very near to being worthless.

LAWRENCE CECCHINI, Elberton, Ga.

. . . In California, a state that falsely prides itself on its cleanliness, hundreds of miles of beautiful ocean beaches have been rendered unfit by drifting sewage. The feet of San Francisco—her extensive wharves, the lifeblood of the city—are washed in water so polluted that it would be criminal to describe exactly in print. The stench of the bay on the windward side of the Emeryville mud flats is a smell as rotten as any to be found in the Orient. And all down the two rivers, the great Sacramento and the placid San Joaquin, the sewers spew forth the filth from the valley cities. For foul air the city of Los Angeles could hold her own with any. In war, an enemy who so gassed up a city would be branded as an inhuman criminal. Many other sections have been rendered uncomfortable and almost unfit for human habitation by industrial smokes, smogs, gases, vapors and dusts. Collier's has undertaken a task of tremendous size and value. Here's to success!

JACK W. SOWARD, El Cerrito, Cal.

. . . Great empires like China, Greece and Rome met their fate because of men who thought more of themselves than the people, so let us not meet the same fate.

We cannot poison the things the people use every day, and have a healthy nation.

JOHN BISHKO, Jersey City, N. J.

THE INHUMAN MALE

DEAR SIRS: Corey Ford's The Human Female (Oct. 9th) moved me to investigate the species commonly known as "man." One finds these creatures almost everywhere. They congregate afternoons in great shouting masses at ball parks, stadiums and race tracks, or spend nights crouched over a handful of pasteboards covered with red or black symbols, or tossing little cubes decorated with neat white spots. Whether they are tall, short, lean or fat, their general habits seem about the same. Wifey dear must carry on where Mama left off—picking up the shoes, the shorts, the books and boots, left where they fell.

(One female found a solution: Anything she found lying around out of place would go down the laundry chute. After galloping down to the basement a few times to retrieve a pet tie, a favorite suit coat, or a shoe, the males finally put the things where they belonged!)

Man cannot stand having a pin drop while he sleeps in his bed but can sleep like a log on a couch amidst screeching children and blaring radio. Man will expect high praise and salaams after polishing a pair of shoes—yet take a drawerful of neatly ironed shirts for granted.

All I can say is: Wonder what does make them act that way!

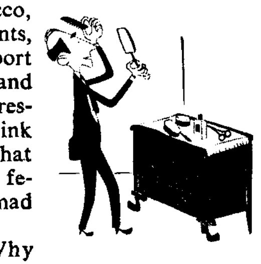
E. ESKOLA SCHROEDER, Dearborn, Mich.

. . . I find American magazines devoted almost entirely to boosting the male ego. Ads constantly advise one to "Look pretty for him"—"Smell sweetly for him."

Articles demand that we develop charm, poise, wit and beauty in order to ensnare the elusive male. We are "tipped off" on how to hold our man.

And now Corey Ford!

No wonder the conceit of the male sex is wondrous to behold. Men can smoke the foulest pipe tobacco, wear baggy pants, shineless shoes, sport a Garbo bob and an abstract expression and still think it only fitting that some adorable female should be mad about them.



But—why? Why not articles on How to Hold Your Woman? With hints on how not to offend her by careless dressing, rudeness, thoughtlessness, etc. What about holding her regard by remembering birthdays and anniversaries, by springing pleasant surprises such as tickets for a new show, chocolates or flowers!

Most important suggestion of all: Remember to tell her, every once in a while, that you love her.

DOREEN SLATER, Manchester, England

. . . Thank Heaven for Corey Ford. I was about to get married—when I read The Human Female!

B. F. PHILLIPSON, Bennington, Vt.

RIGHT OVER THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE

DEAR EDITORS: I just want to tell you that those baseball pictures in your Oct. 9th issue were just wonderful.

J. C. FOX, Chicago, Ill.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
John R. Jones
OF THIS FIRM
IS A MEMBER OF THE
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AN INSTITUTION WHOSE HISTORY DATES BACK TO 1792 AND WHOSE RULES AND REGULATIONS HAVE BEEN FORMULATED FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAINTAINING HIGH STANDARDS OF HONOR AMONG ITS MEMBERS AND FOR PROMOTING AND INCULCATING JUST AND EQUITABLE PRINCIPLES OF TRADE

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IT'S a big moment in a man's business life when he places on his office wall this certificate of membership in the New York Stock Exchange.

Here, for all to see, is a coveted symbol of business distinction. Here is evidence that, together with other Members and partners of Member Firms—some 3750 in all—he has fully and freely accepted a code of self-regulation unsurpassed for strictness.

For the rules by which Members and Member Firms of the New York Stock Exchange agree to conduct their professional relationships with clients cover, among other things, the amount of capital to be maintained . . . disclosure to customers of the Firm's financial condition . . . plus specific requirements for handling customers' orders and securities.

In the words of the certificate itself, these rules of the Exchange "have been formulated for the purpose of maintaining high standards of honor among its Members and for promoting and inculcating just and equitable principles of trade."

A certificate of membership in the New York Stock Exchange is not easy to get. Nor is it lightly given, for *no man* can qualify for membership without first fully satisfying the Exchange as to his professional competence and his business and personal integrity.

To the investor seeking high standards of business conduct and professional service, these facts, we believe, are most significant. They indicate the many *positive* advantages of doing your investment business with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange.

TWO RULES FOR INVESTORS . . .

1. ***Know your securities***
2. ***Know your broker***

For years the New York Stock Exchange has urged investors to ***get the facts.*** This means—***know*** your securities! It also means—***know your broker!***

THE NATION'S MARKET PLACE

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

You rate on a date when you've got P.A.*

● A man with a pipe . . . and a woman with a wistful look in her eyes . . . seem to go arm in arm. Particularly so if that pipe is packed with mild-smoking Prince Albert. P. A. is so good it says a lot for the man who smokes it!

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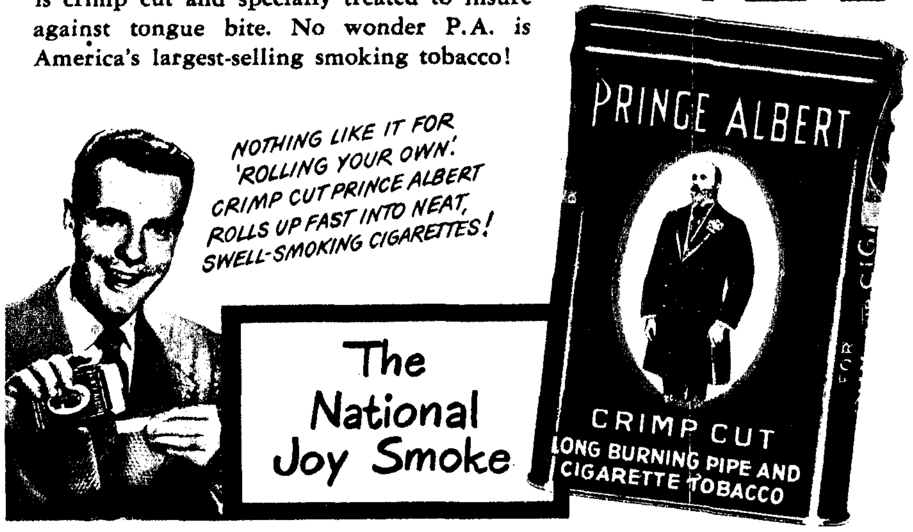

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR 'ROLLING YOUR OWN.' CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT ROLLS UP FAST INTO NEAT, SWELL-SMOKING CIGARETTES!

The National Joy Smoke

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

ONE OF THE greatest attempts to escape capture was that made by Gabriel Mourey, a Parisian criminal who, upon his arrival in New York in 1922, foolishly tried to kill an influential multimillionaire while robbing his home. Vowing revenge, the victim saw to it that all police in all countries soon received copies of Mourey's description, including the peculiar design tattooed on his right forearm, the cause of his constant fear of arrest. Being a linguist and an expert at disguise, the wanted man, in the next three years, assumed nine identities—an Italian count in Rio, a Spanish nobleman in Manila, a half-caste (hunchback) tourist in Tokyo, etc.—making each change suddenly after he had aroused someone's suspicions by a thoughtless act such as leaving his assortment of skin and hair dyes in a drawer where the chambermaid happened to see them. His last mistake resulted in his capture in a village tavern in France, where he, disguised as an old woman, accidentally tripped on his long skirt, fell on his head and revealed, to a detective present, that "she" was wearing men's socks, garters and underwear.

A CUSTOM still prevalent among the peasants in some remote villages of eastern Europe is to place a bucket of water outside the front door after a death has occurred in the family. This is for the Grim Reaper, who, they believe, will want to wash his scythe, when he departs.—*By Anne Zirkel, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.*

POSSIBLY the only man in history who never saw a woman was Mihailo Tolotos, a monk who died in 1938 at the age of eighty-two in one of the monasteries atop Mount Athos, Greece. As his mother passed away when he was born, Mihailo was taken to Athos the next day and never once, throughout his life, left this monastic colony which has excluded all females, animal as well as human, for more than 900 years.

FEWER THAN TWENTY of the hundreds of English language authors who became world famous, have been honored by the publication of a concordance, or book containing an alphabetical list of the important words in their writings with citations of the passages in which they occur. Among them are Robert Browning, Geoffrey Chaucer, William Cowper, Charles Dickens, Thomas Gray, John Milton, Alexander Pope, William Shakespeare and Alfred Tennyson.

FICTION HAS NEVER produced, it is claimed, a romance comparable to the love affair of Victor Hugo and his mistress, Juliette Drouet, which began at their first meeting in 1833 and lasted until his death 52 years later. He visited her daily during most of the 35 years they were obliged to live apart, and she expressed her deep devotion by writing him from one to 3 letters a day, or a total of nearly 17,000. Despite the part these letters played in this incredible companionship, 15,000 of them brought only $600 at an auction in Paris in 1926.

AFTER A REIGN of 40 years, the vacuum tube used in radios, television sets and other electronic equipment now has a competitor in a new device called the Transistor. As it consists only of two fine wires and a bit of germanium enclosed in a metal tube not much larger than a shoelace tip, it has no vacuum, glass, plate nor cathode and therefore no warmup delay. —*By C. E. Deonier, Darby, Penn.*

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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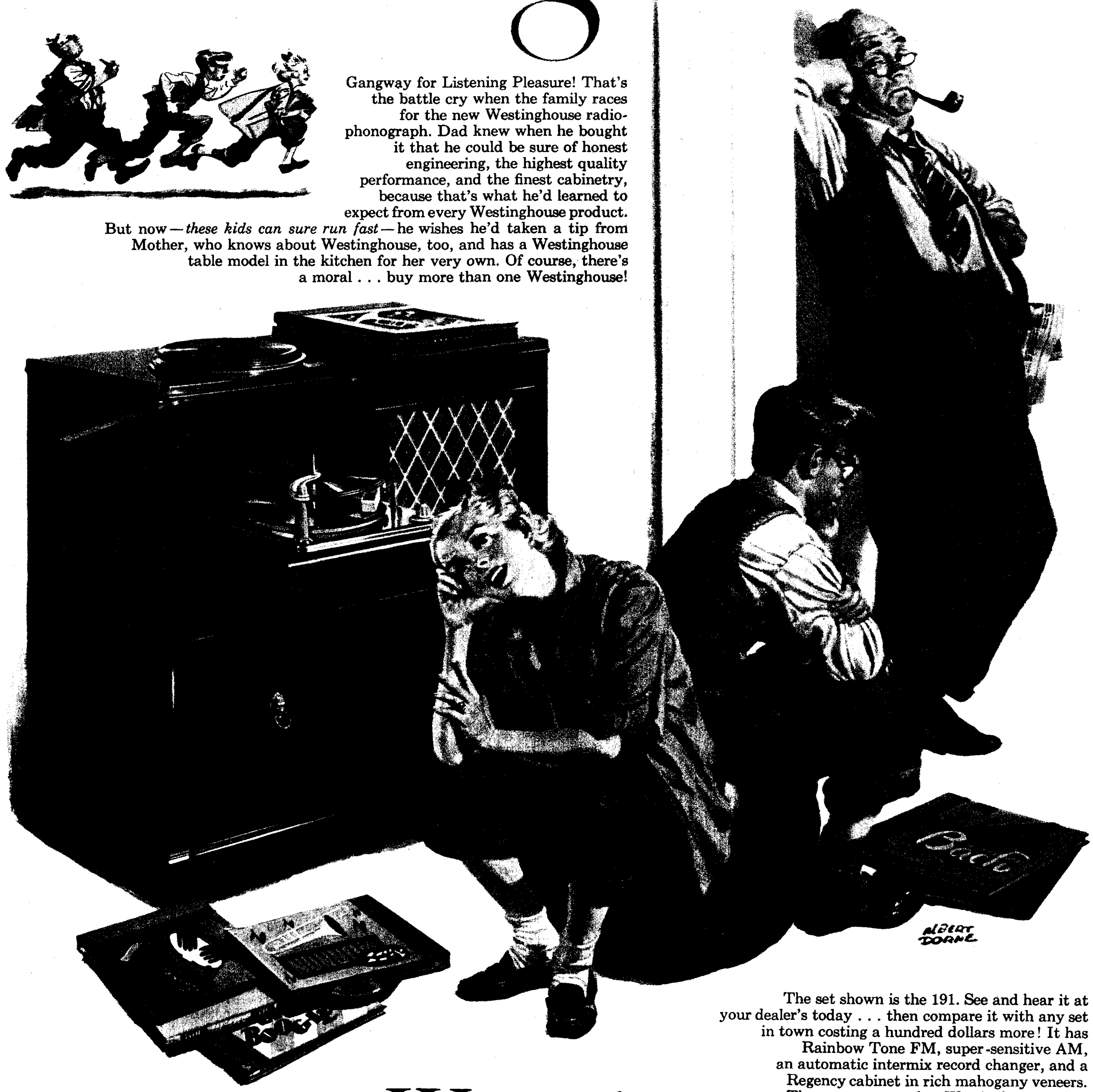
You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse



Gangway for Listening Pleasure! That's the battle cry when the family races for the new Westinghouse radio-phonograph. Dad knew when he bought it that he could be sure of honest engineering, the highest quality performance, and the finest cabinetry, because that's what he'd learned to expect from every Westinghouse product. But now — *these kids can sure run fast* — he wishes he'd taken a tip from Mother, who knows about Westinghouse, too, and has a Westinghouse table model in the kitchen for her very own. Of course, there's a moral . . . buy more than one Westinghouse!

The set shown is the 191. See and hear it at your dealer's today . . . then compare it with any set in town costing a hundred dollars more! It has Rainbow Tone FM, super-sensitive AM, an automatic intermix record changer, and a Regency cabinet in rich mahogany veneers. There are many other Westinghouse radios and radio-phonographs, each a leading performer in its price class. Home Radio Division, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Sunbury, Pa.

Listen...and you'll buy Westinghouse

Tune in Ted Malone every morning Monday through Friday ABC Network

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You should Simoniz your car!
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SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Simonizing guards the finish... makes it last longer... keeps cars shining in all weather!

In winter your car needs Simonizing more than ever—to prevent costly damage by snow, mud and salty slush... seal the finish from moisture and dirt. Only Simonizing gives this complete protection and adds a lasting sparkle of beauty as well! Just give your car a quick easy cleaning with amazing Simoniz Kleener. All dullness and grime disappear like magic and the finish shines bright as new again. Then to keep your car looking beautiful longer—safe from all the ravages of winter, follow up with famous Simoniz! So Simoniz your car now before winter comes!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE DELUXE BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR AUTOMOBILES

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *The Pickin's. Jo Ann Joyce is nineteen—a Kansas City, Missourian—is now in Hollywood. She's athletic, models, draws, tap-dances. Photographers Cy La Tour & Son say she has "it" and "can turn it on at will."*

UR science scout, Mr. J. D. (Jack) Ratcliff, has a house at Martha's Vineyard where he has confected many of the 85 articles he's done for Collier's. It was here he wrote Colorado's Mountain of Oil (p. 22), or What's What with Shale. And it was from here last summer he went to New York to research his piece on Darvisul, the drug that fights polio (Has Polio Met Its Match?, Collier's, Sept. 18th).

"In the course of this," he reports, "my tummy blew up. It was most embarrassing. I had been to hospitals many times as a reporter, but never as a patient. I had written enthusiastically about the medical profession. So, first, the doctors said I had appendicitis. Further poking revealed it wasn't that. Next diagnosis was gastric ulcer—but I'm not the ulcer type. Besides X rays couldn't find any ulcers.

"Next it was infectious hepatitis—jaundice. But I refused to turn yellow. It was pretty discouraging. The doctors wanted another chance but I thought it would be better to go back to the Vineyard and let nature take its course. Nature won, hence the shale story."

THIS week our Star Award travels to Melbourne, Australia, to newspaperman Frederick Howard for his tale Follow the Storm (p. 24). He's originally from London, where he worked as a bank clerk till he got a novel published—in his teens.

He immediately quit banking to go traveling on his fat royalties. They turned out to be anemic, so he traveled anyway, working his way around the world. During the war, Howard fought in the Middle East campaign. He's forty-three, married, likes to fly a light airplane, and has a house called High Dudgeon.

MERVYN WALL, who'll delight you with Leo the Terror (p. 14), is a Dubliner, forty, single and an administrator of Radio Eireann, the Irish Broadcasting Company. As an Abbey Theatre playwright, he has had three plays produced. He also writes novels, and has been described as a specialist in "fantasy, satire and comic aspects of the occult."

Leo the Terror was inspired by the visit of a shabby, down-at-heel circus to an Atlantic Coast town. Wall vouches for all of the incidents in his story—with the exception of the lion's dentures. "I've never met any lions with false teeth," Wall admits.

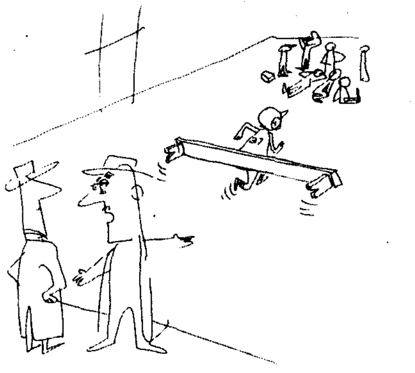
VIRGIL PARTCH (see hilarious Big Game football spread, p. 84), is not one to whom the crunch of the bone breaking in scrimmage is unfamiliar. At eleven, being big for his age, both teams of the San Diego (California) University Heights Playground Steamrollers used him for center and scapegoat. "You don't see many of these in official line-ups now," admits Mr. P.

Later Mr. Partch played lumbering guard for the Luther Burbank High of Los Angeles, winning the name of Crazy Legs for his ability to sidestep boulders which adorned the playing field. From there Partch switched to John Muir Tech in Pasadena—a large school. "The coaches had little trouble finding fellows who were bigger for their age than I was bigger than," says Mr. Partch, somewhat obscurely. "So I became a rooter. It was at this I won the title of Crazy Tonsils Partch."

Being a lad whose brain was too small for his body, Partch evidently became a tramp athlete. He wound up at Roskruge Junior High in Tucson, Arizona, playing what everyone but its opponents called tackle. Next Partch took up the task of sparking the fourth stringers of Tucson Senior High. "I had moments of greatness," he recalls. "Such as the time I helped tape the ankle of the chap who kicked the winning point after t.d. against Mesa High."

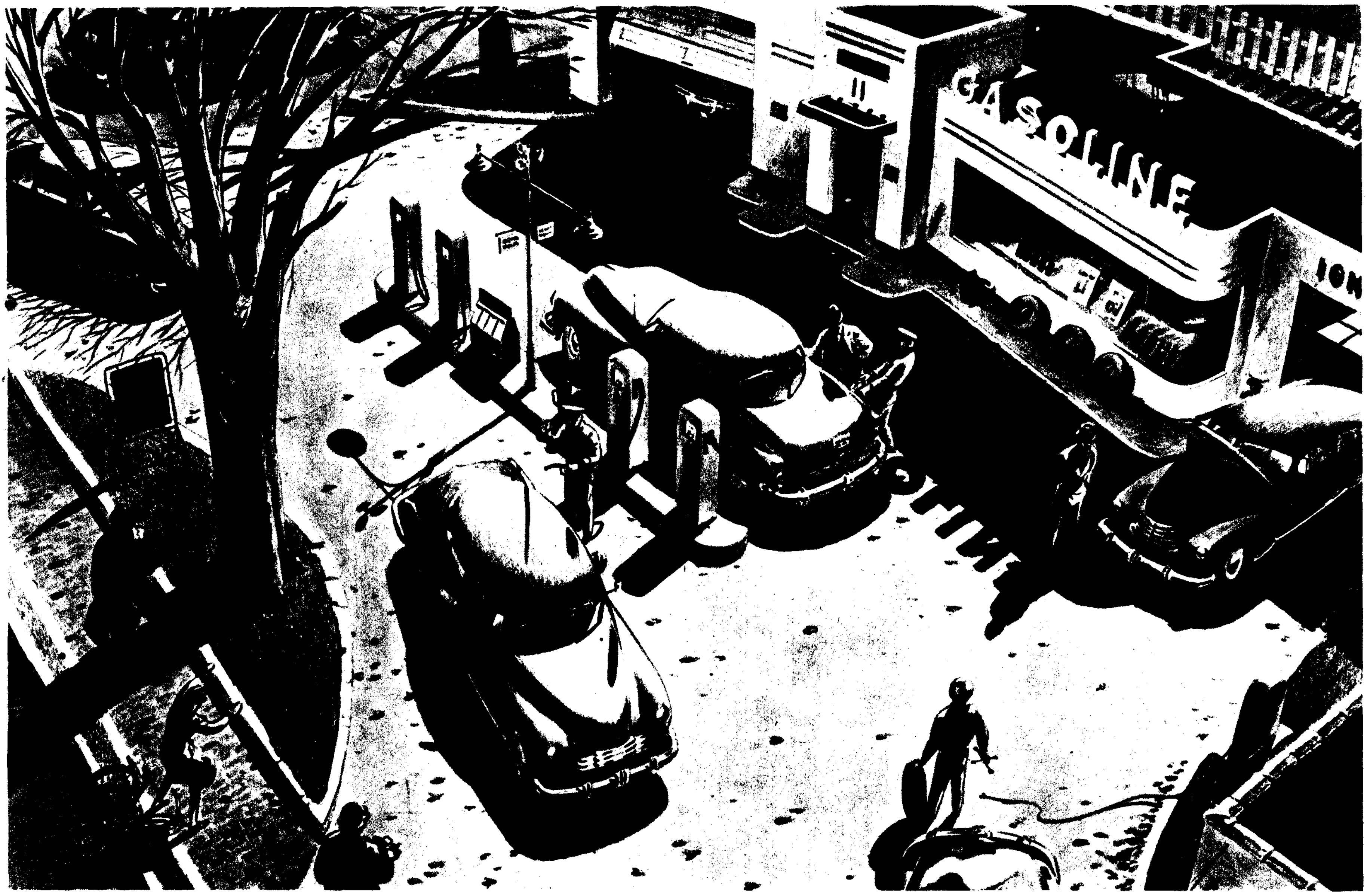
When Partch's brain grew big enough to fit his body, he continued his pigskin career at the U. of Arizona. "Played center," he reveals, "the only guy with the arm rests and footstool at my position on the bench.

"One day we made a trip to Texas. I spent hours getting into my pads, braces, wraps, tapes, straps, helmet, bumpers, etc., etc. I pranced on the field. I warmed up. I felt great—this would be It. The coach obliged. He sent me up to the press box to spot the game—in full regalia.



"I sent Partch in. What the hell! We're leading by ninety-four points"

"But he made a bad move. I am nearsighted—occasionally, and I had centered the ball to the referee standing in the backfield. I had guys starring that day who never got off the bench. That's how I came to make no more trips and be called Crazy Eyes Partch." ... TED SHANE



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Yes, demand for oil is great. Meeting it, 34,000 individual oil companies, competing with rivals, have shattered every record. Every day, they're supplying nearly 250 million gallons of petroleum products for hundreds of different uses including medicines, paints, cosmetics, insecticides.

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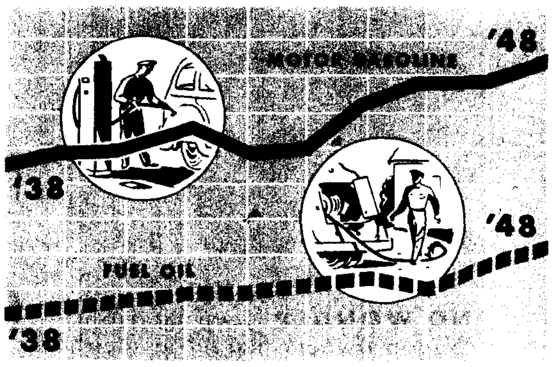

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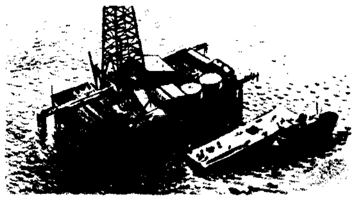
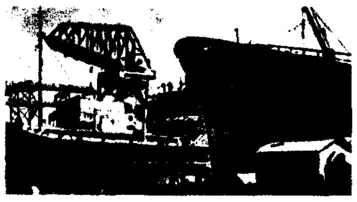
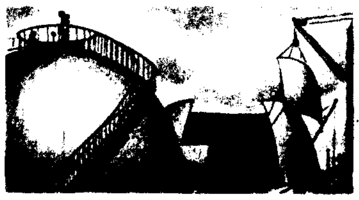
This year you will share in the largest amount of oil products ever supplied the nation. Be sure to use them efficiently. Oil is energy for America. Oil means more comfort, better living, greater convenience—for *you.*



NEW OIL SOURCE—underwater areas off Texas-Louisiana-California coast—marks industry effort to increase U.S. oil supply still further.



NEW TANKERS now under construction are largest, fastest oil carriers we've ever had. They will help deliver even *more* oil products to you.



CONSTRUCTION of storage tanks, improved refining equipment is being rushed. $4 billion has been spent in last 2 years in expansion programs.

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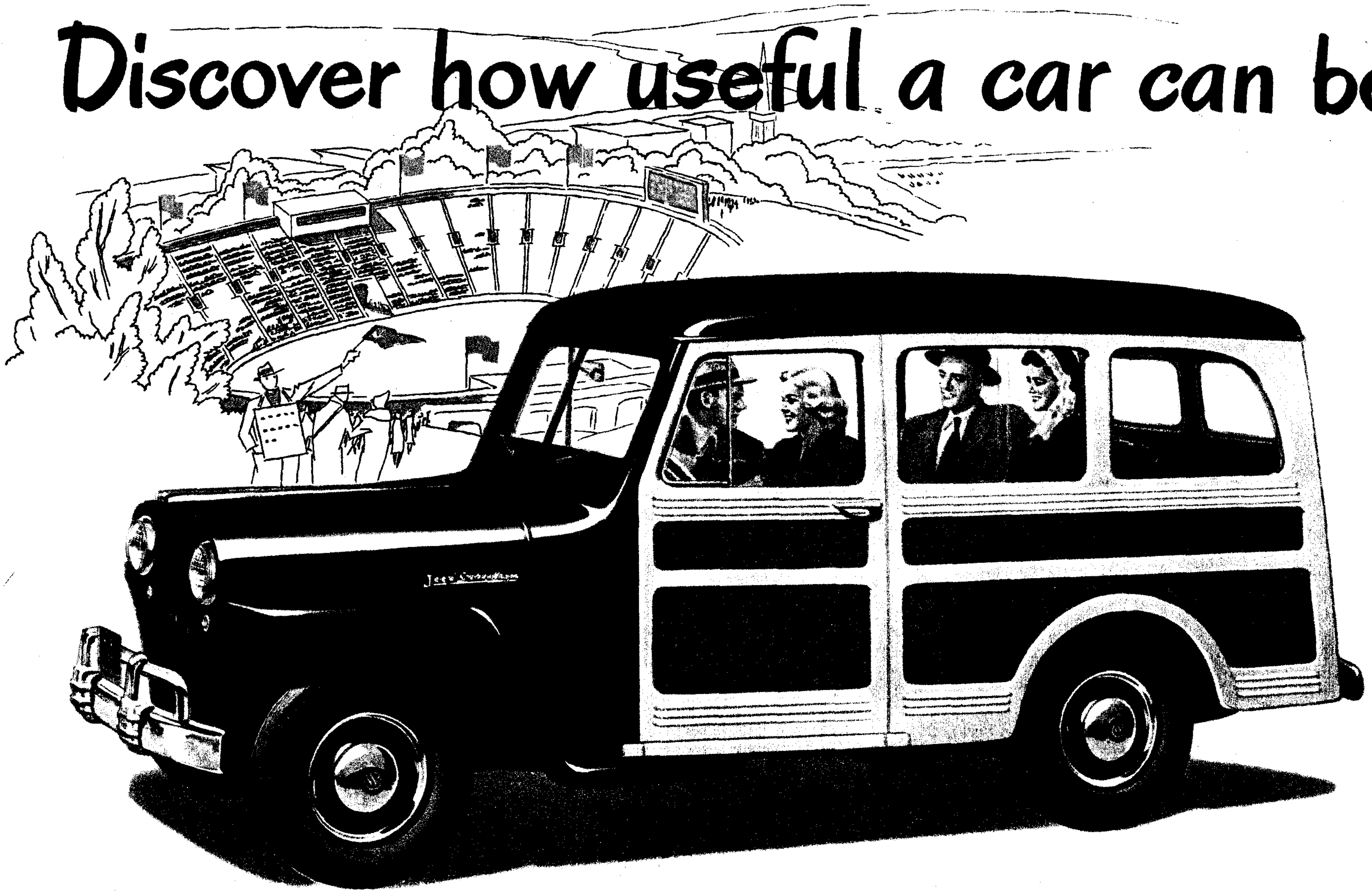
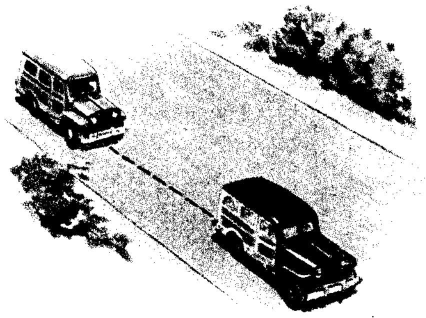
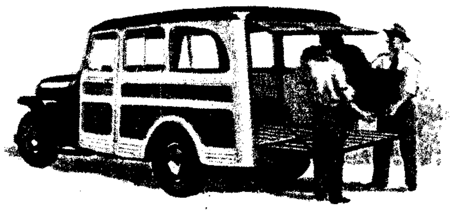
Discover how useful a car can be



'Jeep' Station Wagon



NO WONDER 'Jeep' Station Wagon owners marvel at their gas mileage! At speeds above 30, an overdrive cuts engine speed 30%, traveling you 42% farther for every turn of the engine.



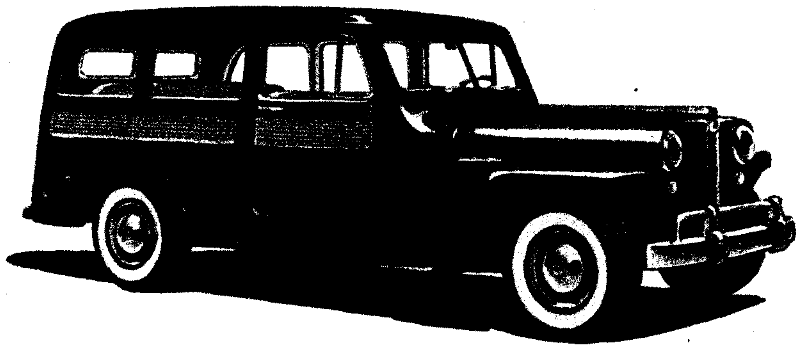
WITH SEATS REMOVED, you have 98 cubic feet of load space, more with the tailgate lowered. Seats and interior are washable. It's a truly useful car, with double utility for greater value.

Talk to 'Jeep' Station Wagon owners to discover how useful a car can be—how economical and all-around satisfying.

They'll tell you it's grand for families—a comfortable passenger car, with upholstery children won't harm . . . and, with seats out, a practical vehicle for hauling, too.

Women will tell you how easily it handles, how smoothly it rides on rough roads. Men will brag on mileage and low maintenance.

See it now at Willys-Overland dealers—the *first* station wagon with an all-steel body.



THE NEW *'Jeep' Station Sedan* is an entirely new type of car . . . giving you the spaciousness of a station wagon and the luxurious comfort of a sedan. There is unusual leg and head room for six in its all-steel body, plus a large, accessible luggage space. Its new Willys-Overland '6' Engine, with overdrive, gives smooth performance, together with remarkable gasoline mileage. You'll like everything about it, including its smart styling.

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Mr. Baruch: "If I were a young man of sixty, none of your boy friends would have a chance." **Virginia Leigh:** "If I were an older woman of twenty-five. Oh, boy!"

The Private Life of Bernard Baruch

By VIRGINIA LEIGH

Tomes weighing a ton have been produced on Bernard Baruch, but you won't find this one too heavy. Written by a girl neighbor—she's eighteen and full of admiration—it is the most human approach to the famous elder statesman we've ever read

TO MOST of the world Bernard M. Baruch is America's glacial elder statesman, counselor to Presidents, and Wall Street oracle. But I am his upstairs neighbor, so I know this austere giant as something besides an omniscient thinking machine operating from a park bench.

I know, for instance, that he's mad about professional wrestling, which I am told is the lowest form of amusement known to man.

He's also crazy about Red Skelton, who specializes in falling on his face and in baby talk. The man who wrote the atomic-bomb policy for the United Nations thinks Skelton the funniest man in the world.

Mr. Baruch's famous park-bench deliberations are not all devoted to mankind's unhappy lot. I have seen him emerge from 20 minutes of the bleakest concentration with a firm conviction that he knows the horse that is going to win the fourth at Belmont Park.

He's a gay gentleman, determined to do all the good he can in this world and to have all the fun he can while doing it. He is as ready to give advice to the young as he is to generals and Presidents.

In fact, I think he prefers to counsel the young. He seems to think it will do more good.

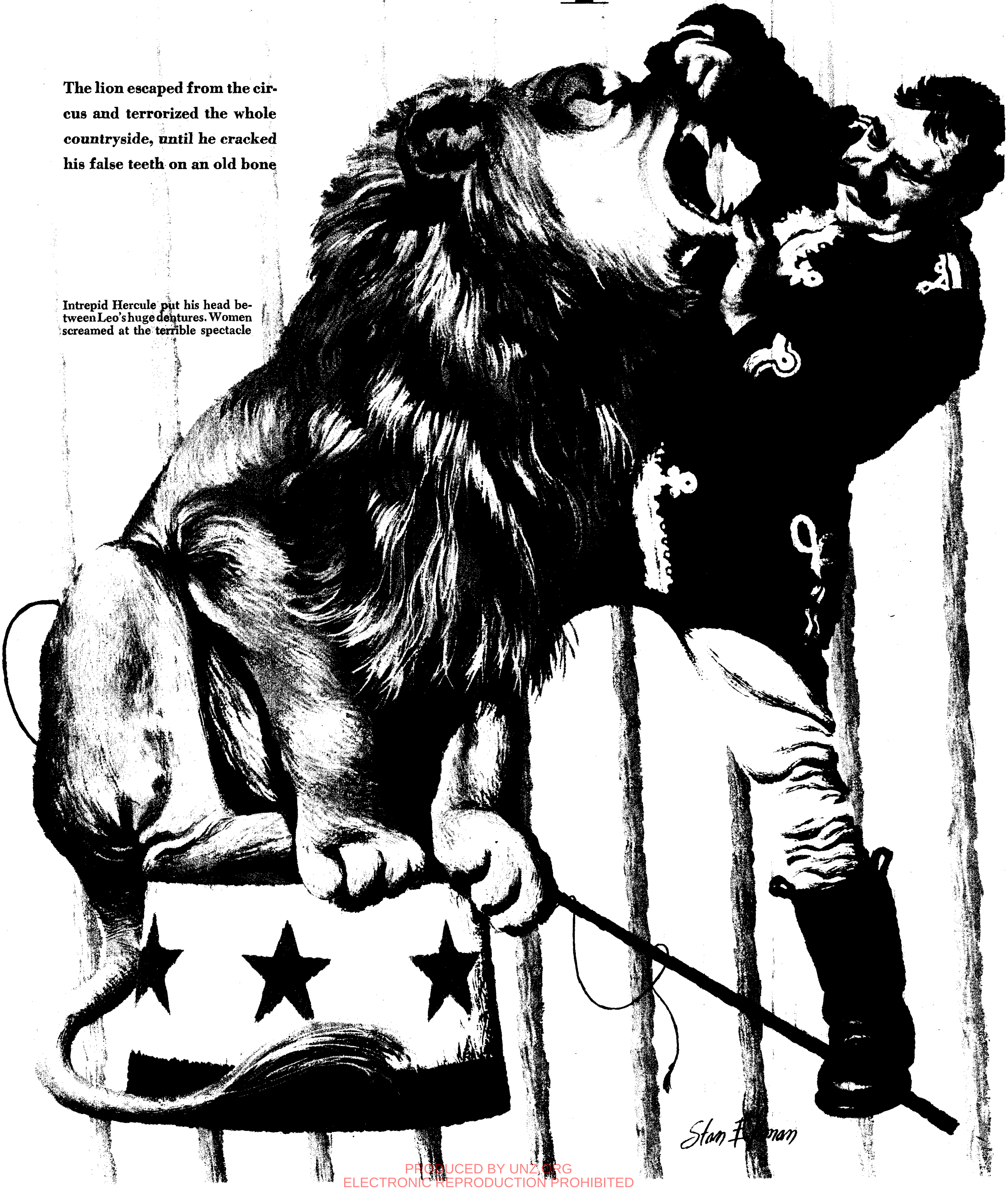
My distinguished neighbor comes a-visiting, sometimes bearing gifts. His ramrod figure, towering six feet four inches, ambles

(Continued on page 70)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN RAWLINGS

Leo the Terror

The lion escaped from the circus and terrorized the whole countryside, *until* he cracked his false teeth on an old bone



Intrepid Hercule put his head between Leo's huge dentures. Women screamed at the terrible spectacle

By MERVYN WALL

MR. BULLITT watched the last peg being hammered deep into the sandy soil. Then he stepped back and studied the circus tent. He was a squat, broadly built man with a paunch discreetly modified by a crimson waistcoat plentifully ornamented with silver buttons. A partiality for whisky had etched a lacework of purple veins in his cheeks and served to accentuate his nose, which stood out in the middle of his face like a door knocker.

The erection of the tent had been a troublesome business, and Mr. Bullitt had several times doubted the wisdom of his decision to pitch it in the sand dunes below the town. The sandy soil did not readily grip the wooden pegs, and again and again the ropes had to be lengthened so as to reach to the nearest tuft of grass and firmer soil; but the proximity of the annual harness races, which were run on the strand, was an important commercial consideration.

Mr. Bullitt stood for a moment preoccupied, his chin sunk on his cravat; then he roused himself and made his way between the welter of caravans and circus paraphernalia until he came to a large cage mounted on wheels.

Three urchins were standing in front of it staring in awe at the lion reclining inside. He was a very bedraggled sort of lion, and though his eyes were half open, he didn't seem to be thinking of anything in particular.

As Mr. Bullitt came to a halt, the oldest of the urchins was slowly reading aloud the faded inscription which ran in curly letters along the top of the cage: "Leo the Man-Eating Lion."

"Gawd!" whispered the smallest boy. "Isn't he awful?"

Mr. Bullitt dug a match from the pocket of his crimson waistcoat and lighted it with a quick stroke on his fingernail. He applied the flame to his cheroot and made a loud, sucking sound. The lion immediately raised a moth-eaten snout, and he and Mr. Bullitt contemplated each other in silence. Leo, however, appeared to see nothing of interest in Mr. Bullitt, and the effort of gazing at his owner seemed to exhaust him: His tawny eyes became glazed, he blinked in a bored fashion, wrinkled up his nose and opened his mouth in a colossal yawn.

"He hasn't got any teeth," hissed one of the small boys.

"Get to hell out of here!" snapped Mr. Bullitt, making a threatening move in the direction of the youngsters, who immediately broke and scuttled away between the tents. The circus owner turned on his heel and went up the steps into the caravan where Hercule the Lion Tamer was sitting on a stool before the bucket which contained the gruel for Leo's evening meal.

"That animal," began Mr. Bullitt, "that animal isn't in a fit state to be seen. Folks are beginning to take notice that he hasn't got any teeth. You should have screwed in his dentures before we came into town."

Hercule paused in his work and glanced across at the two huge dental plates which hung from a nail on the far wall. They were a masterpiece of the dental surgeon's art.

"Leo is gettin' old," objected Hercule. "He don't like having all that furniture in his mouth unnecessarily."

"You don't have to tell me that he's gettin' old," snapped Mr. Bullitt. "He's a bleedin' Methuselah, but that's got nothing to do with it. We've got to keep the public in mind."

A look of obstinacy settled suddenly on the lion tamer's face. "You wouldn't like to have to walk around yourself," he said, "with a set of massive things like that clamped between your jaws."

"He doesn't have to walk around. All he has to do is lie in his cage all day in the lap of luxury, swalleyin' the best of food and drink. He's better off than any of us. Anyway, his personal feelings have nothing to do with the matter. We all have to make sacrifices in the show business."

"All right," muttered Hercule.

"Another thing," said Mr. Bullitt, peering into the bucket. "We'll have to cut down on his grub. About half that much will do. You can keep the rest for his breakfast."

Hercule breathed hard through his nostrils. "How can the unfortunate animal be expected to do himself justice in his act when he's weak with the hunger? We've been cuttin' down on his grub for the past six weeks. First, we deprived him of his bit of meat—"

"Meat is bad for him at his age. It'll only give him blood pressure. I can't afford to have him dying on my hands, a valuable animal like that. Anyway, it's a question of economics. Some of you fellows seem to think I'm made of money."

"That's another thing," said the lion tamer meaningly. "The staff is beginning to speculate as to whether they're ever going to be paid again. The clowns in particular is talking mighty nasty."

Mr. Bullitt stared at him for a moment, as if undecided whether or not to lose his temper. Then he removed the damp and shapeless cheroot from his mouth. "Come on out and have a drink. They've set up a bar on the strand."

From the edge of the sand dunes the whole fawn-colored expanse of beach lay stretched before them, mile after mile of unbroken sand. They made their way toward the straggling crowd of some three or four hundred people which had congregated in the corner of the strand where the races were being held. Yokels stood about with their hands in their pockets staring at nothing or wandered aimlessly about.

The town's corner boys were clustered in the neighborhood of the bookmakers' pitch, where four portly individuals in check suits and hard gray hats were shouting the odds for the last race. Near by, half a dozen planks had been laid across upright barrels and crowned with a thin railing.

This was the judges' stand, and the three judges seemed to have brought their families and all their friends along with them. The women and girls did not mingle with the men, but sat in little groups at the edge of the sand dunes drinking lemonade and eating sweets from paper bags.

"It's a shabby affair," said the lion tamer morosely.

"These small-town races always are," replied Mr. Bullitt.

TOGETHER they made their way to the refreshment tent. Their entry caused a stir of interest. As they pushed through the crowd toward the plank resting on two empty tea chests, which served as counter, room was made for them in the place of honor beside the police sergeant, a huge man whose mottled face was half submerged in a pint tumbler.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Bullitt, drawing a crumpled note from the pocket of his scarlet waistcoat and tossing it carelessly on the counter. There was a chorus of "Good evening, sir," from the circle of drinkers.

"You're the gentleman that runs the circus?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Bullitt."

"I see that you have a whole menagerie of animals advertised—a waltzing buffalo and two performing seals. Ever since I was a child I've had a great liking for the animals you meet in a circus."

Mr. Bullitt coughed and looked at the floor. "We've had a heavy loss lately. The buffalo died on us. The posters were already printed, and I haven't had time to have them altered."

"That's too bad," said the sergeant sympathetically.

"Was that long ago?" inquired a foxy man with a red scarf, who stood leaning on the counter beyond the sergeant.

Mr. Bullitt raised his eyes and looked at the stranger suspiciously. The words seemed to have been too softly spoken to be without some ulterior meaning. The man with the red scarf was a thin, auburn-haired fellow with a suggestion of a smile hovering permanently in the neighborhood of his mouth.

"About four years ago," replied Mr. Bullitt brusquely and turned again to the sergeant. "It's a wonder," he said in a bantering tone, "that the police don't keep a better eye on the young ruffians of a town and not have them murdering valuable animals."

The sergeant grinned: "The poor police. People expect them to be everywhere. The Race Committee has been at me all week to have the strand patrolled so as to keep the young monkeys from moving the flags that mark the course."

A small sportily dressed gentleman who had been listening intently could contain himself no longer. "These races are nothing but a hoax," he burst out savagely. "The judges are slipping down from the stand and betting money on the horses themselves. I've seen them doing it myself. It's a scandal."

The sergeant emitted a great shout of laughter. When the sergeant had recovered from a fresh paroxysm of merriment, he turned his sweating face to Mr. Bullitt. "Have you any animals at all in that circus of yours, or is it a hoax too?"

Mr. Bullitt stiffened. "We have a man-eating lion, a most valuable animal. I wouldn't part with that animal for five hundred pounds."

"Did he ever eat anyone yet?" inquired the tramp with the red scarf.

Mr. Bullitt did not deign to reply. Instead, he turned to the sergeant. "Who's your companion?" he inquired coldly.

"Him? Do you not know him? I thought that rogue was known throughout the length and breadth of the land. He's Larry Hamill, the slipperiest poacher in the whole country. I've been trying to catch him for the past fifteen years and I haven't succeeded yet."

FROM long experience on the road, Mr. Bullitt knew the expediency of being on good terms with the representatives of local government, so he permitted himself a tight smile, but it faded as he caught sight of the quizzical mockery in Larry Hamill's face.

"Tell us about the last man your lion killed."

Mr. Bullitt stared disdainfully at the ragged poacher, but he could think of nothing crushing to say. He turned and looked at Hercule for assistance, but the lion tamer merely dropped his eyes and looked into his empty glass.

"Another two whiskies," snapped Mr. Bullitt.

When their glasses had been refilled, and Mr. Bullitt had slowly and thoughtfully placed a couple of coins on the counter, he turned and threw a contemptuous glance at the foxy-headed poacher. Then he cleared his throat importantly and addressed himself to the whole circle of listeners.

"The thing to remember about wild beasts is that, though they may be trained, they can never in fact be tamed. Isn't that so, Hercule?"

The lion tamer nodded bleakly.

The circus owner fixed his eyes haughtily on the poacher's red scarf. "You will understand that it is impossible for me openly to admit that Leo has taken human life. I would be cutting my own throat if I made such an admission, for the authorities would insist that he be destroyed. Isn't that so, Sergeant?"

The sergeant nodded in confirmation.

"In the interest of the show business my lips are sealed, but I can assure you that no more bloody-minded beast has ever walked the jungle. I doubt if his like has ever been seen for cold ferocity."

The audience was visibly impressed.

"The last lion tamer I had was so foolish as once to turn his back on Leo. He has regretted it ever since."

"What happened?" inquired the sergeant in a small voice.

"With one blow of his paw," said Mr. Bullitt dramatically, "Leo swept the buttock off him. He was never the same man after."

"It seems to be a dangerous occupation, lion taming," commented the sergeant. "I wouldn't fancy it at all."

"Dangerous!" echoed Mr. Bullitt. "The first lion tamer I had—well. I'd prefer not to talk about it."

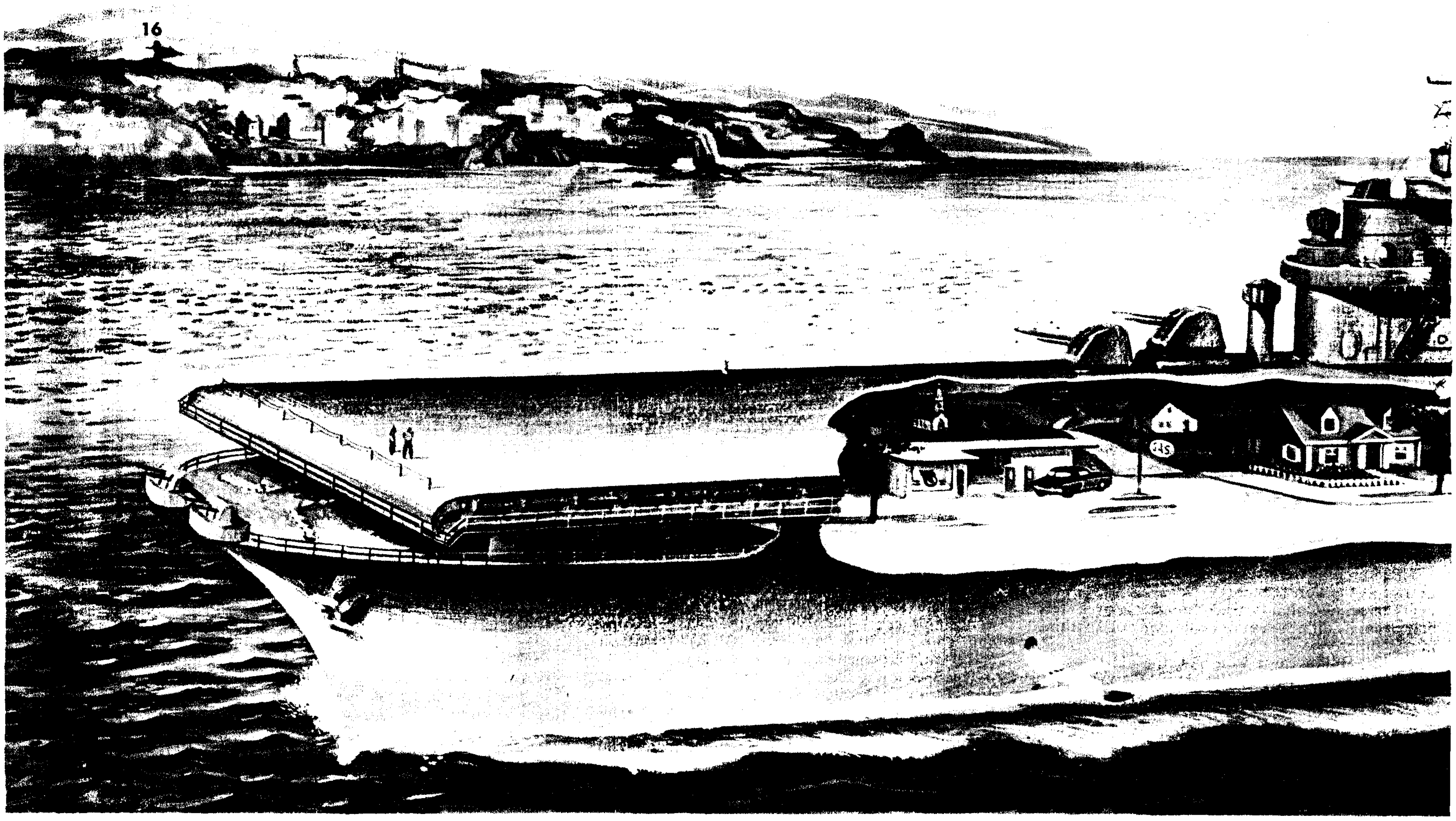
He raised his hat reverently, and turning, gulped down his whisky as if the recollection of the terrible scene were too much for him. A gloom settled on his listeners. They stood silent, their pint tumblers gripped in their fists, staring dejectedly in front of them as if in sorrowful contemplation of the many hazards to which human life is subject. At that moment a man pushed his way through the crowd.

"You better come quick, Sergeant. They've chased a welshing bookmaker into the sea, and he refuses to come out without police protection."

The sergeant buttoned the collar of his tunic and left the tent. Mr. Bullitt, well satisfied with the impression which he had made, signed to Hercule, and they also pushed their way out into the open air. They walked back in silence toward the caravans among the sand dunes.

(Continued on page 86)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN



The carrier of freedom puts in at a foreign port to exhibit its cargo—the truth. In this artist's conception of the Collier's proposal for a Freedom Ship

Main Street on a Flattop

By PAT FRANK

Ever since the fifth century before Christ when a Greek philosopher wrote, "We are less convinced by what we hear than by what we see," man has had a basis for distinction between fiction and fact. Since that time he has come to call those appeals which he simply hears "propaganda." And because of his inherent disbelief, the very word has come to have an unsavory connotation. In the cold war now being waged between two ideologies, democracy and state socialism, the weapon on each side has been oral—it has been propaganda. Whether listening to the Voice of America or Radio Moscow, it is right and natural that the claims for each side should be greeted with doubt. However, seeing is believing. And in this suggestion for a Freedom Ship, Collier's proposes that we send a slice of America, Main Street, U.S.A., to the ports of the world so that those things for which we stand may be seen—and believed. As the modern slang revision of that ancient truth puts it, "There's a lot of difference between say-so and take-a-look."

THE great aircraft carrier swings into the Adriatic and cruises north. Within sight of the Bari light, she turns into the wind. The dozens of fighters, torpedo planes and dive bombers, which have been lashed to her flight deck across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean, take off. They form into squadrons and disappear in the haze over the Italian coast, to settle finally on the runways of the sprawling Foggia air complex, built for the 15th Air Force during the war.

The U.S.S. Valley Forge has deliberately stripped herself of the offensive power that makes her one of the world's most formidable fighting units. Her captain is not apprehensive; the planes can be recovered in a matter of hours. But as the Valley Forge heads north again, slides through the Gulf of Venice and finally into Trieste's magnificent harbor, she is no longer a warship. She is a ship of peace—the Freedom Ship.

The citizens of Trieste watch in awe as she edges to the quay. Everyone in Trieste has been invited to visit the Valley Forge. Always before, only a few officials of the city have been allowed to board any American warship. Always before, our ships of the Mediterranean Fleet have put into Trieste to "show the flag," which means to display their gun power.

But on the Valley Forge we have something besides guns and ammunition. On the hangar deck of the carrier we have a secret weapon. It is the equivalent of the atomic bomb. It is called truth; it is the weapon the men in the Kremlin most fear, against which they erected their Iron Curtain. Specifically, it is the truth about America.

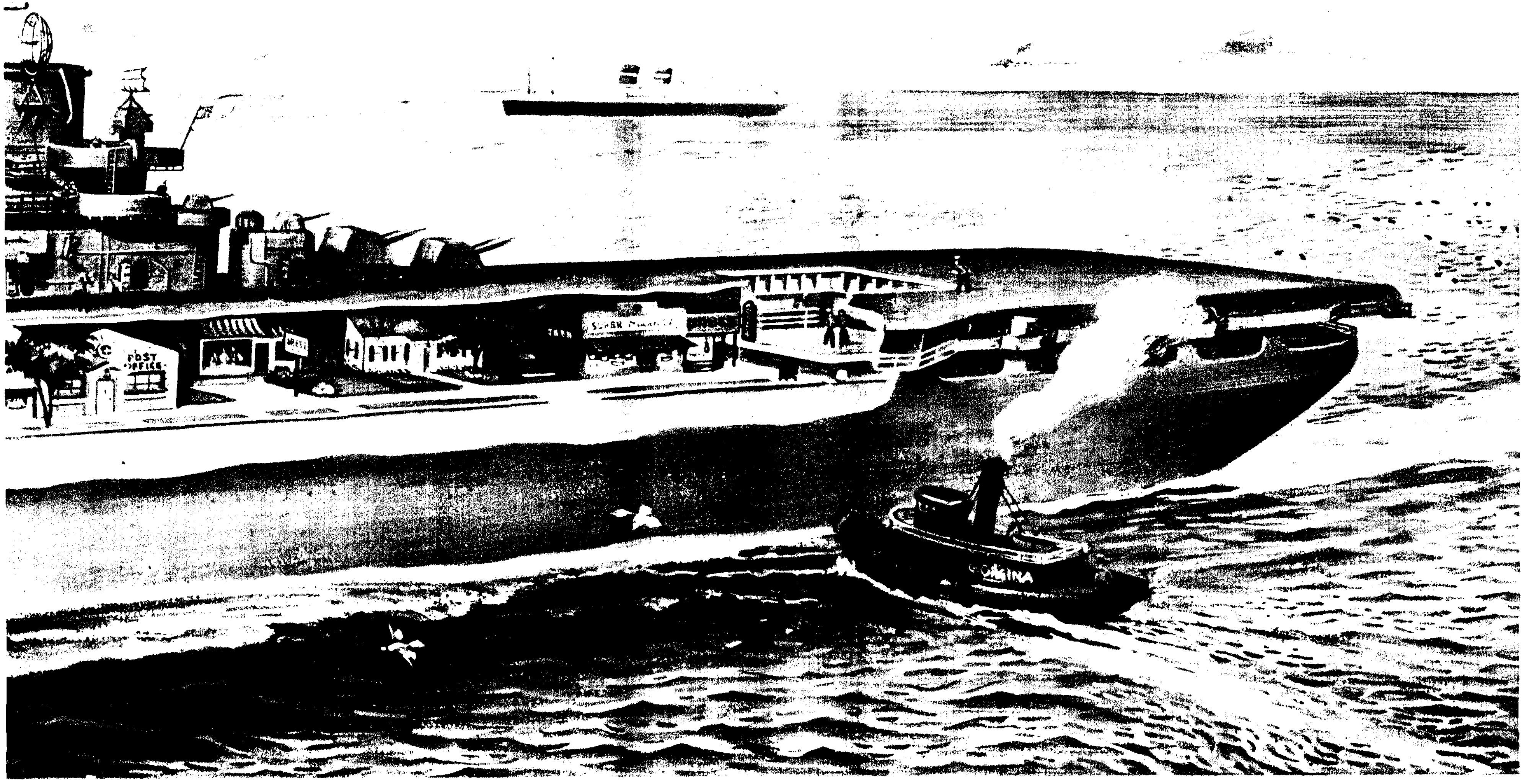
The Lerners, a typical Trieste family, have heard much of America recently. They have heard the Voice of America claim that under our system men prosper and find security and freedom. They have heard Radio Moscow tell the world that Americans live in capitalistic slavery while Russians live in bountiful happiness. We speak of our advances in industry and culture and science and the art of living. Radio Moscow says we lie, and claims for the Russians every notable invention of the past century.

The Lerners, like millions of other European families, are being told that the American economy is failing, that America seeks war to keep its factories running.

They have heard from Moscow that we are a nation of lynchers, Kluxers and gangsters. They have seen our troops, yes; and in Trieste, American troops are respected. But who really knows what America is like? Who knows whether Radio Moscow or the Voice of America tells the truth?

So the Lerners lock up their little shop on a narrow, cobbled street and go aboard the Valley Forge. This is an adventure—an opportunity that may never come again.

The Lerners queue up in a line. For them, like



art of the flight deck has been removed to show the slice of America constructed on her hangar deck: houses, shops, public buildings—Main Street, U.S.A.

Collier's suggests that an aircraft carrier be sent out on a cruise to foreign ports where the townspeople would be invited to come aboard and see Main Street, U.S.A., for themselves. The carrier would be a floating world's fair, offering one incomparable exhibit—the truth

most Europeans, to stand in a queue is as instinctive as eating. They walk up the gangplank, through the hangar deck port, and out of the Old World into the New.

On the hangar deck is a slice of America. We have taken two blocks out of Main Street, U.S.A., and transported them across the ocean. We have put a world's fair afloat. Call it a floating exposition, but perhaps Freedom Ship is a better name.

On one side of the street are houses, a section out of a modern school, and a library. On the other side are the stores, the shops, the drugstore and the newsstand, just as they appear in Middletown, U.S.A.

An American sailor stops the Lerners. "What do you wish to see first?" he asks in Italian. "My name is D'Agostolini."

Hans Lerner thinks: It is pleasant to hear this sailor speak my tongue. He thinks of Italian as his tongue, although when he was born, Trieste was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Hans Lerner sees a shoe shop not unlike his own. "I would like to see that shop," he says.

"No, first let's see the houses," says Marika Lerner. She is also impressed that their sailor guide speaks Italian. She cannot, of course, guess at the careful planning that preceded this first cruise of the Freedom Ship. She cannot guess that the ship's company of the Valley Forge was first drawn from the multilingual sailors of the whole Navy. Wherever the Valley Forge docks, the guides will speak the language of the country.

There are three houses on the residential side of the street. They are new houses, but they are not particularly pretentious. D'Agostolini makes it plain that not every American owns his own home, and that we still have a housing shortage. But he points out that every American has the opportunity of owning houses such as these. In other countries —it is not necessary to name them—it is not permitted that a man own his own home.

The Lerners understand this.

Trieste Housewife Is Impressed

In these houses the Lerners find all the facilities available to the American housewife—but not all of them crammed inside one house. D'Agostolini does not pretend that every American home has a television set, quick freeze, automatic dishwasher, and the other more exotic facilities. But he does say that almost every home has an electric refrigerator, radio and vacuum cleaner. Marika Lerner is impressed.

Hans Lerner is fascinated by the houses' heating systems. D'Agostolini explains their operation carefully. He never seems to gloat; he always says, "This is the sort of thing we produce. While many already have these things, all of us have the opportunity of possessing them."

Marika Lerner is entranced by the kitchen gadgets. In each house there is a girl to explain them —an attractive girl in uniform—a Wave.

The Lerners continue down the street to the school. They find the type of classroom which should be—but unfortunately isn't—available for every American child. D'Agostolini talks frankly of American education problems.

Then the Lerners visit the library.

It was a propaganda tenet of Goebbels—since adopted by the Soviet propagandists—that America is a cultural void. For fifteen years the Lerners have been drenched with this story. But in the library they find the truth.

The shelves are stiff with the works of American writers whose names are somehow friendly and familiar. And on the walls are prints of the best works of American artists.

The Lerners cross the street to inspect the shoe store. Hans Lerner takes the shoes in his hands, as one does when building them or repairing them. He understands these shoes. They are good. They do not squeak, as do the shoes made by another certain great nation. And they will last. He examines the machinery for repairing these shoes, sees how certain tasks that he does by hand are, in this shop, accomplished quickly and efficiently by machine. Hans Lerner is convinced.

On the corner they stop at the drugstore. To the Lerners, an American drugstore—complete from soda fountain to the stocks of medicines—seems incredible.

"Is it true," Hans Lerner asks, remembering the trouble and expense he had with his daughter's pneumonia, "that penicillin is sold so—openly, and not on the black bourse?"

"Yes, it is true," says D'Agostolini.

Lerner nods. "That is good." Lerner believes.

The next shop is a newsstand—all the papers and magazines are free to the visitors. During the war, after American troops came to Trieste, our newspapers and magazines were devoured like food. Lerner takes all they will give him.

He also gets the very news of this day, printed in Italian for this port. He doesn't realize that daily newspapers are printed, as

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK

America, Thank God!

By FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

Cardinal Spellman has witnessed the agonies of many people, in many lands. "If America's light shall fail," he says, "true peace upon the earth will never dawn." His keen, fearless analysis of our country's virtues and weaknesses today makes a never-to-be-forgotten Thanksgiving Day message

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TO NO other peoples is it given to know, as Americans are privileged to know, the true rich meaning of that God-inspired word—Thanksgiving. I myself gleaned its fullest significance as I witnessed the sufferings of men reaping the ravished fruits of a rancid peace in a world trapped by fear, famine, madness and disease.

In the nearest and remotest lands, while a whole world waged war and tragically played at peace, I talked with men of high office and low, soldier and citizen, cleric and layman. It was then that my soul became drenched with desire to pour into the hearts and homes of every American, a sense of great gratitude to God. I longed that each of my fellow Americans realize that no man of any other land is so rich as the poorest of us; none greater than the least of us. For within the protective mantle of this mighty nation, though a man may by circumstance be stripped of wealth, land, home or fame, nothing and no one can strip from him that right in which are rooted all the God-given rights of man—the right proudly to say, "I am an American."

Humbly kneeling upon our country's sacred soil, fervently I thank God for the manifold glories with which He has graced America; sanctuary of liberty, democracy and faith. I pray Him to bless our forefathers who won their heirship to heaven in Godly living, bequeathing to us our rights and our freedoms; and I beg Him, in these years of war's wreckage, while nations rant and plan in wild confusion, and peoples pursue evil designs blindly trusting in force and fury, to endow the family of nations with wisdom, justice and faith, and with especial mercy convert those prodigal peoples who defy His law and even deny His existence.

Thus do I pray, and ask my fellow countrymen to join with me in prayer for tolerance, unity and peace as we entreat God in His compassion, once again to create order out of chaos and send forth His Spirit of justice and charity among men, that all nations may become united in good will for the purpose of securing enduring peace. And I ask each who may read this message here to tell it to his neighbor, cry it through towns and cities, from mountain heights to plains and valleys, proclaim it publicly and repeat it daily—"O God, keep America forever Thy servant, forever the slave of liberty!"

I do not wish to weary readers by repeating truths which are universally admitted, and I despair of being able to offer any arguments which have a pretense to novelty. But whether or not my words be futile or novel, I cannot refuse the privilege of once again publicly avowing my love for my blessed and beloved country.

Willingly would I sacrifice my life to help shield her from the least harm inflicted upon her by enemies from within or outside her borders. Thereupon do I rest the right to take to task those who are guilty of contributing not to the goodness and glories of our nation but to her sins and shame.

It is time to bestir ourselves, recollect and recount the blessings of our land, cast off the old and wrinkled skin of timorousness and apathy, and analyze the grandeur of America in the truthtelling light of time. We must take stock of ourselves, of our gains and our losses, and see what can be salvaged from the storehouse of our sons' sacrifice and toil. What we garner from their giving is the grave responsibility of each of us.

Each will have a part in the fruitage—unity in a world wherein our children shall learn in liberty to live the love of God and of neighbor, or disunity in a land wherein our children shall be slaves in a godless world itself enchained!

Which shall it be?

Whither are we headed?

Future generations will bless or curse us according to the choice we make and the road we take, and God grant that the future may belong to those who love and not to those who hate! But if idly we stand by and permit atheistic Communists to force or lead us along the road to serfdom, the fault will be ours, a fault not alone of the statesmen entrusted with the richest heritage of any people in the world, but the fault of every American who tills the farm, who toils in the factory, who tends the shop, who teaches in the school, who preaches in the pulpit, who graces the home—the fault of every American who fails to follow the profession of his faith in love of God, devotion to his country and charity to his neighbor. For we have no right to expect to keep our freedoms, if we ourselves do not faithfully and thankfully protect the soil and soul of America from desecration and destruction by Communists, intent but upon our conquest and annihilation.

GOD PLANNED for man freedom and peace, not serfdom and war. But Communists have abandoned God, and for His commandments have substituted their own code of inhumanity and force, rending ties of blood and heart, brewing fresh wars in the devil's caldron of hates. They know neither truth nor faith nor charity nor justice. Their women, no less than their God-hating men, are pitiless and ruthless, and mothers teach their children as they themselves were taught, to deny God and live not by His commandments, but by the cold, cruel cult of war. Yet millions of Americans who should be alerted to these perils of the present by the evils of the past refuse to recognize that today we are faced with the merciless dangers of disunity and disloyalty born of the Communist parenthood that breeds war.

America, strong and united must stand sentinel against these threatened dangers. Hosts of our soldier dead stand suppliant beside us, countless trumpets warning us not to retreat but bravely to live and work for peace, lest their triumph dearly bought for us with priceless blood should yet be lost. What they did yesterday for us, we now must do for them, and bear the burden dropped from out their dying hands, lift up the torch that they put down, this torch—America—the hope of all the world. For all men sense with darkling prophecy that if America's light shall fail, true peace upon the earth will never dawn. And now as peace seems poised for flight, daily we must raise our hearts to heaven and pray God give to each the grace to know and do his part to protect peace. We may pray within the quiet of our own hearts, in simple church or lofty cathedral, in our homes or at our working desks. What alone matters is that in humble thanksgiving we revere and acknowledge God, and by our works prove our love and faith and strength, lest once again the anguished spending of a million lives will end but in war's beginning!

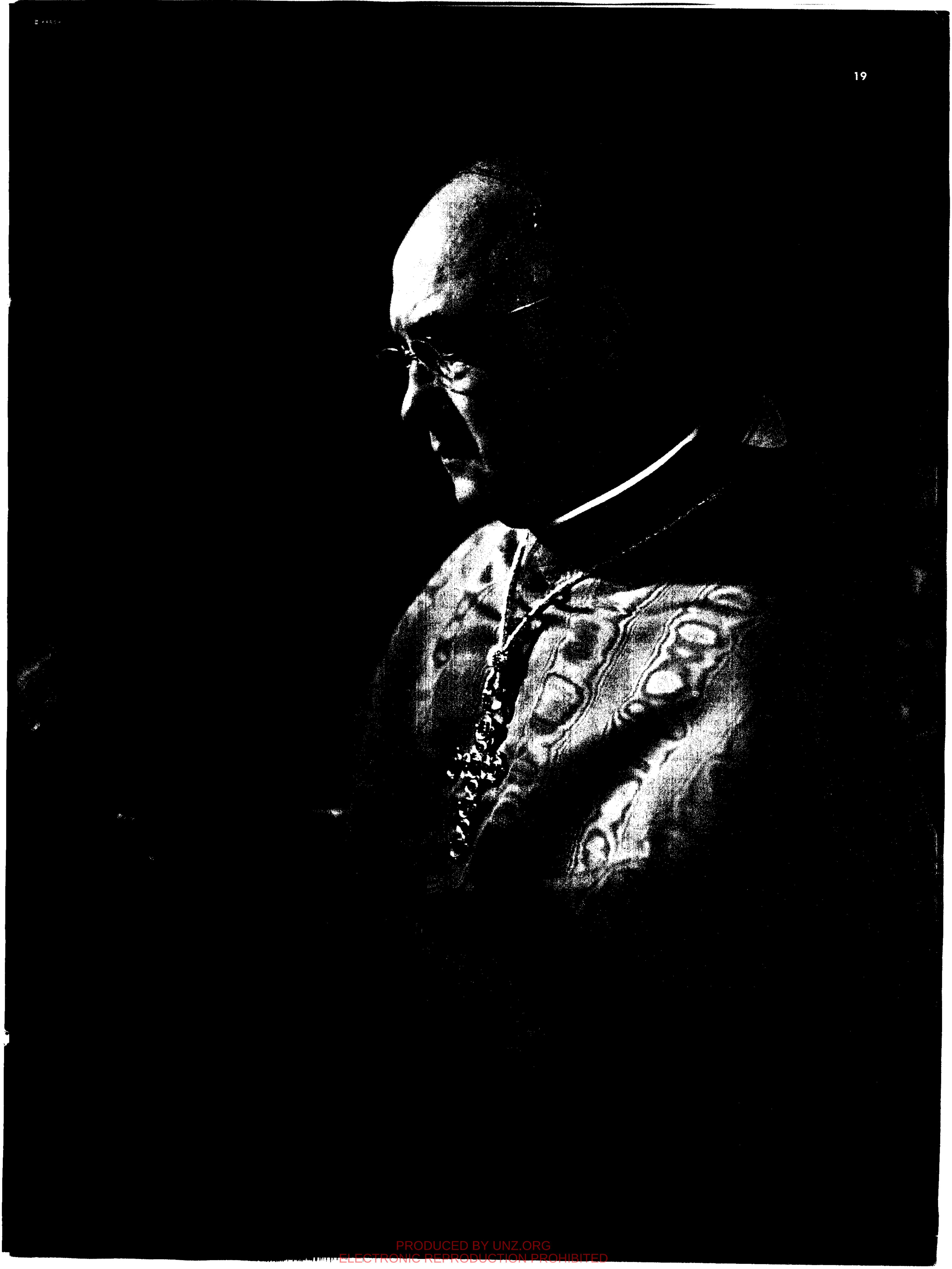
As we observe this Thanksgiving, let us for a moment forget the present, and imagine that we are living three centuries ago. The year is 1621. It is the month of September, or October perhaps. A little band of Pilgrims who had survived starvation and privation saw for the first time America's large and golden kernel of corn, wild grapes sweetening in the woods and purple plums ripening in the fields. Together they shared exciting happiness as Thanksgiving Day in the New World of promise came a-borning. On that day great gratitude to God came to dwell within the hearts of those men and women whose souls long had hungered for bread, nurtured not only from grains of wheat, but from the seeds of liberty, as fearlessly, unfalteringly they held steadfast to their Lord, trusting Him to guide and protect them.

But, as I write, just before this Thanksgiving, America's harvest promises to be the greatest ever since that little band of brave Pilgrims set glad, prayerful eyes upon their first crops of American corn. But are we, their children, faithful, joyful and grateful? Are we not spoiled? Do we appreciate the plenty that is ours? Ensnared with many passions, held fast by many fears, weighted with many burdens, tormented with wants, we yearn to be freed from the bondage of our cares and trials, secure in liberty and peace. Yet we fail to realize and acknowledge that in God alone are founded our rights, our freedom and our peace, and if we are to enjoy freedom's gifts, we must first learn to obey His laws, for, where the Spirit of the Lord is there is true liberty!

From its very birth America has lived to give lie to all who would deny that in faith in God and unity in fundamentals reside the strength, wealth and peace of our nation and all its varied peoples, who, living and working together, have made and kept our country great. From out the loins of every land under the sun came forth men and women of all races and peoples made one by the common will of all their sons, freely to work and worship as they built their common home—*(Continued on page 38)*

To obtain a copy of this portrait of the Cardinal, send 10 cents to Collier's Reprint Department, Springfield, Ohio

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH



PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

Continuing the Madcap Adventures of a Millionairess and Her Bodyguard

The Story: Johnny Smith, an ex-private eye, is trying hard to be a successful lawyer and failing for lack of clients when his old detective-agency partner Frank Graham calls him about a job. Through Graham, Johnny meets James T. Albertson, legal counsel for Anna Marie Bishop. Miss Bishop, a rich young industrialist, is the manufacturer of a home permanent. To advertise her product she has financed an archaeological venture to Panama, which will be headed by an elderly woman named India Redo. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes for that purpose. Albertson tells Johnny that Anna Marie has received a letter threatening her life. And he asks Johnny to go to Panama on the same ship with Anna Marie, but not to let her know that he is a private eye. Johnny takes the job. Later in the day a mysterious character comes to Johnny's office and tells him not to go to Panama. And that night, on the way to the dock in a taxi, Johnny is followed by a car full of men whom he recognizes as paid thugs. He manages to elude them and to get two policemen to take him the rest of the way to the dock. There the police become suspicious and frisk him.

PART 2 OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

THE cops frisked Johnny—rapidly and expertly. They were interested in his tourist card, transportation, driver's license and other papers. They were fascinated by his automatic pistol and blackjack.

"Who told you to bring these?" the first cop said. "Your travel agent?"

"I've got a permit for them," Johnny said. "It's right there in my wallet."

"Here's something else," the second cop said, holding up more identification. "It seems John here is one of those private eyes you keep reading about."

"He's got a very convincing name," the first cop said. "John Smith. What's your real name, wise guy?"

"John Smith," Johnny said. "Honest, officer. I haven't done anything wrong. Have some of these peaches—they're delicious."

"Think we ought to run him in for a little checkup?" the second cop said to the first cop.

"You can't do that!" Johnny said. "I'm sailing for Panama in a little while!"

"He's on a big case," the first cop said. "This is a private eye, you know. There's crooks and beautiful dames involved, and John would get killed except he is so bright. He wins out in the end, see, and gets one of the beautiful dames. A dame in Panama, in a grass skirt."

"Yeah," the second cop said. "Isn't it romantic?"

"I'm innocent, I tell you, gentlemen," Johnny said. "I was only trying to preserve law and order."

"Well," the second cop said, "you're going to do it without this heater and sap." He handed over the wallet. "But you can keep the part about being a private dick and still play cops and robbers on the boat."

"I protest!" Johnny said. "I happen to be a lawyer, and I know my rights. You have no authority to take my gun away from me."

"Now he's a lawyer," the first cop said.

"Listen," the second cop said, "I happened to notice by your papers that you're a war veteran the same as us. That's the only reason I'm not running you in. Now, do you want to go to Panama without your little toys, or do you want me to take you down and book you?"

"All right," Johnny said. "Have it your way."

"And I don't want a banana!" the second cop said.

"And remember the next time, John," the first cop said, "that the city of Oakland ain't running any taxi service for glamorous private investigators."

"Okay," Johnny said. "Okay!"

When the radio car left, Harry, the watchman, came over. "I thought you handled the bulls fine," he said.

"Thanks," Johnny said.

"I heard you mention Panama. You going on the Leise Neilsen?"

"Yeah. Any objections?"

"No, siree. Shall I put your baggage on the ship for you?"

"Sure, go ahead."

"Didn't I hear you say your name was Smith—John Smith?"

Johnny nodded. "You heard everything, didn't you?"

"There's a couple waiting for you down by the ship."

"Here's ten dollars. Can you forget what you heard, in case anybody asks you?"

"Yes, siree," Harry said.

Johnny walked on ahead. The dock was sketchily illuminated and smelled of oil and tidewater. At the end were the bulking dark shapes of two ships. The near one, Johnny perceived, was the M.S. Leise Neilsen. She didn't look any too large.

"Johnny boy," Frank called. "Here we are."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Johnny said. "I couldn't see you."

"Johnny, I want you to meet Lois Bridgeford."

"Hello, Johnny," Lois said.

"Gee, it's a pleasure," Johnny said. "I've heard so much about you from Frank."

"I've heard a lot about you, too," Lois said. "You ain't pretty, Johnny."

"Well, you are," Johnny said.

She was, being slight and willowy but well endowed with the attributes that make girls girls. Her face was cast in a baby mold, her hair long and brown. She squeezed Johnny's hand.

"We've got a nice basket of fruit for you," Frank said.

"How can I ever thank you?" Johnny said.

HARRY happened to be passing them. He was eating a banana now, and pushing the luggage ahead of him on a hand truck. Johnny stopped him, opened a bag, and presented Lois with a box.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Madame de Maintenon's Self-Permanent," Johnny said.

"I like my hair straight better," Lois said. "Don't you, Frankie?"

"Yes, angel," Frank replied. "But you're a sweet, thoughtful boy, Johnny, and we appreciate it. Don't we, Lois?"

"Oh, certainly," Lois said.

"We'll give it to Mother," Frank said.

"It's the large economy size," Johnny said. "Mother has enough there to make her hair kinky, if she wants."

There was a long, awkward silence.

"Panama," Frank said. "The canal. Picturesque natives. The night life. Dames doing the samba with you."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said.

"I hear they have B-girls in the saloons," Frank said, "that wear evening gowns and—"

"Maybe you'd like to go with him," Lois said.

"No, no, angel," Frank said. "I was only trying to point out how broadening travel is. It's home and Mother for me."

"Yeah," Johnny said.

"The food on the boat ought to be great," Frank said nervously. "The Scandinavians are famous for that. *Smörgåsbord* and stuff. And they're so clean. You'll probably worry for fear of soiling the deck by walking on it."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said.

"Look," Lois said, "aren't we going aboard and have a last drink with jolly John? My feet are getting tired standing here."

"I beg your pardon," Johnny said. "How thoughtless of me! Come on up."

The unlighted gangway was perched on the rim of the dock, putting the steps at an unpleasant angle. Clinging to Frank, Lois commented on the great welcome you got from these squareheads. Just like leaving on the Lurline for Hawaii.

"I went there once with Bridgeford," she said. "The bum was drunk the whole two weeks."

A single mast light bathed the main deck, which had been soiled by something more than feet. They met Harry on the way ashore. He pointed to the fore structure.

"You're on the portside, Mr. Smith," he said. "Just ask the steward."

THEY climbed a slippery steel stairway to the boat deck, painfully aware that the Leise Neilsen was redolent of cooking, washing, Diesel fuel, bilge and a rich blue cheese aroma outside their experience. A narrow alley led to a small, airless, empty saloon.

"Look at my hands," Lois said. "Black from touching those rails."

Johnny crossed the saloon to its other entrance. Another identical alley connected with the boat deck.

"I hope you brought plenty of soap," Lois said.

"I found the steward's room, Johnny," Frank said. "We passed it on the way in. Shall I knock?"

"Will you?" Johnny said.

"The M.S. Lousy Neilsen," Lois said.

Frank returned with a roundheaded young man wearing round spectacles. He was clad in pajamas and slippers. Glancing at Lois, he murmured, "Excuse."

"My name's Smith," Johnny said. "I'm a passenger. Can you show me my cabin?"

"Yes, sir," the steward said.

He took them to the port alley and opened the first door, which was marked "Apprentice" in English on a sign above. Johnny gazed blankly at a narrow cot, a washbasin and a small bureau secured to the metal wall. The cabin dimensions were slightly in excess of those found in most telephone booths.

"What are all those brown spots on the walls?" Lois asked.

"You come outside, darling," Frank said. "Don't bother your Uncle John while he's getting settled."

They left, and Johnny turned to the steward. He drew a long breath.

"Have you got a DDT bomb?"

"Yes, sir."

"Close the portholes and fill the room with it. Right now."

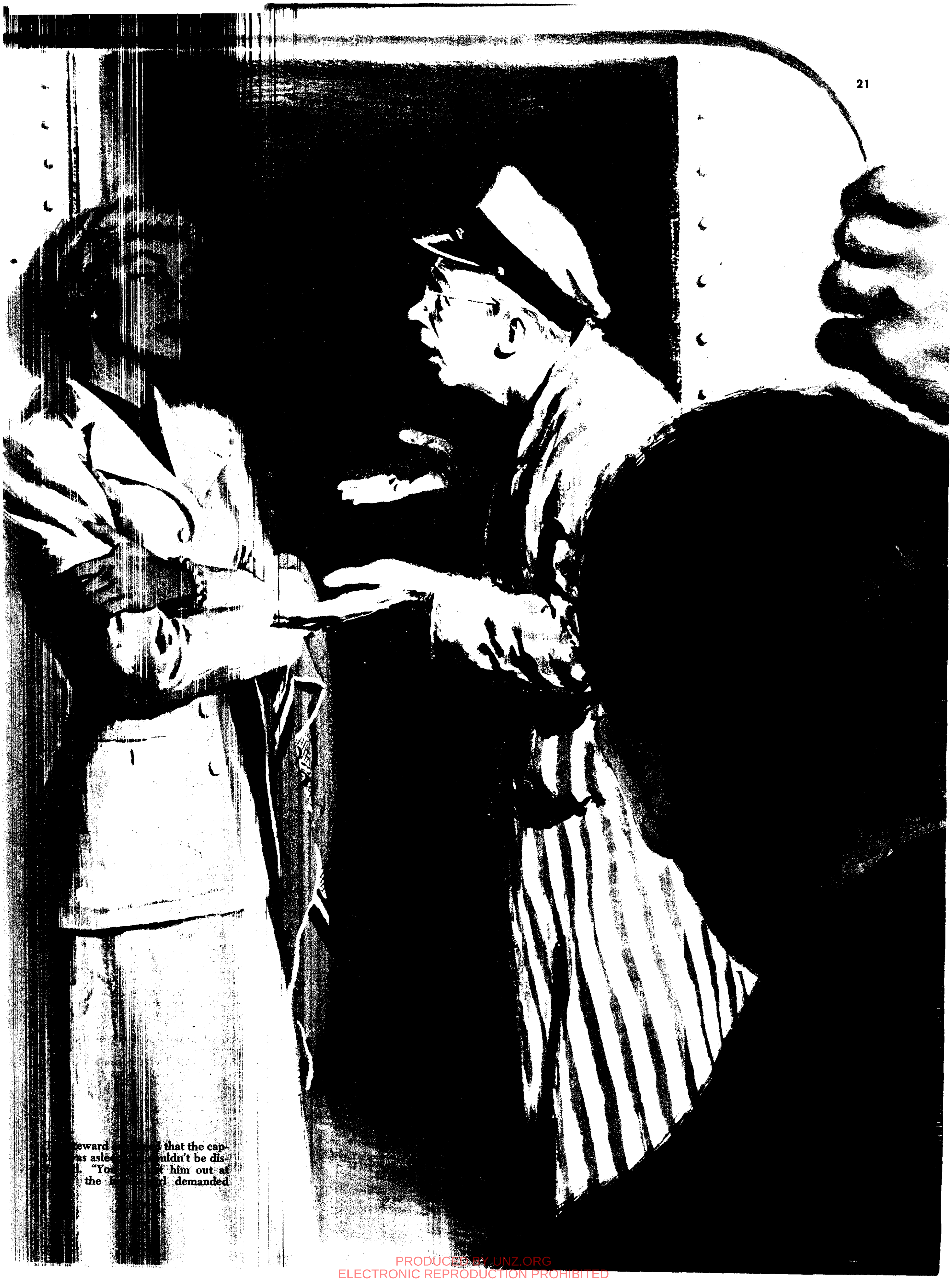
Frank and Lois were sitting in the saloon. Joining them, Johnny passed cigarettes around.

"The steward speaks pretty good English," Frank remarked.

"I feel as if I itch already," Lois said. "I wouldn't wish this trip on Bridgeford, my ex."

"Let's not fuss, (*Continued on page 49*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

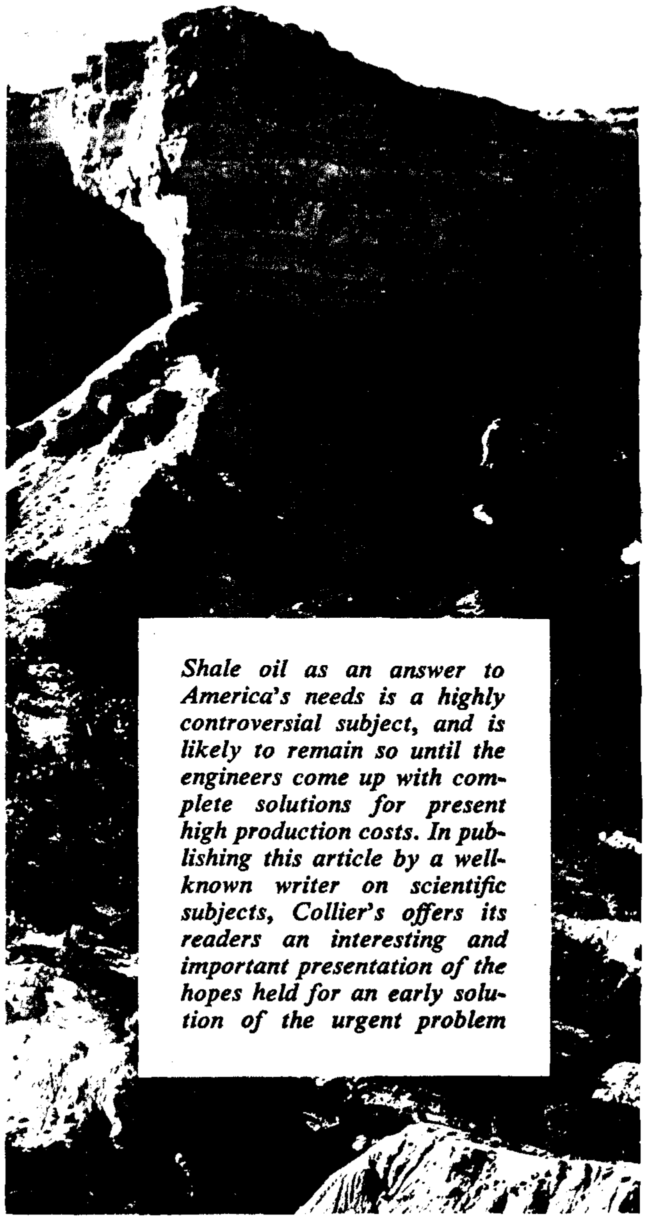


T[illegible]eward [illegible] that the cap-[illegible]as asle[illegible]uldn't be disturbed. "You [illegible]t him out at [illegible]," the [illegible]l demanded

Colorado's Mountain of OIL

By J. D. RATCLIFF

One of the most spectacular mining operations in the world is getting under way on a Colorado mountainside. What it produces may make us completely independent of foreign oil. With new production methods, the U.S. Bureau of Mines is tapping the enormously oil-rich Green Valley shale formation, which runs through Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. There is an estimated three hundred billion barrels in one deposit alone!



Shale oil as an answer to America's needs is a highly controversial subject, and is likely to remain so until the engineers come up with complete solutions for present high production costs. In publishing this article by a well-known writer on scientific subjects, Collier's offers its readers an interesting and important presentation of the hopes held for an early solution of the urgent problem

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT COFFEY

MOST great mineral discoveries have followed an identical pattern. Whether it was gold in California, oil in east Texas or diamonds in Africa, the spectacle provided practically the same scenario: prospectors rushing to stake claims, roistering boom towns mushrooming, and overnight millionaires flaunting their jewel-bedecked women.

But it isn't being played that way in Colorado today. They've struck it rich, all right—a strike which, from all present evidence, will rank as the greatest mineral find yet. What have they found? A mountain of oil.

Here is one single formation of shale rock, into whose composition the geologic ages have pressed, along with its mud and clay, an estimated 300 billion barrels of trapped oil—enough to keep our home furnaces, automobiles, planes and Diesel locomotives going for generations.

Potentially, this oil mountain cuts us free of dependence on foreign governments, who now hold the whip hand so far as world oil reserves are concerned.

To get a better idea of the size of this vast deposit —and what it means in an oil-hungry world—note that it contains six times as much oil as the entire world has used since Colonel Drake drilled the first well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859!

Translated into money, the discovery is even more impressive. At current prices, oil in this 1,000-square-mile deposit would be worth upward of $700 billion *if* it all could be recovered. Since it is seldom possible to obtain the entire wealth of any mineral deposit, this figure must be shaved down. Even so, it dwarfs all gold discoveries in history. Why hasn't it made the headlines?

There are a number of reasons. For one, a full realization of the value of the deposit developed slowly. For another, it offers nothing to the lone prospector, nor to the get-rich-quick boys. Extracting this oil is a job for big industry with hundreds of millions to spend.

The men scrambling over the wild, jagged Colorado cliffs today aren't picturesque sourdoughs. They are salaried engineers, chemists, geologists and other highly trained scientists. They are employees of the Bureau of Mines, and such large oil companies as Sun, Texas, Union, Standard of California and Cities Service.

To grasp the full significance of what this deposit means to the United States, take a brief look at our petroleum situation. For nearly a decade we have been using oil faster than new pools have been discovered. Furthermore, demand is rising each year —at present we are using 18 per cent more than in the peak year of 1945—and no end of the trend is in sight. This oil deficit isn't alarming so long as sea lanes are open. But war could snap this oil life line overnight.

The last war serves as a mild preview of what might happen. The cost in ships and men in tankering oil even along our own coasts sent us scurrying to build Big Inch and Little Inch pipe lines. Civilians moaned about rationing of gasoline and heating oil, yet stringent as this rationing was, it saved only a piddling 500,000 barrels a day.

Next time, the situation would be infinitely worse. Our military estimates that it would need more than 2,000,000 barrels of oil a day in another war as opposed to 1,750,000 last time. Lop off imports from the Middle East and Venezuela, and we would have 3,000,000 barrels a day to run all industrial America. There wouldn't be any gasoline or home-heating oil to ration.

Against this background, the oil shales assume enormous importance. Oil is the most important of all commodities in an industrialized world. The shales may go a long way toward making us self-sufficient in this vitally important respect.

To be sure, we have other outs. We can build a giant synthetic oil industry, based on coal or natural gas. Such an industry would be many times larger than our present auto, steel or oil industries. But from evidence we have now, the shales may be the quickest and cheapest answer to our problems. In a moment we will see why. But first, look at these shale deposits.

In the dim geologic past, vast inland seas covered large parts of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. For five to eight million years, remnants of plant and animal life collected on the bottom of these seas. In time this organic material was converted into a waxy, petroleumlike stuff called "kerogen."

As sea bottom became mountain, the kerogen was compressed, along with the mud and clay, into shale rock. And when shale containing this stuff is heated in a retort, the large kerogen molecule breaks down to make smaller molecules of gasoline, kerosene, Diesel oil and other liquid fuels. Some shales contain five gallons of liquid fuel per ton, others go as high as 80.

Such shale formations exist in many states, but the gigantic Green River formation is by far the richest and most extensive. It stretches through 2,600 square miles of western Colorado, 4,700 square miles of Utah and 9,200 square miles of Wyoming. The Colorado seams are thickest, richest, most easily mined.

Early settlers in these areas—sheepherders, valley farmers, cowboys—regarded these shales with wonder. Here was a hard rock that burned!

Beyond this casual observation, nothing much was done about the shales until 1916. That year the Geological Survey started the first studies of outcroppings—spots where the ore seam comes out of the sides of the mountains. These outcroppings gave only the scantiest evidence of the richness of the deposits, largely because the ore was badly weathered. The Geological Survey estimated that shales in all states contained 90 billion barrels of oil.

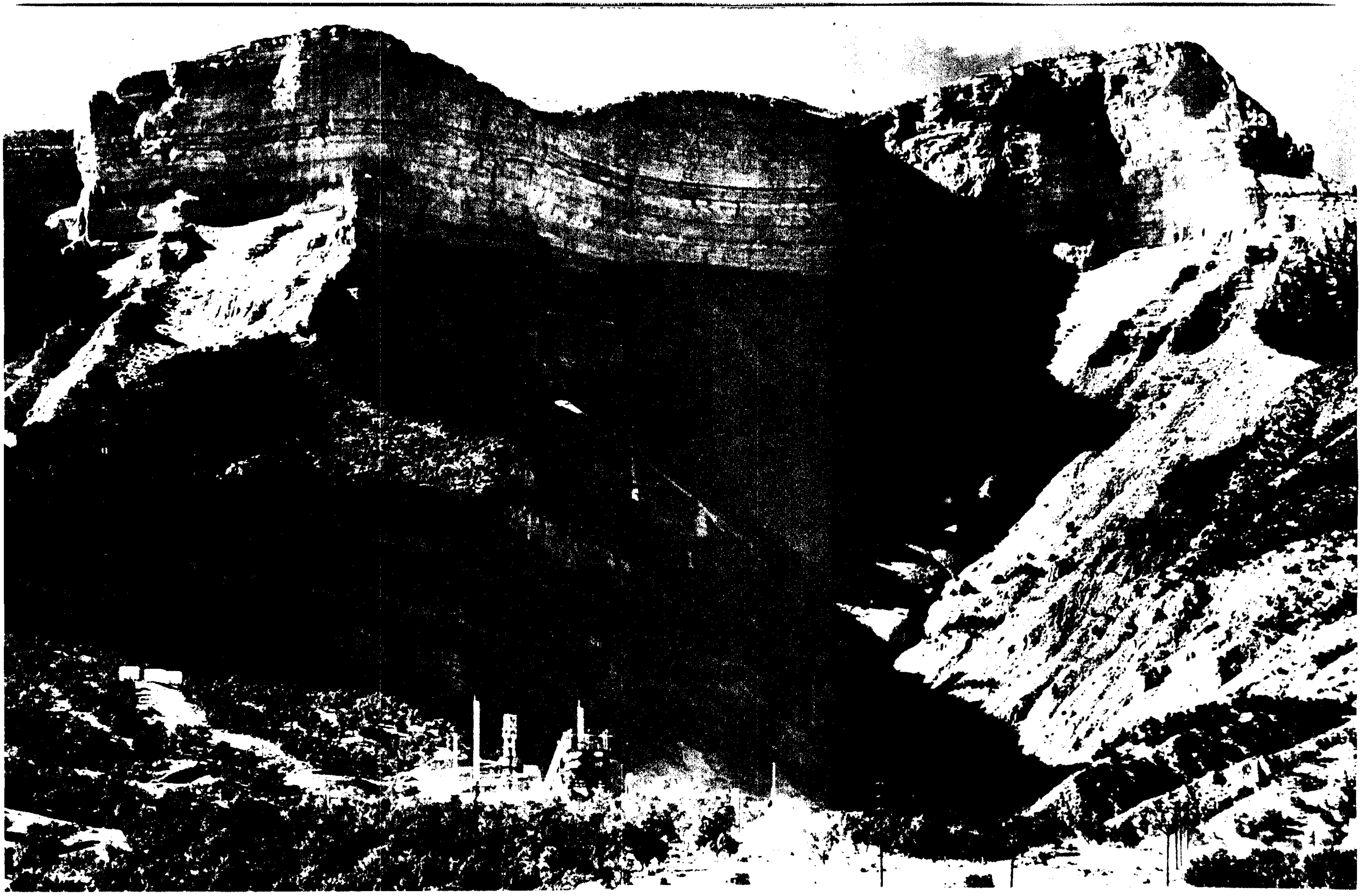
Although first estimates were badly off base, the idea of a mountain of oil was good enough to attract many people, chiefly stock promoters. But about that time the vast east Texas oil field came in, and all interest in shales evaporated. America had more oil than it could use.

This pleasant situation came to an end with the onset of World War II. We suddenly needed oil desperately. Congress stirred itself and in 1944 passed the Synthetic Liquid Fuels Act, which provided funds to start a search for petroleum substitutes. The Bureau of Mines got the job and the money, which has amounted to $24,000,000 to date. One of its first steps was to start a systematic study of Colorado shales.

Two years ago drill crews started pushing diamond-pointed bits down into the wild Colorado hills to bring core samples to the surface. The cores told a dramatic story. Here was a vast plateau composed almost entirely of oil shales! Deposits ran up to a half mile in thickness! One 70-foot seam, for example, contained 20 times as much as the fabulous east Texas strike.

However, discovery of the richness and extent of the deposit still left many questions unanswered. Could shales be mined cheaply enough to make oil extraction economically attractive? Could retorts be designed which would cook oil out of the ore on a continuous, trouble-free basis? Would the heavy, black, viscous oil derived from shales be more difficult to refine than natural petroleum?

Dr. Wilburn C. Schroeder, able and aggressive head of the Office of Synthetic Liquid Fuels, a divi-



The Bureau of Mines pilot plant near Rifle, Colorado, where oil is extracted from shale, stands in the shadows of the oil-laden mountain deep in the Rockies

sion of the Bureau of Mines, tackled the mining problem first. With the help of a corps of mining engineers, he picked a campsite ten miles out of the village of Rifle, Colorado.

It isn't likely that there is a more wildly desolate spot in the United States. Sheer, mile-high cliffs rise almost vertically out of creek and river valleys. Except for a sparse sprinkling of scrub pine and juniper, the arid country is almost completely empty.

At the bottom of a coffee-cup formation of hills construction started on 50 houses and a 5½-mile stretch of road from campsite to mine—as tortuous a route as any in the world. It took several months to make a trail wide enough to accommodate pack mules and miners on horseback. Nearly two years went into completion of a road wide enough to handle big trucks.

As it stands today, the Colorado mine is one of the must unusual in the world.

It is a cavernous affair dug out of a cliff wall with a 70-foot ceiling. Mining is done on three benches, or steps. Multiple drills mounted on trucks make holes in which dynamite is placed to shatter the rock. A giant electric shovel loads ore directly into 15-ton Diesel trucks for hauling to the retorting plant in the valley below.

Ore production is now running at the incredible total of 40 tons per man per day—as opposed to 5.4 tons per man in coal mines. As workings are expanded and efficiencies increased, Schroeder expects this figure to rise to 60 tons per man per day. At this level it will cost under 60 cents a ton for mined ore.

Retorting was problem number two. To gather facts and figures about the best types of ovens for roasting oil out of rock, Schroeder dispatched men to visit shale-oil plants all over the world. Then he commissioned an American engineering firm to build ovens superior to those in use anywhere else.

Large American oil companies—notably Standard Oil Development Company (the research affiliate of Standard of New Jersey) and Union of California—lent their engineering talents to the problem. Union is building a retort which will require little cooling water to condense retort vapors—an important consideration in an arid region. This fall, New Jersey Standard has unveiled a continuous-flow retort at its experimental center at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Meanwhile, two less advanced retorts have been operating at Rifle. While clumsier and more expensive to operate than continuous retorts, they have answered the most formidable question of all: Is production of oil from shales economically feasible?

The answer appears to be an emphatic yes. It is difficult, of course, to take figures gathered from a small plant and project them to a giant operation. But from all present evidence shale oil can be produced *right now* for approximately $2.30 per barrel.

And Figure In Pipe-Line Costs

But there's a catch. This is the price in the bleak, mountainous region of Colorado. Estimates indicate this oil could be carried to California via pipe line at an additional cost of 33 cents a barrel, to Chicago for 35 cents, to New York for 60 to 70 cents. Thus, shale oil would reach California at under $3 a barrel—and prices for heavy oils have been at this level or above for some time.

This gets us around to the refining problem. The shale oil that comes from the retorts is the rough equivalent of crude oil. Both must be refined to produce a wide variety of oil products: gasoline, lubricating oils, Diesel oil, kerosene, waxes, paving materials.

A good portion of the 50 to 100 barrels of shale oil being produced now at Rifle has been burned under plant boilers. It makes excellent fuel. The rest has gone to oil companies for refinery studies, and to the Bureau of Mines' own laboratory at Laramie, Wyoming.

Until all these experiments are completed, no one will know the full potentialities of shale oil. It is known at present that fairly simple processing converts it into heavy heating oil of good quality. Lighter heating oils—such as those used in homes—are slightly more difficult to make. Gasoline presents even greater problems.

Shale oil's greatest usefulness will be in production of heating oils, and possibly jet fuels. If the shales could assume the entire load of heating oils—which represent almost a third of our petroleum consumption—the problems associated with our waning petroleum supplies would be solved for many years to come. And we would be relieved of the necessity of playing the dangerous game of power politics with foreign oil fields as stakes.

In any event, the Bureau of Mines has no desire to put all its eggs in one basket. It is proposing a gigantic synthetic fuels industry to cover the entire range of petroleum products. Under this program, shales would supply 850,000 barrels a day in heating oils. Natural gas would be converted into motor gasoline at the rate of 150,000 barrels a day.

The Fischer-Tropsch process would be used to make 500,000 barrels of liquid fuels a day, chiefly gasoline, from coal. The hydrogenation process, in which free, gaseous hydrogen under tremendous pressure is used to liquefy coal into a petroleumlike stuff, would produce another 500,000 barrels of fuel a day, chiefly aviation gasoline.

The cost of this 2,000,000-barrels-a-day program is staggering, even to a nation now accustomed to thinking in terms of billions. The Bureau of Mines estimates the cost at twelve billion dollars. By way of comparison, the synthetic rubber program cost approximately one billion dollars. Industry says that the Bureau's figures are too low, that the program would cost sixteen to eighteen billion dollars.

Will Schroeder sums up the case in this way:

"At the start, costs may be higher than for oil from foreign sources. But security can be worth this added cost. If a synthetic industry should prevent a war, or make it possible to win a war, the added cost would be a small one to pay. Repeatedly in the past, the cost of synthetic products has been high in the beginning, but in the end they have been as cheap as or cheaper than natural products."

FOLLOW THE STORM

Their plane was in no condition to fly, and they had no time to play Boy Scout. But a man's life and a girl's happiness depended on what they did

By FREDERICK HOWARD

MARTIN and Joan Liddicott arrived simultaneously at the truth about the main fuel tank. It was emptying eight times faster than the engine of their plane could burn up gas. Their ship bumped and quivered through racing gusts of cloud. At intervals a rusty patch of Central Australian desert showed below.

Martin had the stick but Joan, in the seat on his right, sat in on the dual controls. Their hands moved together in a light, unhurried correction of each roll and pitch. The prospectus of the Aero-Barquantine Company had called this cabin cruiser job a family airplane for the amateur pilot, but she didn't handle that easy.

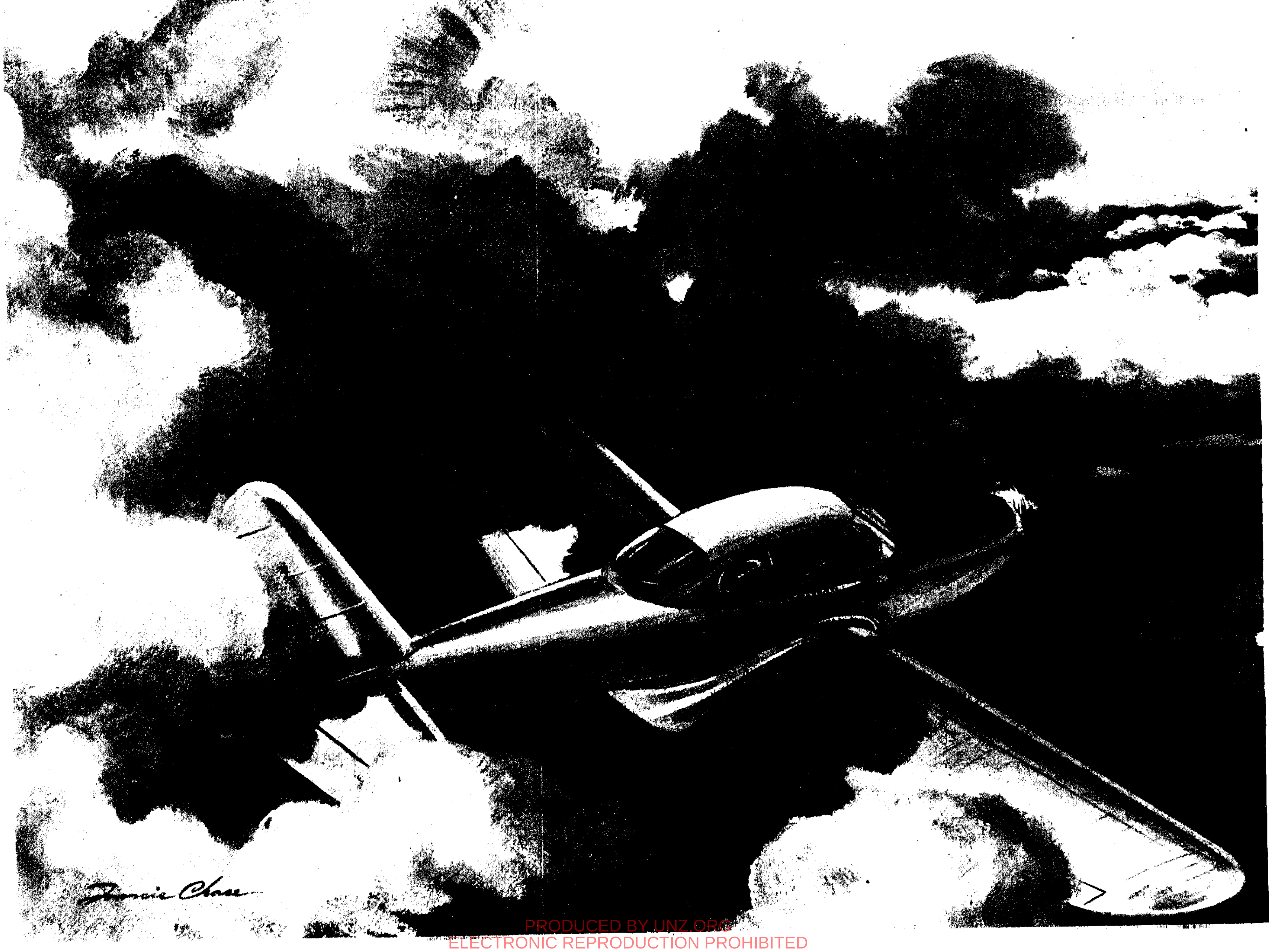
"What do you give it?" Joan asked. "About forty-five minutes?"

Martin nodded. "That'll be the top, if she goes on spilling it at this rate. Let's see if we can get under the soup." He eased the stick forward.

She reached to the cockpit floor for a folded square of map. Her gray-green eyes were sunken with tiredness, but she was smiling.

"One good thing about it," she said, "here's where we quit worrying about money for the first time in ten years."

They had been in financial difficulties at the end of the war. Quite suddenly then, the free-lance flying game began to move beyond the reach of the Liddicotts' generation—he was forty-one, she thirty-eight. It passed to kids who could stay with supersonic speeds and write scientific reports. At that time a lot of the international fliers of the 1930s became a little anxious about themselves. They got out of Air Corps uniform and called up the oil presidents and millionaire hobbyists who used to welcome them by their nicknames.



The Liddicotts were in this phase when a chain of introductions got them into the same cocktail party as Jean-Paul Souronnier. That eminent organizer of European cartels was in Washington as back-room adviser to an economic conference.

By happy chance, he was in a position not only to put dividends in the way of the Liddicotts, but to restore them to the one employment they understood. He was forming a new company, the Société Aero-Barquantine de Bruxelles, which would use their names in its advertising and commission them to fly the first aircraft from its production line to Australia.

The charm of that proposition lasted until the flight began. Then worry showed in the first telegraphed progress report that the Liddicotts sent Souronnier from Rome. It was sharper in their cable from Alexandria. From Karachi they filed a list of the Barquantine's bad habits and advised a halt in production. By Rangoon, they were asking for their names to be taken out of the company's publicity.

They had made Darwin before a reply reached them. Souronnier regretted to say that Aero-Barquantine was in liquidation. The agents for the creditors would doubtless arrange to take the plane off the Liddicotts' hands on arrival in Brisbane. . . .

The plane made a long descent through the murk. At thirteen hundred feet the last cloud wisp tore clear of the wings. They were out into rain-heavy afternoon light.

Martin eased the ship into level flight. "Did you ever see such country?"

The earth was a tawny skin, stretched to the horizon. It was not wholly desert. If you studied it closely you saw the grayish smudge of low bushes, the glint of rain briefly held in a wrinkle.

Joan bent over her map. She pricked at it with a pair of dividers. "But there is something—if we're where I think we are, and if we can do about forty minutes. What have we got on a place called Darfie's Ponds?"

Martin drew a pocketbook from his overalls and passed it to her. She flipped the pages of route notes. "Darfie's Ponds. Landing east-west on gravel, eight hundred yards clear. Generally unused. Six houses, one hotel. Permanent water holes south of settlement."

"Swell."

IN a few minutes the sun was out. The whole arc of sky ahead was clear. A hundred points of light flashed from raindrops and beads of oil on the motor cowling. Martin frowned and peered across the glare. "We've got company," he said.

Halfway to the horizon, an old river bed crossed the plain in a blurred scribble. It was dry, except for a few stains of mud. Coming up from it, and moving southwest across the Barquantine's line of flight, was a long column of brown cattle.

As they flew low toward it, the brown mass became white-flecked with tossing heads. It began to break in a stampede. There was a wagon behind the column, tailed by a string of spare saddle horses. One figure in a red shirt reined up, raising a pin-point face and shaking a fist at the plane.

"Those boys play the weather," Martin said. "They aim to follow the storm to get feed for their beasts. What course do you pick for this Darfie's Ponds place?"

"One four eight degrees."

The township of Darfie's Ponds caught the sunset light. Its half-dozen buildings, of weatherboard and whitened mud-brick, were huddled in a slight depression of the plain. Two broad trails meandered out of north and east to meet in a corral near the houses. There was a hill of beer bottles and gasoline cans behind the largest house, and a pole with a wind sock hinted sketchily at a landing ground.

The Liddicotts walked slowly into town from where they had landed, half a mile away. They had come upon Darfie's Ponds in its "talking hour," when everyone with a neighborly news sense gathered at the short-wave receiver.

The Liddicotts picked the building with the jeep parked before it as being least unlike a hotel. They stepped onto the low veranda, stamped the dust from their shoes, and went into the open barroom. It was deserted. On the wall behind the counter a goanna skin spread its five-foot length between a framed photograph of cattle swimming a river and a color print of King George VI. From a back room came the sound of a voice crackling out of a loud-speaker.

Joan sat on a bench beside the door. When she closed her eyes, the room went into a slow spin.

Martin watched her. "That landing shake you?"

"Not as much as it shook the Barq. Is she finished?"

"We can get her up again, when I patch the tank. But she won't take much more."

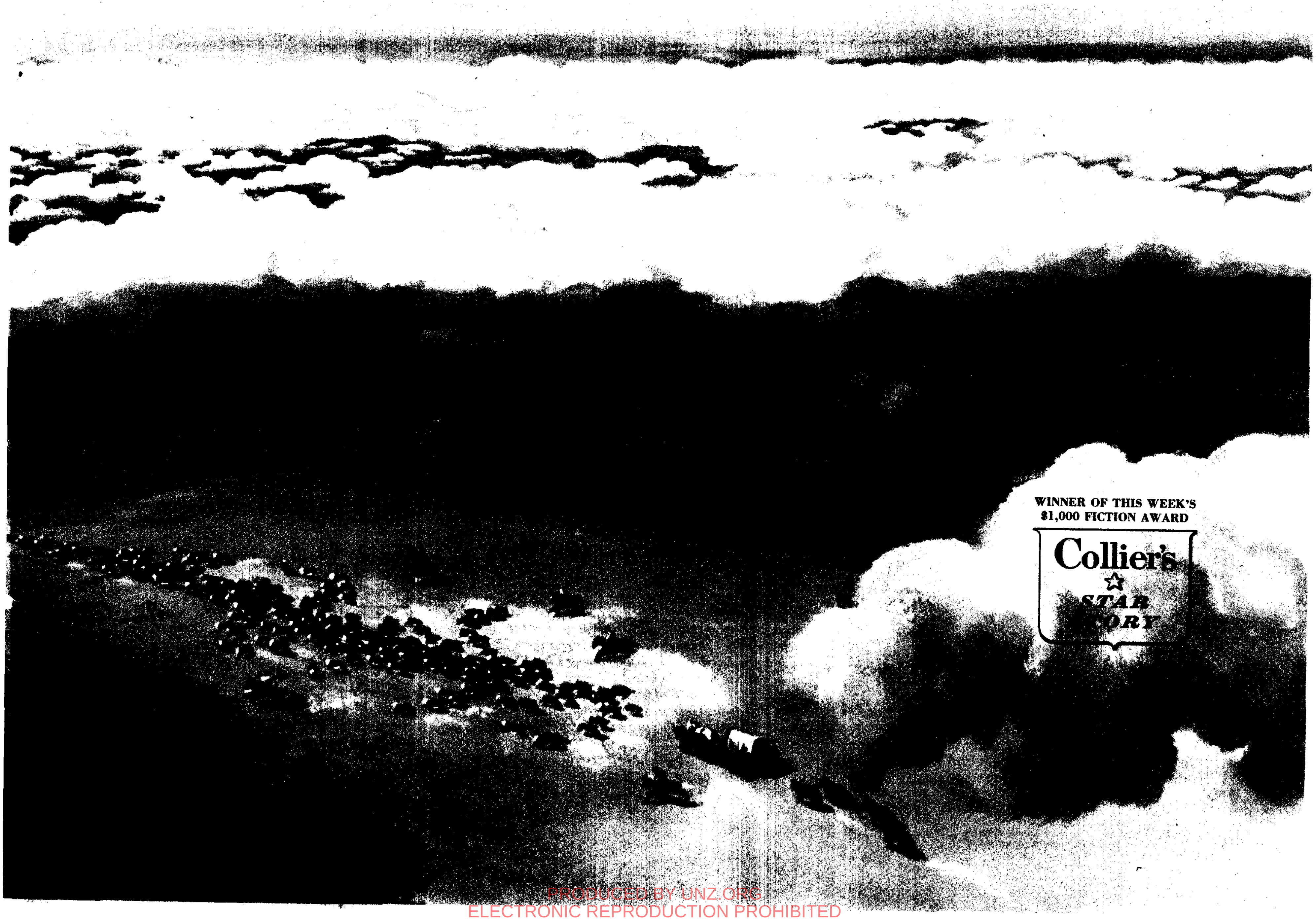
The radio cut out, and a door behind the bar opened. A girl in a green cotton dress appeared. The girl was about twenty. She had a sharp, elfin prettiness, and dark eyes widening now in surprise.

Martin said, "Good afternoon. I wonder if we could have a drink, and a room for the night—not necessarily with private bath."

The girl's answering smile was spontaneous. Her glance made a frank and friendly appraisal. "Certainly. It's funny we didn't

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE



WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR STORY

At 26, Doolittle made a record flight across the country. Deaf after 22 hours in the air, on landing in San Diego, he couldn't hear the crowd's roar. Someone whispered, "Would you like a drink?" Doolittle raised his finger and said, "I heard that!" The whisper fortunately had hit the sonic range not affected by his deafness

Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

A gag picture of Doolittle at twenty shows him "stripped" for boxing in silk hat and white tie. Despite clowning, he floored the university champ

If you had asked during the First World War what made young air commanders turn gray, you would probably have been told, "Doolittle!" But whether he was reporting to his senior officer bare-bottomed or wrecking the plane in which he had sunk the family savings, Jimmy Doolittle was always advancing the science of aeronautics

By W. B. COURTNEY

PART 3 OF A FIVE-PART ARTICLE

Synopsis: *In the first two installments of this series, tough little fighting cock of the air arm, Jimmy Doolittle, waded through rank and routine. He knew what he wanted and how air power should be used—but it was an uphill fight all the way: he had a reputation as the bad boy of the armed forces. Under constant fire from Germans and generals, Jimmy put his planes in the sky with pure grit and determination. He smashed Pantelleria, the first territory on earth to surrender to air power alone. Read now how he got that bad-boy reputation.*

THERE was a strangely prophetic gloom in a sudden remark that Colonel General Ernst Udet, usually a jovial fellow, made to me that night. It was early in the last war; during a quiet *Bierabend,* or evening of beer *mit* schnapps and a few spongy radishes. Udet, familiar to many Americans through his stunting exhibitions at National Air Races here, had become technical chief of the *Luftwaffe.* As we discussed the possibility of the United States entering the war, Udet cracked: "Always you have in your Army *two* air forces. The regular one—and Chimmy Doolittle!"

Udet's apprehensions were, to be sure, rather special. Yet they fairly expressed the views of foreign airmen in capitals from Nanking to Batavia, Istanbul to Stockholm. In prewar years Doolittle's grin, gusto, guts and gadding had established him as the most popular and respected American flier in the world. Kids mobbed him in a score of languages to autograph their model planes. Air ministries feted him—and ordered out their pilots to watch his exhibitions, their technical experts to pump him.

There are two good reasons why none of this ever went to Jim's head, which, balding now at 51, gives him somewhat the appearance of a molting eagle.

First, he is as purely and frankly American as Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson and Horatio Alger. Of all his air feats, the one he recalls with most satisfaction was the safest he ever undertook: flying, in July of 1932, over the 3,000 miles of historically marked routes covered by George Washington in his land journeys, in fewer hours than it took George years.

Second, renowned for quick skill in applying cold words to cranial swellings, there is the incredible Doolittle family; or "team," as they call it. His two six-foot sons, who convinced Pop it was time to hang up his gloves when they offered to get on their knees to box with him; and Jo, his charming wife, as well-known in her own right as Jim—but as different from him in method as candlelight is from a neon sign.

The Family Abandons Mitchel Field

There was, for example, the wintry day in 1930, when Doolittle left the Army—in the way that only Doolittle could do it. He bundled Jo, Jim, Jr., John, and all the household furniture, books, pots and pans into a plane at Mitchel Field, New York, to fly to his new civilian job in St. Louis. What with the goodbys to pals, the looking to see if everyone's seat belt was fastened, a cockpit bulkhead door that was jolted open on the ice-rutted runway, and knocked him off balance, plus a certain amount of family "back-seat flying"—the great farewell take-off ended with the plane cocked on its ear in a deep snowbank off the edge of the field; and Doolittles crawling out from under, like igloo Eskimos. It was a brand-new and costly plane, too; just bought for him by his employers!

Jo looked at her sons, at the plane—and finally at her speechless-with-rage-and-hurt-pride husband. "The world's greatest pilot," she mused aloud. *"Yah!"*

But what *Luftwaffe* General Udet had in mind (he frequently referred to Doolittle as "Mr. Air Power") is a unique feature that can be traced throughout Jim's career: The steps in the rise of American air power coincide remarkably with his steps to greatness as pilot, aviation engineer and aeronautical scientist. There are many American and foreign "greats" in each of those fields. There is no other single individual who so eminently combines all three.

Equally fateful is the coincidence by which his boyhood and personal background developed precisely the qualities needed to mesh him into his aviation and public background. Even Nature took a hand, by equipping him with fantastic energy; no one, including the members of his family, has ever seen Jim yawn!

Doolittle regards his own character and career with gay objectivity; habitually speaking of himself in the third person. I was with him at his headquarters near London after the war in Europe ceased and orders arrived from Washington indicating he was to get command of the United States Strategic Air Force in the Pacific. He danced around, clicking his heels in the air like a ballet master, chanting, "Doolittle's doing all right for a little feller!"

The fact of his being a "little feller" has significant bearing.

Jim Doolittle was born in Alameda, California, on December 14, 1896; the only child of Frank H. and Rosa C. Sheppard Doolittle. Rosa, of Scotch-Irish descent, was a native Californian. Frank, English by ancestry, was born in Massachusetts; a journeyman carpenter by trade, a restless adventurer by inclination. Naturally, he popped off to Alaska during the gold rush; the Doolittles lived in Nome more than eight years.

The future distinguished air commander's first operational experience in (*Continued on page* 78)

At 29, Doolittle was contributing to the shrinking of the Earth by zipping across the continent in one day —tortoise stuff now, but daringly hot then. He is shown with Mrs. Doolittle after winning the Schneider Cup in 1925. Seven years later he set the International Airplane speed record for just under 300 mph

At 12, Jimmy Doolittle had lived the life most boys his age were reading of in dime novels. Before moving with his parents to Los Angeles, where this picture was taken, he had lived in Alaska during the Gold Rush. Wild-eyed prospectors and the raw heroism of the North gave him an enduring taste for excitement

WIDE WORLD
The Reds newest false front, the Congress of Intellectuals, lures to Poland Dr. Hewlett Johnson (right), England's famous "Red Dean," and Author Louis Golding

Capture of the Innocents

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Behind a screen of famous names, the Reds go their devious ways. How the party gets the endorsement of innocent but gullible writers and educators, movie stars and scientists, is a simple, smooth-working routine. This article is an exposé of the Communists' trap by a man who was one of its directors

EUROPEAN
According to the writer, U.S. intellectuals are grist for the mill operated by such leading Communists as Gerhard Eisler

AMONG the American suckers who rise most readily and in largest numbers to Moscow's propaganda bait are many so-called "intellectuals" and "professionals"—writers, artists, actors, educators, churchmen, scientists and the like. The Kremlin fishers have learned by experience that such people bite eagerly on any party-line morsel, if only it's done up in the proper "liberal" phrases.

I know, because for a number of years I was among the top-echelon Communists assigned to bait the hooks and play the poor fish to the limit. As a member of the National Committee of the Communist party, I watched, fascinated, how men and women of world-wide reputation were duped into carrying out plans laid for them by Stalin's secret police and special emissaries.

Certain of the celebrities were such easy marks for our schemes that they were the butt of contemptuous jests in leading party circles. I recall Daily Worker staff meetings, when I was its editor, that rocked with laughter at the expense of famous intellectuals who pretended to think for themselves yet goose-stepped on the line we drew.

Our derision was not aimed at the party members and disciplined fellow travelers. These at least knew what they were doing. The targets of our contempt were the innocents who prided themselves on their "independence" while dancing meekly to Red tunes.

Intellectuals of real heft—*(Continued on page 92)*

This story starts in the ground...

1. It begins here—

Strip mining is no creampuff operation! Thousands of men must sweat and dig and shovel and load and drive . . . to supply the world with black, lumpy diamonds to fuel a million fires.

There's no place for weaklings; that's why you find so many rugged International Trucks working right at the mines. From engines to axles they're engineered for the job.

2. It concerns a baby—

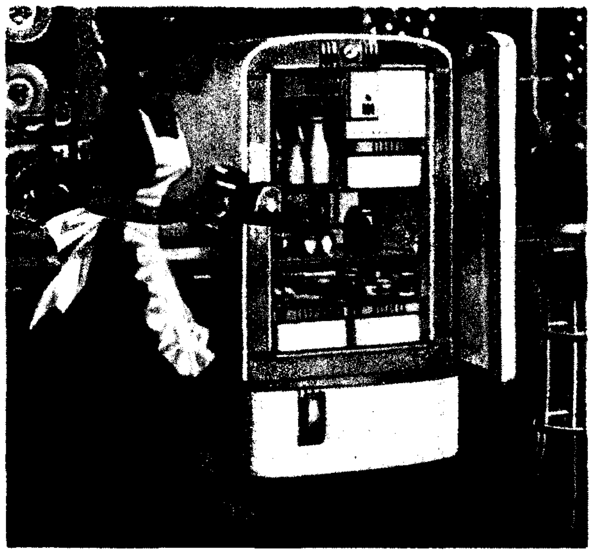
A cute little tyke squalling for warmth in a cold world! Millions of babies every year gurgle when they're fed and clothed and kept warm.

Much of their comfort can be traced to men who mine the coal, to men who drive the trucks that deliver the coal. Thousands of these trucks are Internationals, products of over 41 years of truck manufacturing experience.

3. A hospital—

Scene of emergencies—life and death. The man on the operating table doesn't know the electric power failed during a crucial moment, and that a coal-powered auxiliary system helped save his life.

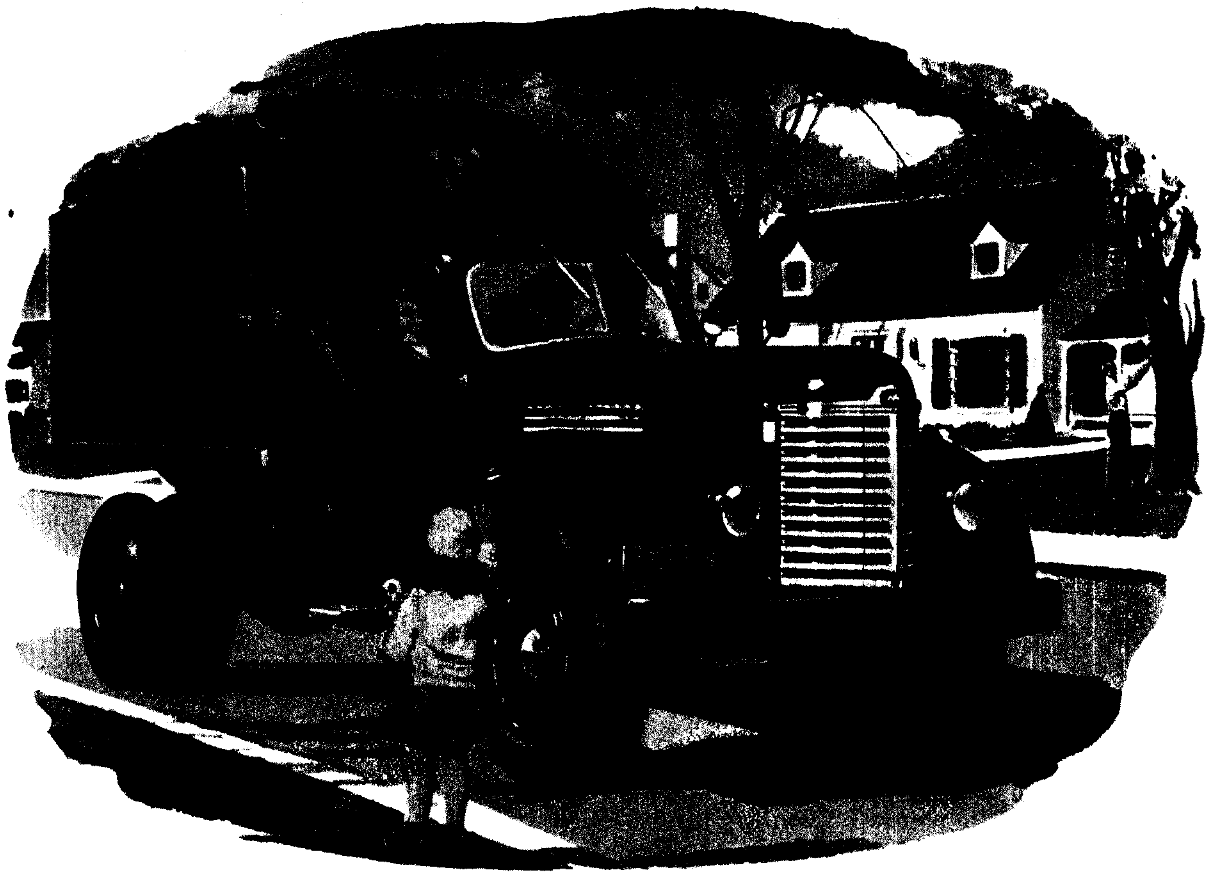
Nor does he know that the coal to fuel that system arrived on schedule, via an International Truck . . . kept at peak operating efficiency by International's specialized service set-up.



4. Mrs. Jones' new refrigerator—

More convenience for her, more savings on food—something she has wanted for *so* long. And now she has it! She can't be expected to think in terms of the coal-power for steel mills, for transportation, that helped give her her refrigerator.

And she would never in the world think that fleets of coal-hauling International Trucks helped mightily in production of appliances to modernize her kitchen!



5. And trucks like this, which help keep the story moving—

More than 10,000 International Trucks—from small pickups to heavy off-highway units—work for the coal industry. They're engineered, built and serviced to meet every demand of that rugged work.

And remember this: there are 22 basic International Trucks. There are different engines (gasoline, diesel and butane), wheelbases, axles, transmissions, and other components for efficient specialization-of-truck-to-job. Gross weight ratings range from 4,400 to 90,000 pounds. In short, there's an International Truck . . . a real "Standard of the highway". . . to handle *your* hauling jobs the way you want 'em handled. For details, see your International Dealer or Branch.

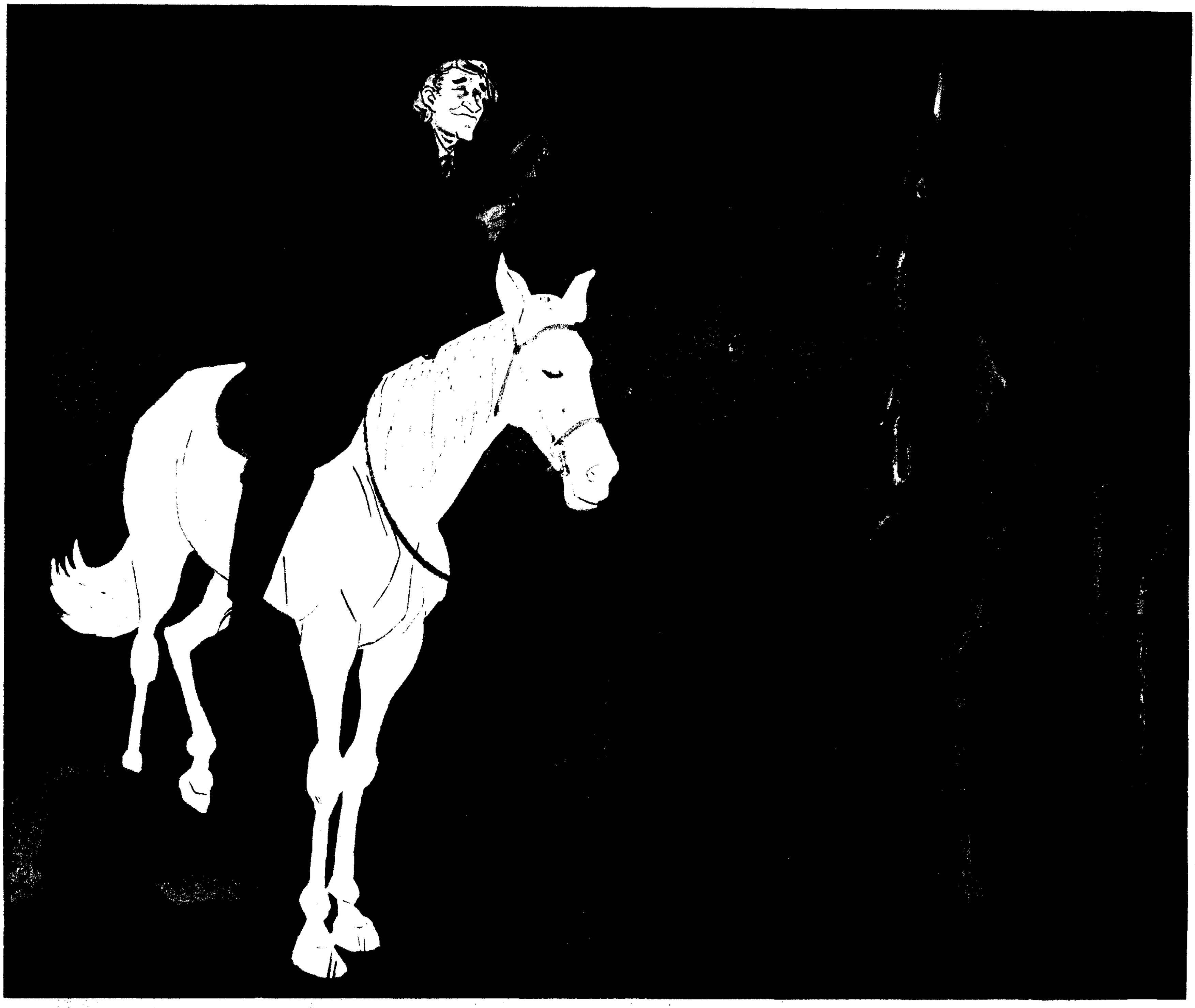
Other International Harvester Products
Farmall Tractors and Machines
Industrial Power . . . Refrigeration

Tune in James Melton
and "Harvest of Stars"
CBS, Wednesday evenings

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

MOTOR TRUCK DIVISION · INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO



As any superstition connoisseur knows, a rabbit-foot to be really potent must be the left hind foot of a wild hare, shot with a silver bullet in a graveyard in the dark of the moon, on a Friday the 13th, by a red-haired, cross-eyed, bowlegged man riding a white horse. The gentleman above is due for some extra good fortune

Merchants of Luck

Millions of superstitious Americans patronize the gentry who supply them with "Graveyard Dust," "Evil Eye" candles and the like—for a price. Even your banker may be among them—ask him if he carries a rabbit-foot

By HOWARD WHITMAN

OF COURSE none of us is superstitious. We just toss salt over our left shoulders, knock on wood a dozen times a day, hate to see a black cat cross our path, and detour around a poised ladder. We don't take it seriously for one minute. We just do it—well, er—to be on the safe side!

Americans today are carrying some 10,000,000 rabbit-feet in their pockets. They are purchasing four-leaf clovers at the rate of 3,300,000 per year. An estimated $1,000,000, according to Professor Brewton Berry of Ohio State, is spent annually in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama for charms, magic philters, hoodoo bags and similar gimcracks.

In sophisticated New York you can buy "Graveyard Dust" at fifty cents the vial, a hexing or "Evil Eye" candle for a dollar, and a "Penny from a Dead Man's Eye"—very potent, the superstition peddlers say—for ten dollars.

Our insistent belief in Lady Luck put Charles Brand, of New York City into the rabbit-foot business in 1938 and has kept him there—at a profit—ever since. Known as the Rabbit-Foot King, Brand processes and ships from his West Side factory 1,000,000 rabbit-feet per annum to all parts of the country. Atlanta, Georgia, is the most avid consumer, followed, in order, by Hollywood, Chicago, New York and St. Louis.

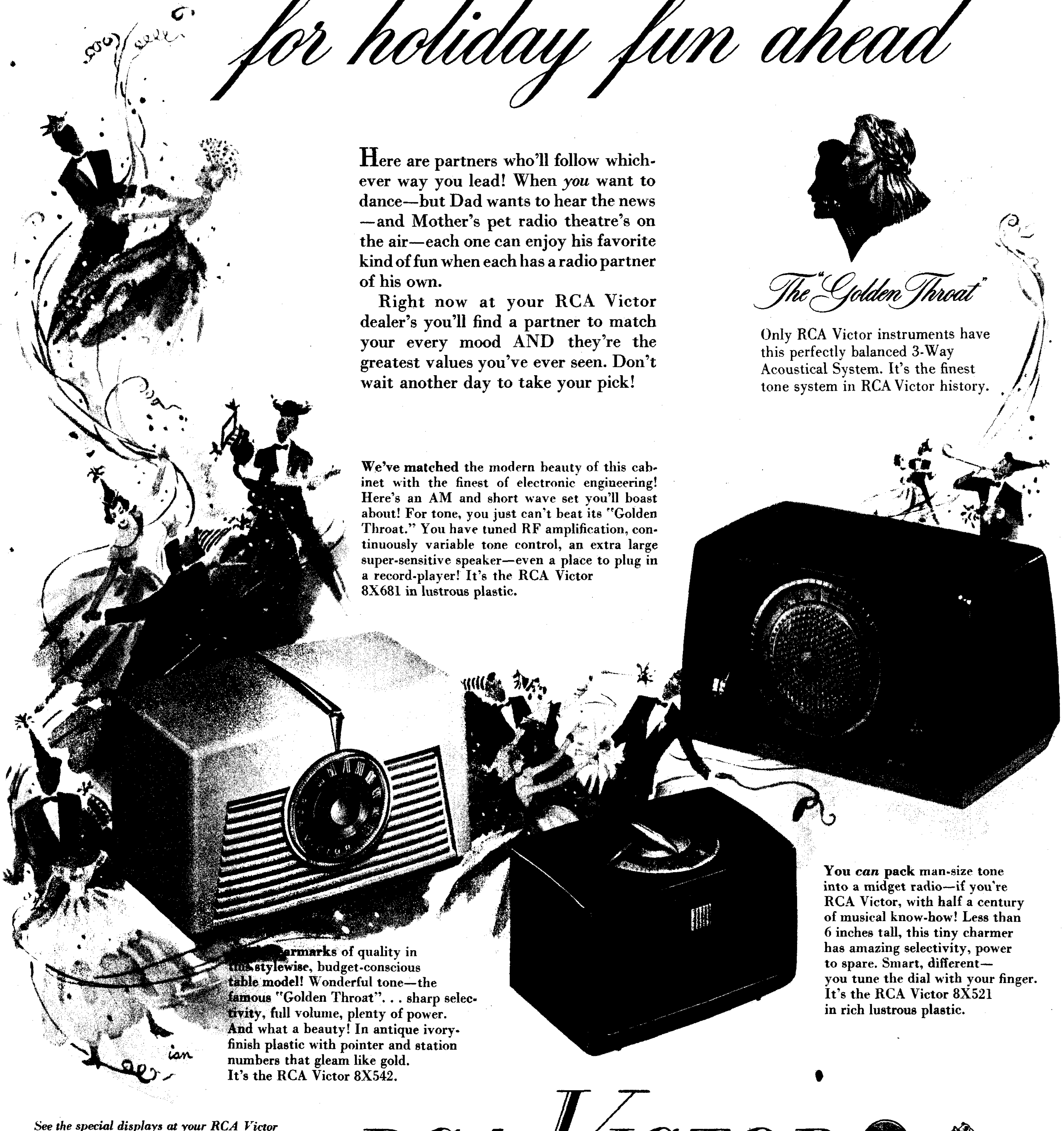
Brand gets his bunny paws from California butchers, 200,000 at a clip. The butchers, in turn, are supplied by big West Coast rabbit farms where, it being true what they say about rabbits, there has never yet been a shortage.

As any superstition connoisseur knows, a rabbit-foot to be really potent must be the left hind foot of a wild hare, shot with a silver bullet in a graveyard in the dark of the moon, on a Friday the 13th, by a red-haired, cross-eyed, bowlegged man riding a white horse.

"G'wan," says Brand. "I should be bothered with cross-eyes, graveyards, *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

Choose your partners for holiday fun ahead



Here are partners who'll follow whichever way you lead! When *you* want to dance—but Dad wants to hear the news—and Mother's pet radio theatre's on the air—each one can enjoy his favorite kind of fun when each has a radio partner of his own.

Right now at your RCA Victor dealer's you'll find a partner to match your every mood AND they're the greatest values you've ever seen. Don't wait another day to take your pick!

The "Golden Throat"

Only RCA Victor instruments have this perfectly balanced 3-Way Acoustical System. It's the finest tone system in RCA Victor history.

We've matched the modern beauty of this cabinet with the finest of electronic engineering! Here's an AM and short wave set you'll boast about! For tone, you just can't beat its "Golden Throat." You have tuned RF amplification, continuously variable tone control, an extra large super-sensitive speaker—even a place to plug in a record-player! It's the RCA Victor 8X681 in lustrous plastic.

[illegible] **earmarks** of quality in this stylewise, budget-conscious table model! Wonderful tone—the famous "Golden Throat". . . sharp selectivity, full volume, plenty of power. And what a beauty! In antique ivory-finish plastic with pointer and station numbers that gleam like gold. It's the RCA Victor 8X542.

You *can* pack man-size tone into a midget radio—if you're RCA Victor, with half a century of musical know-how! Less than 6 inches tall, this tiny charmer has amazing selectivity, power to spare. Smart, different—you tune the dial with your finger. It's the RCA Victor 8X521 in rich lustrous plastic.

See the special displays at your RCA Victor dealer's during National Radio Week, Nov. 14 to 20. You'll find an RCA Victor value for every purse, for every purpose.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Wadda Ya Read?

By STANLEY FRANK

Donald Gordon reads 2,000 books a year and still retains his sanity. His job is to tip off the trade in advance on what will sell and what won't. His batting average was almost perfect until he underestimated the power of Amber

IT WILL come as a great surprise to the 20,000 inhabitants of Westfield, New Jersey, to discover that their town is one of the nation's chief cultural capitals. This distinction stems entirely from Donald Gordon, who exerts a stronger and more direct influence on the current books America reads than any other individual, including authors, advertisers and artists with a flair for drawing bosomy wenches.

Gordon is a book handicapper. It is his unique job to read or scan 2,000 books a year—an average of nearly six books a day, every day—and predict which titles will be in popular demand in circulating libraries and bookstores three months later. An affable, down-to-earth fellow of forty-six, he originated the idea of scouting new books 19 years ago and estimates he since has reviewed 35,000 volumes of fiction, history, biography and social sciences.

"My job is to de-adjective the publishers' blurbs," he says candidly. "There's only one question I must answer: Will this book sell over the counter and will there be calls for it in rental libraries? In effect, I'm a composite of the average reader. I never got through high school, and my tastes are not arty or classical. I appreciate a fine writing job. But in fairness to my customers, I must evaluate a book on its general appeal and how it conforms to or conflicts with several well-established reader prejudices."

Gordon's appraisals of new books are distributed through the American News Company, the world's largest book wholesaler. (This year it will sell more than 100,000,000 volumes.) Each month he singlehandedly reviews from 150 to 200 books in a pamphlet given free to 25,000 owners of bookshops, lending and public libraries. The impact of his judgment extends, however, far beyond the 25,000 circulation of the pamphlet. He is, perhaps, the most influential factor in the publishing business. Through his pamphlet, he sells the people who push books on the public.

"It's uncanny how accurately Gordon can estimate the future demand for books," Percy O'Connell, president of American News, says. "His batting average is about 90 per cent on the correct side."

In rating a new book—using a system he devised himself—Gordon considers its possibilities in three ways: how it will rent, how it will sell and its suitability for a small public library. Symbols denote the book's potential in each of the three categories, ranging from "a" for an essential, live-wire title to "o," which means very doubtful. In addition, Gordon uses a question mark when he frankly doesn't know whether a book's unquestioned merit will overcome a prejudice on the part of many readers. The exclamation mark indicates that there is no telling how an unusual treatment of an off-angle subject will catch on with the public.

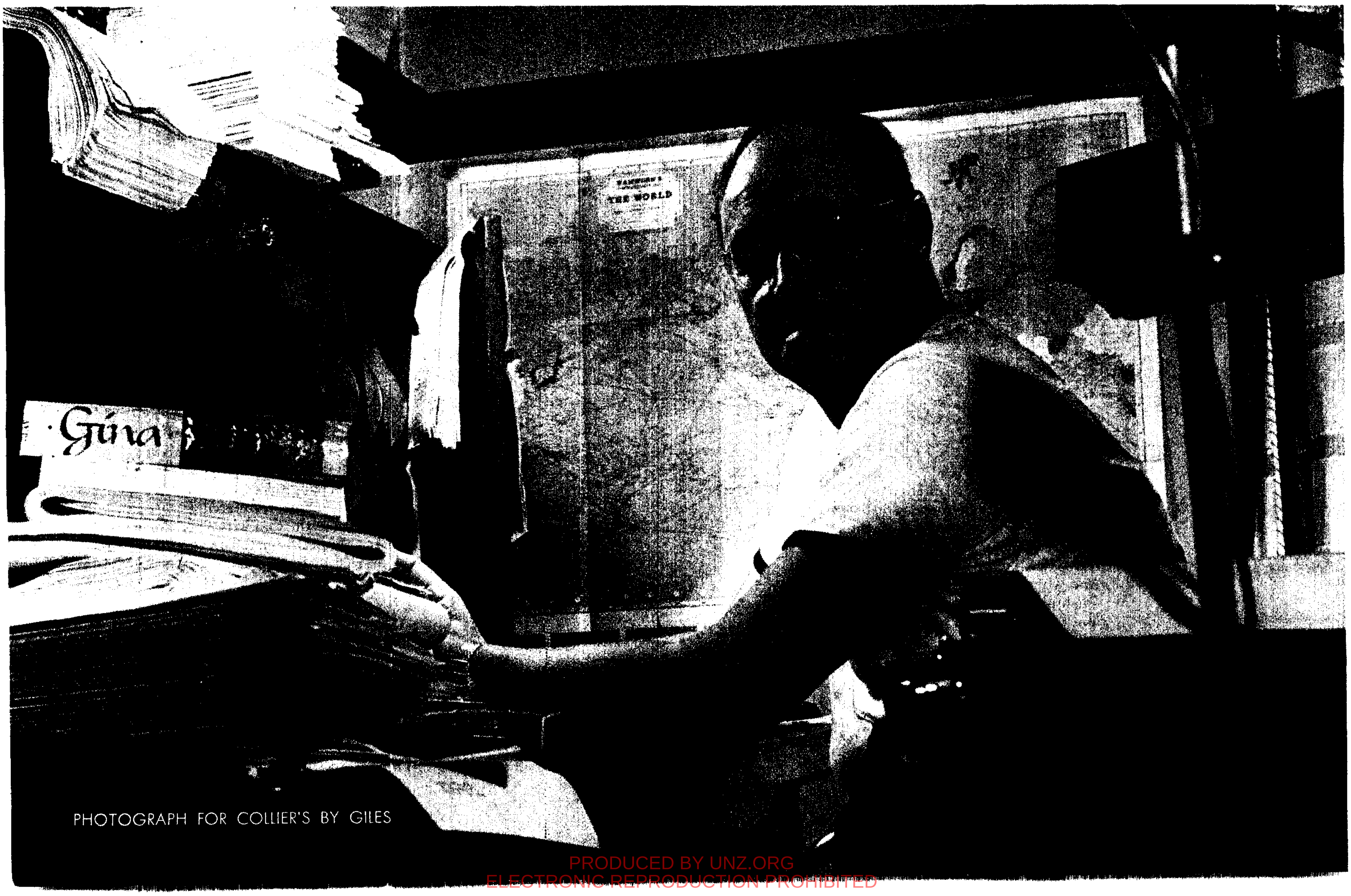
Very few books gets the coveted "a a a" rating, which means it is tops on all three counts. In September, for example, 263 titles were published—the all-time high except for October, 1947—and only four novels were earmarked as being triple-A.

Gordon's job involves something more than a series of clever guesses. He does not operate in such slapdash fashion, and neither do publishers. For one thing, he gets advance, confidential information on the most important element, apart from the author's material or talent, in a book's reception—the advertising and promotion effort that will be put behind it.

Forever Amber was one of Gordon's few bad guesses. He gave it a

(Continued on page 63)

Mr. Gordon doesn't look like a bookworm. But he's a champion reader anyway. Fast? "I can digest a page at a glance," he says. Does it, too



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

VERY
OBVIOUSLY...A LEADER

NAPOLEON I
GALLORUM IMP.
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

GREAT LEADERS ARE MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

This Whisky is Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, N. Y.

Life's Grim—Without a Him!
YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST FOR ME, JIM, BUT IT'S NO USE! EITHER I DON'T CLICK WITH YOUR FRIENDS—OR I JUST DON'T WEAR WELL!
SIS, NO GIRL WEARS WELL IF SHE'S GOT A—A BAD BREATH REPUTATION! HOW'S FOR SEEING OUR DENTIST, SUE?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
LIFE'S NO LONGER DULL AND GRIM SINCE COLGATE'S HELPED ME GET MY HIM!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE EXTRA BIG! EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

MERCHANTS OF LUCK

Continued from page 30

or silver bullets! It's a lot of baloney."

Four-leaf clovers became a big business for Charles Donald Fox, onetime Hollywood publicity man, by a stroke of—shall we say luck?—in 1938. While Fox and his wife, on a boat trip from New York to California, were moseying through the Panama Canal, they stopped off at Balboa. There they chanced upon Charles T. Daniels, chief telephone engineer for the Canal Zone, who had spent seventeen years of hobby time trying to solve a horticultural riddle—and finally succeeded. He was growing four-leaf clovers—by the thousands.

When Fox saw the amazing array in watery trays in Daniels' back yard, he logically asked, "And what, my good man, do you do with these four-leaf clovers?"

Easygoing, Connecticut-born Daniels drawled in reply, "Well, the cows don't object to eating them with four leaves same as three."

New Career for a Publicist

Instead of retiring, Fox went back to New York as business agent for the one and only man in the world who could grow clovers with four leaves. To date he has sold 30,000,000 to millions of Americans who carry them on key chains, to big companies which use them in advertising cards, calendars and souvenirs, and to men's accessory manufacturers who put them into suspenders, cuff links and tiepins.

Others have tried to duplicate Daniels' trick, but so far, Fox insists, no one else in the world has succeeded in growing a "genuine" four-leaf clover.

From Brand's bunny paws and Fox's clovers, which are honest, legitimate enterprises, the gamut of latter-day superstitions runs a downward and devious course.

Searching for the "really potent" passports to the supernatural, I trekked to a New York apartment, a gloomy walk-up, in answer to an ad in a cultist magazine concerning the magic of a wondrous "pendulum."

I asked to see the Maestro, who entered the room through a pair of draperies from the bedroom, his pajama top drooping over his trousers. He went straight into a lecture on how he first got interested in the pendulum in Syria when he saw a character walking along with one and stopping occasionally to dig in the ground. "When the pendulum began to swing, he dug," explained the Maestro. "Always he came up with some valuable old vase or some other buried relic—worth lots of money."

I said my wife was crazy about antiques and that was just the sort of instrument I needed.

The Maestro then explained how to operate the pendulum. You hold the string between your fingers, letting the little brass plumb hang steady. You face south. You put an "insulating base" (a piece of glass will do) under the pendulum to keep unfriendly vibrations from interfering. Then you just watch that pendulum swing. By its swinging it can tell you the darnedest things!

For example, said the Maestro, the pendulum can predict the sex of an unborn child. It can advise you what to do about your business, counsel you in love and marriage, find long-lost relatives (if you want to find them), and tell you where to go on your vacation.

"This business about unborn children interests me," I said. "Maybe you can tell me how come my wife and I have been married for ten years and we don't have any children. See what the pendulum says."

The Maestro wet his lips and swung into action. First he dangled the pendulum over me and when it began swinging merrily he said, "You're all right. It's not your fault"—to which I replied with a benign smile. He then asked for a photograph of my wife (which I produced) and adjourned to the breakfast room, pendulum in hand.

A few moments later he emerged. "Ah ha, it is her fault that you do not have children," said the Maestro with triumph. "The pendulum tells me that there is something—not very much, just a little something—wrong with her. It could easily be fixed."

Eventually I left the Maestro, paid him $3.75 for my "magic pendulum" which came in a large box with an "insulating base," a little compass and a book of instructions.

My wife, I might add, was more than a bit interested to hear that our childlessness was all her fault. Our daughter got a kick out of it, too. Our son is still a little too young to understand.

With Inspector Katherine V. Powers, of the New York Bureau of Weights and Measures, headed by Director Fred Loughran, I probed the superstition marts of the metropolis and emerged a wiser, if poorer man.

Answering an ad in a New York neighborhood newspaper, the inspector and I, posing as a couple of gullibles, went to the establishment of a character who called himself the "Prince." At first the Prince was out of town and wouldn't be back for weeks. But as Inspector Powers and I acted dumber and dumber, the swarthy gentleman with whom we were talking admitted that, matter of fact, *he* was the Prince. In the flesh!

Settled in the gentleman's reception room, we spun out a tale of woe, wherein my good wife had left me in favor of a bookmaker whom we named fictitiously Joe Gonzales—and, "Well, Prince, isn't there something we can do to bring her back?"

The Prince stroked his chin slowly, and then went into his song and dance. The first thing to do was to go to work on that fellow Gonzales, he explained. He drew down from a shelf an ominous-looking black candle in the shape of a cat. This, a hex job, would put the Evil Eye on Joe and the chances were that very shortly after it was lighted he would be maimed—or worse.

A Lesson in Hexing

"You just take the point of a pin and scratch Joe's name on the candle seven times," the Prince instructed. "Face it to the east and"—his eyes narrowed—"light it at midnight!"

I reached for the candle. The Prince said, "One dollar, please."

Then, from his cabinet of assorted elixirs, sachets, philters and potions, I selected a vial labeled Graveyard Dust. I opened the lid. The moldy gray powder smelled like a cross between cinnamon and camphor.

"Let's get some of that," I suggested.

"Yeah, that'll take care of Joe, the bum, good and proper," chimed Inspector Powers.

The Prince, pocketing half a dollar, explained how to use Graveyard Dust to the best advantage. "Just wait for him some dark night, as he's walking down the street, and sprinkle some Graveyard Dust in front of him. If he steps on it—oh, what hard luck he'll have!"

As his *pièce de résistance,* the Prince brought out a "lodestone," a small piece of magnetic stone, or magnetite, which attracts iron filings so that they seem to grow upon it like hair. It was an ugly bit of mineral, yet the traffic in lodestones is heavy, and superstitious suckers pay anywhere from a quarter to two dollars for them, certain that with a lodestone in their right-hand pockets only good luck can come their way.

"How much for that?" asked Inspector Powers.

"Two dollars," the Prince replied.

We took the stone and departed—minus two bucks.

The Inspector and I visited another superstition merchant who called himself the "Rajah." We gave him the Joe Gonzales story. After sizing us up, he leaned across his desk and asked, "Can you spend forty dollars?"

We settled on ten dollars for a starter, for which the Rajah promised to get us the most powerful hex remover in all superstitiondom. He named it in a raspy whisper, A "Penny from a Dead Man's Eye."

It would take a few days to "prepare" the penny, said the Rajah, but in the meantime he wasn't going to let us go away unprotected. He handed me a two-inch bottle of pungent green liquid and instructed, "Just put a few drops of this in the water when you wash your hands and face. It's powerful, very powerful."

The potion, which he called "Indian pine," would change my luck in a jiffy. As for getting my wife back from Gonzales, if I'd just put a drop of the fluid in a glass of water, "visualize" my wife in the glass, and keep it next to my bed at night—well, sir, that would keep everything in a fine state of control until the Penny from a Dead Man's Eye was ready.

The young lady is wearing garlic around her throat. She may catch cold—but not from any neighbors

Three days later the Rajah produced the penny—an ordinary coin immersed in pink fluid in a tiny bottle. "Place this upon your wife's picture at ten o'clock at night," he counseled. "Place it upon her forehead. Face it to the east, and then rotate it to the west, the north, the south. Your wife will come back to you within 20 days."

At a number of New York establishments I was able to purchase varied accouterments of the superstition trade, most of them running from 25 cents to $1. For example, I bought a "High John the Conqueror charm" (actually a piece of jalap root) which a squint-eyed merchant said would "bring all kindsa luck" so long as I kept it in my pocket.

Other merchants sold me a "Queen Elizabeth charm" (actually orrisroot), which is supposed to bring the bearer's romantic powers to a crisp boil; a stick of "Dragon's Blood," very good for putting the curse on one of your casual friends; a red "Love Candle," a black "Hate Candle," and a big jumbo candle of "Seven Magic Colors."

Fingering the latter, I asked the merchant, "Just what does it do?"

"It clears up the condition," he said.

"What condition?"

"Any condition."

You may wonder why somebody doesn't do something about these swindlers. The answer is: Somebody does. Inspector Powers' notebook was filling up at a rapid rate after our tour, and I was assured her department would crack down to the limit of the law. Unfortunately, the limit of the law doesn't go far. In New York, as in most localities, the superstition fakers have to resort to fraudulent advertising or fraudulent labeling before the law can bite in.

I've collected a pile of ads wherein the superstition merchants, undoubtedly on best shyster advice, have sought to shield themselves by saying in the small print, "No supernatural powers claimed," or "For sale as curios only." The big print, of course, says "BELIEVE IN LUCK?" or "DO YOU WANT LUCK?" and is followed by talk of magic, occult and ancient powers, luck in money, luck in love, luck in gambling, warding off evil, stopping jinxes—and other like palaver.

Deeply concerned about the medical by-products of such falderal is the American Medical Association. It points to harmful health superstitions such as failing to treat a child's running ear because "it's the mischief coming out," putting spider webs over cuts "to prevent infection," using red clay and vinegar as a poultice for sprains, trying to cure snake bite with the hot blood of a chicken, wearing bags of saffron—or asafetida—around one's neck to ward off disease, using a "bag of earth from a new-made grave" for children's rickets, and carrying a "stolen potato" to cure rheumatism.

There's only about one health superstition that makes any sense: "Wear a piece of garlic around your neck and you won't catch cold." At least you'll have less chance of catching one. Garlic will keep people with colds—and everybody else for that matter—at a safe distance.

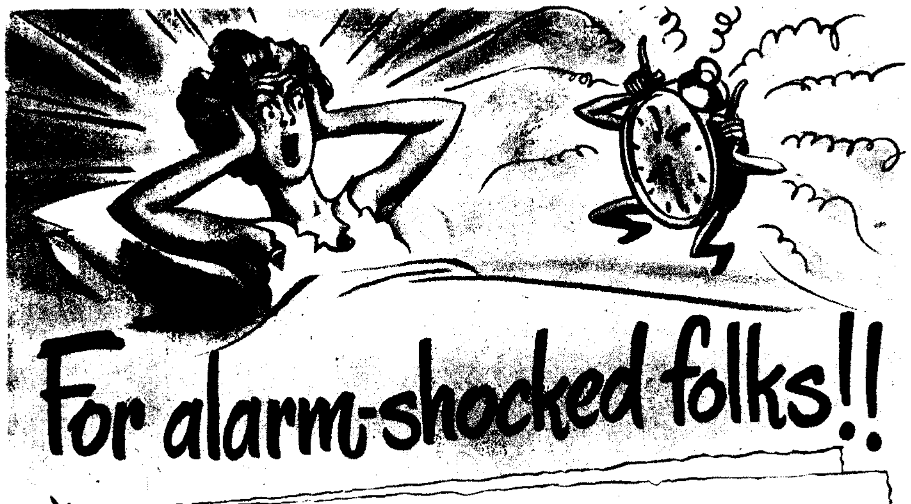
Dr. Morris J. Cohen, in the Journal of the Medical Association of South Africa, reports a number of cases where unstable people have been thrown into tragic dithers by superstition. One boy of nineteen developed a death complex after seeing the nonsensical saying, "Long ears, long life," flashed upon a movie screen. He thought his own short ears marked him for a quick demise.

Why are people superstitious anyway—even those who merely toss salt over their shoulders?

Superstition, says Professor Brewton Berry, "is just a euphonious term for our ignorance." Surrounded by a world we do not fully understand, we lazily fall prey to escapes, to easy ways out, to laying off the responsibility for our decisions and our fate upon talismans, charms and pagan rites.

Ignorance brings its handmaiden, fear, into the act. "If we could achieve freedom from fear we would find very little superstition left in the world," comments John R. Saunders, associate curator of the Department of Education of the American Museum of Natural History. He adds, "When we stop to realize the hidden costs of superstition, the effect superstitious beliefs have upon our national energy and upon our standards of living and upon our health, the thought is staggering."

Many a sage has tried to nail down just what "luck" really is, but no one has come closer than the hardy New England farmer who once remarked, "I'm always luckiest with the potatoes I hoe the most." ☐☐☐


For alarm-shocked folks!!

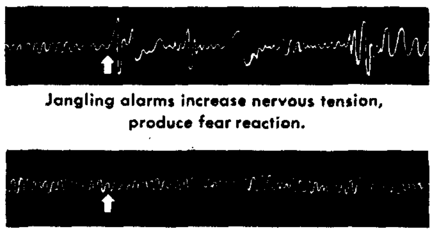
YOUR HAPPIEST GIFT IS A—

"Wake-up-to-music"

CLOCK-RADIO

SCIENCE PROVES "IT WAKES YOU SOOTHINGLY!"

Charts of Brain Waves certified by Dr. Frederic Damrau



Jangling alarms increase nervous tension, produce fear reaction.

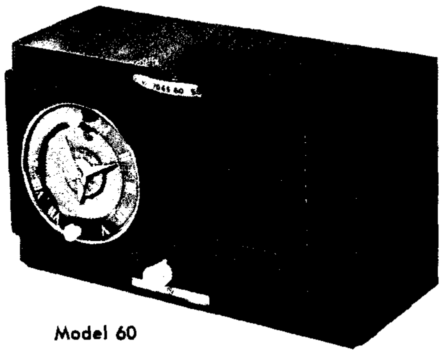
Music from G-E Clock-Radio wakens you with steady nerves.

Give relief from jangling alarms! Give a G-E Clock-Radio, and they'll wake to *sweet music!* It's an accurate G-E electric clock—a fine-toned G-E radio—an electronic reminder—three great services in one beautiful instrument. For the best in AM-FM radios, phonographs, portables—and for famous Daylight Television—give a General Electric!

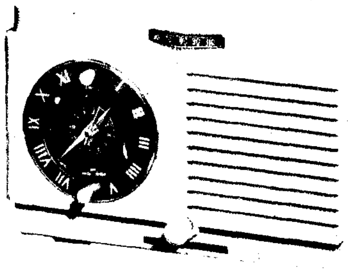
General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

No More Jangling Alarm!

Not with G-E Clock-Radio Model 60! It wakes you *soothingly,* turns on a favorite program any time, reminds you of dates—*automatically!* Rosewood plastic case (right). Only **$39.95***



Model 60



Model 62

Mmmm...Wake up to Music!

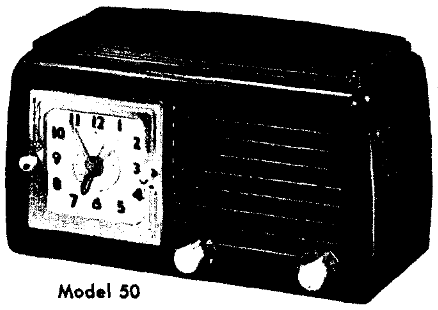
Isn't it delightful! Model 62 is identical with Model 60 above, except that its cabinet is a stunning ivory plastic. Clock, radio, electronic reminder—it's a 3-in-1 value (left). Only **$41.95***

New Low Price!

Wake to the sweet music of Model 50 instead of a jangling alarm! Turns on a favorite program any time—*automatically.* Fine-toned radio, dependable electric clock, smart rosewood plastic cabinet (right).

Now only **$24.95***

Also in ivory plastic—price slightly higher.



Model 50

**Western prices slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-G11C

Collier's SHORT SHORT

I'm sorry, there is no answer

By COREY FORD

She rocked her head from side to side on the pillow in an agony of self-pity. He just didn't care

NEVER mind how I heard, she said to the telephone. I heard, that's all. Maybe you think I'm dumb, Mr. Joe Higgins, but let me tell you something, I know what's going on. . . . The telephone was on the stand beside the bed, impassive and silent. She stood in front of it, unfastening her dress, her lips moving without making any sound.

Yes, and let me tell you something else, Mr. Joe Higgins, she said, pulling the dress down and stepping out of it. Her black slip was faded, and frayed at the hem. I've known a long time. I didn't fall for that line about a business trip, not for one minute. I knew what kind of business it was. I've known all about this Miss Le Seule—her lips parted slightly to whisper "Miss Le Seule" half aloud—ever since she used to work here in the main store, fifth floor.

Miss Le Seule! That gives me a laugh. She's about as French as I am, I happen to know her real name is Sullivan, I happen to know a girl that knew her in school. Oh, I could tell you a lot about your friend Miss Le Seule. Ask her sometime how she happened to get that job in Chicago. It wasn't brains. Ask her about Mr. Fineman, the assistant manager.

Her hands were clenched so tight that the crimson fingernails bit into her palms. She turned away from the telephone, picked up her dress, and carried it over to the closet.

Not that I care anything about Miss Le Seule, she said loftily over her shoulder. She really don't mean anything to me, that's why I called you up, to tell you I really don't care what you do. You can stay out there in Chicago as long as you want to, Mr. Joe Higgins, I don't care if I ever see you again. I'm through. I only called you up to say goodb—

The telephone bell shrilled. She whirled, sprang to the bed, and picked up the receiver: "Hello? Yes?"

"On your call to Chicago," the operator reported, "the party does not answer. Shall I try the call again?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "Keep on trying."

She replaced the receiver on its cradle. She sat on the edge of the bed, watching the telephone. He didn't care if she called him up or not. He didn't even bother to check in with his hotel to see if there was a message. How did he know if maybe she was sick, and needed him?

Look, Joe, she told the telephone, the reason I called you, I've been sick, I don't want to worry you but I'm afraid it looks bad.

She fell back across the bed, her bare legs dangling, one hand resting palm upward on her forehead. It wasn't any use, she thought, staring at the ceiling. He didn't care. She could spend her money to call him up, that was all right, but he didn't care.

You don't even miss me, do you, Joe, she asked the ceiling. All I ever done for you, all the sacrifices I made. Remember the nights I'd sit on the floor by the radio and you'd stretch out with your head on my lap and I'd ask you: "Don't you want the lights on?" and you'd say: "No, I like it better like this," and finally you'd doze off and I'd get cramps sitting there but I wouldn't complain; even if both my legs went to sleep I wouldn't move because I wouldn't want to disturb you. I suppose you've forgotten all about that, or the time you thought you had the appendicitis and I had to go out at two A.M. in the morning and get a doctor. I suppose it don't mean anything to you any more, all the things I gave up for you, my friends and my family, I broke my mother's heart, but you don't care if I live or even die.

Her eyes were welling, and she pressed her fists against them and rocked her head from side to side on the pillow in an agony of self-pity. Maybe I'm going to die, Joe. Maybe I'm going to kill myself. Look, Joe, I got some sleeping tablets, I got a gun, that's why I called you, I got this gun right here in my hand and—

The telephone bell brought her upright with a gasp. She grabbed the receiver, her heart pounding: "Hello?"

"On your call to Chicago," the operator said, "I'm sorry, but there is still no answer. Shall I keep trying it?"

"Yes, keep trying," she said.

She slammed the receiver down, and looked at her watch. Eight thirty. That would be seven thirty out there. He couldn't be planning to eat at his hotel, or he'd have been back by now.

She rose furiously, and strode across the room to the kitchenette, and lighted the burner under the coffee. She put several slices of bread on a plate, and took a jar of peanut butter from the shelf, and carried them back to the table by the window. There wasn't any sense going without her dinner and maybe getting a headache, he wasn't going without his dinner on account of her. Matter of fact, Joey, I'm just sitting down to dinner, I only called you up to say hello and tell you I'm having a fine time, I've been out to a cocktail party and I just got in.

She spread peanut butter on a slice of bread and took a bite. The peanut butter stuck to the roof of her mouth. She pushed the plate away.

It's a wonderful dinner, Joey, I sent out to a caterer and you ought to see what we're having, champagne. Of course, I'm not alone, don't be silly. No, I'm not going to tell you who he is. Listen, Joey wants to know your name. No, Joey, he's a friend of mine, that's all, he's very nice, he's taking me to the theater and afterward we're going to a night club and dance, aren't we, Frank? Ooops, I shouldn't of said Frank. No, I'm not going to tell you who Frank is, but he's a wonderful dancer, he's—she reached behind her, and turned on the radio—he's teaching me the rumba. I even got a new dress.

SHE rose impulsively, and walked to the dresser and looked at herself in the mirror, twisting right and left to see her bare white shoulders above the faded slip.

You ought to see my new dress, Joey, she told the mirror, it's black and cut so low, you ought to hear what Frank just said. Frankie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Well, Joey, the only reason I really called you up was to tell you not to work too hard out—

The telephone shrilled. She leaped across the room to the bed, and snatched the receiver: "Yes?"

"On your call to Chicago," the operator said, "we are ready with Mr. Higgins."

She gripped the receiver, feeling her stomach grow cold with panic. She was afraid to hear his voice; it made her physically sick. "Hello?" she heard him say. "Hello?"

Her mind was a blank. She could not think what to say. She had forgotten everything she planned to say. All she could remember was that she loved him. I love you, Joey. Please come back to me, I won't be like I used to be, I won't nag you or be jealous any more, please forgive me, sweetheart.

"Hello, hello. Who is it?" There was a trace of irritation in his voice now.

She sank down on the edge of the bed, the receiver shaking in her hand. It wasn't any use. It was all over. Sooner or later it had to end. There was nothing left any more, nothing but waiting. It might as well end now.

She heard the operator's nasal voice: "Is this the party that was calling Chicago?"

"I'm sorry," she said slowly into the phone. "Wrong number."

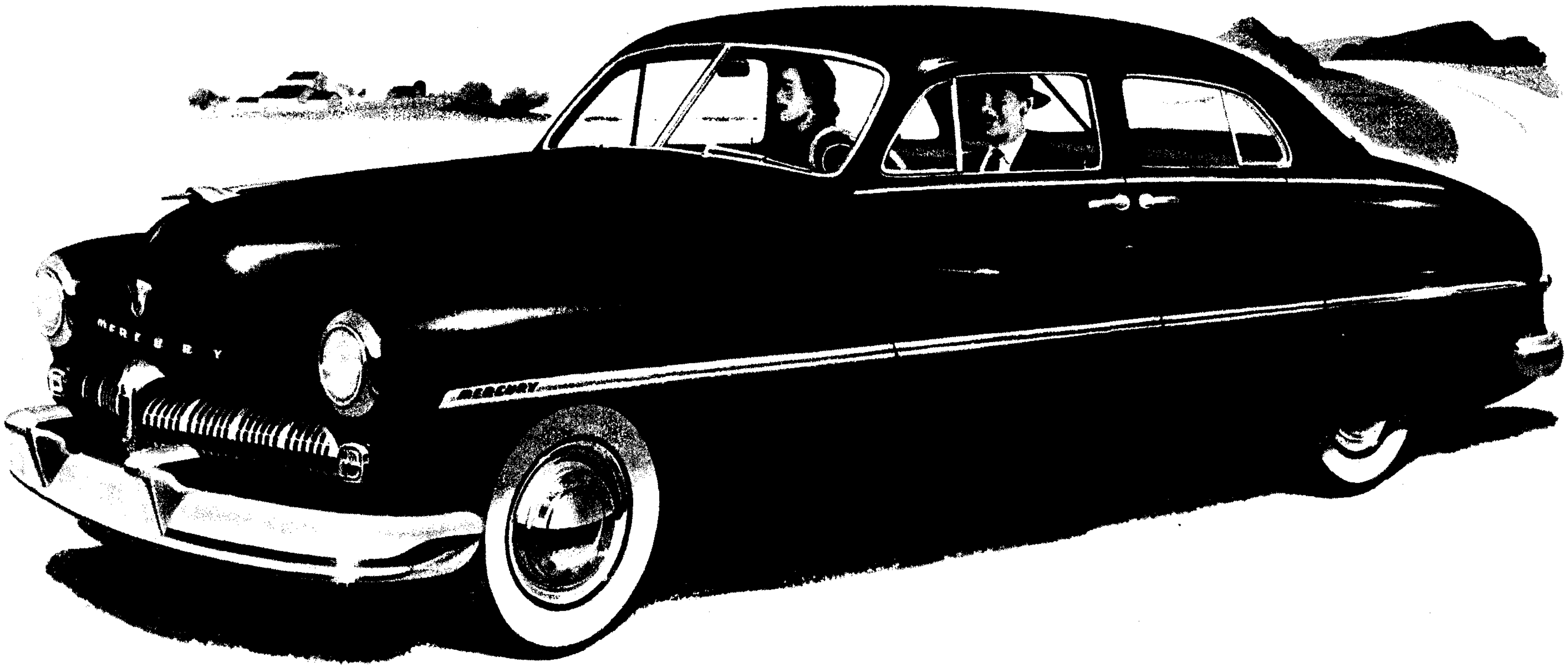
She set the receiver back on its cradle. After a moment the bell began to ring again, persistently. She lay on the bed and listened until it stopped ringing. ⌴⌴⌴

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT

"What a sweet car to handle!"

—SAY THOUSANDS OF NEW 1949 MERCURY OWNERS

You should hear the comments that are pouring in about Mercury's new "finger-tip" ease of handling! Owner after owner is discovering how sweetly, how smoothly this long, low Mercury hugs the highway! They say there isn't another car in its class that's such a tireless, effortless thrill to drive, cross-town or cross-country! And there isn't!



Make your next car MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

ALL-NEW ease of handling isn't the only new feature in your Mercury! The 1949 Mercury's all-new *all over!*

You get a powerful new 8-cylinder, V-type, Mercury engine that gives you surprising *economy.* You get all-new *springing,* an all-new "comfort-zone" *ride!* You get all-new broader, softer *seating,* increased *visibility,* too!

Yes, and Mercury has a handsome new body styling that's in a class by itself! See it—and you too will say: *It's Mercury for me!*

HAVE SOME

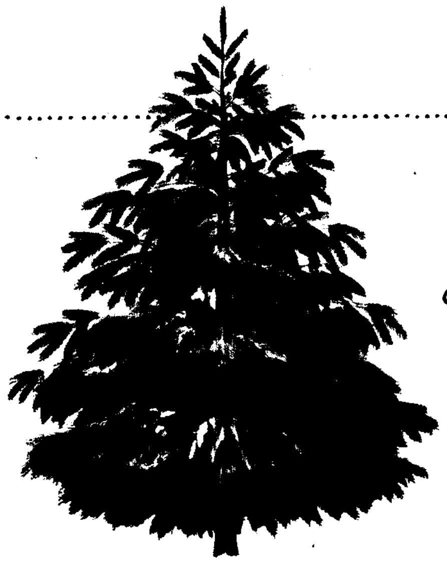
Winter-Green!

1.

Mistletoe has been associated with magic properties since the days of mythology. Certainly Christmas wouldn't be complete without it!

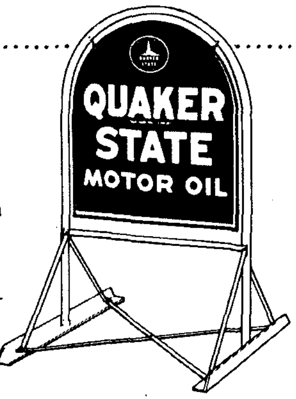
2.

Holly is another "must" for the coming holiday season. And if you'd like to wreathe your face in smiles, change the oil in your car to Quaker State *Cold-Test*.



3.

Here's the familiar fir, another decorative favorite—ever green, like the familiar Quaker State Motor Oil sign.



4.

At this familiar green sign you'll find Quaker State *Cold-Test* Motor Oil, refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil in Quaker State's four great modern refineries. With nippy weather here, change to it *today*—for quick starts and trouble-free lubrication.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

AMERICA, THANK GOD!

Continued from page 18

our America. Their strong backs bent beneath the log chain and the towrope. They toiled beneath the blazing benediction of the sun, and their arms and faces bronzed in the wheat fields and the logging camps. Across the plains of Europe from the Mediterranean basin to the storm-beaten shore line of the Baltic countries, they teemed into this promised land of America. They came, labored and suffered as all men are fated to; they sought and found their daily bread in the sweat of their brows as they had done of old in their fatherland.

THERE WAS, however, this difference: They earned their bread here sweetened with the hope of security and personal liberty, a people conscious of the Fatherhood of God, willing to contribute humbly, yet generously to the brotherhood of man.

And so today America stands before all nations and peoples, envious of none and fearing none, desirous of nothing from them save their respect and cooperation in the rehabilitation and salvation of mankind. But, even as the priest each morning bows before the altar and confesses his own unworthiness to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, so must all Americans acknowledge that even as on the sun itself there are spots, so too on the proud shield of our national honor there are blots of racial and religious prejudices, economic injustices, greed and intolerance. There is dishonesty in public office and private practice, a lack of integrity in individuals, and disloyalty even to our children, who came into this world mirrors of God's truth and His mercy. But we saw naught of God in our children, neither His light, His likeness nor His love. We dulled grace within our children, bringing shame upon ourselves and blight upon God's good world.

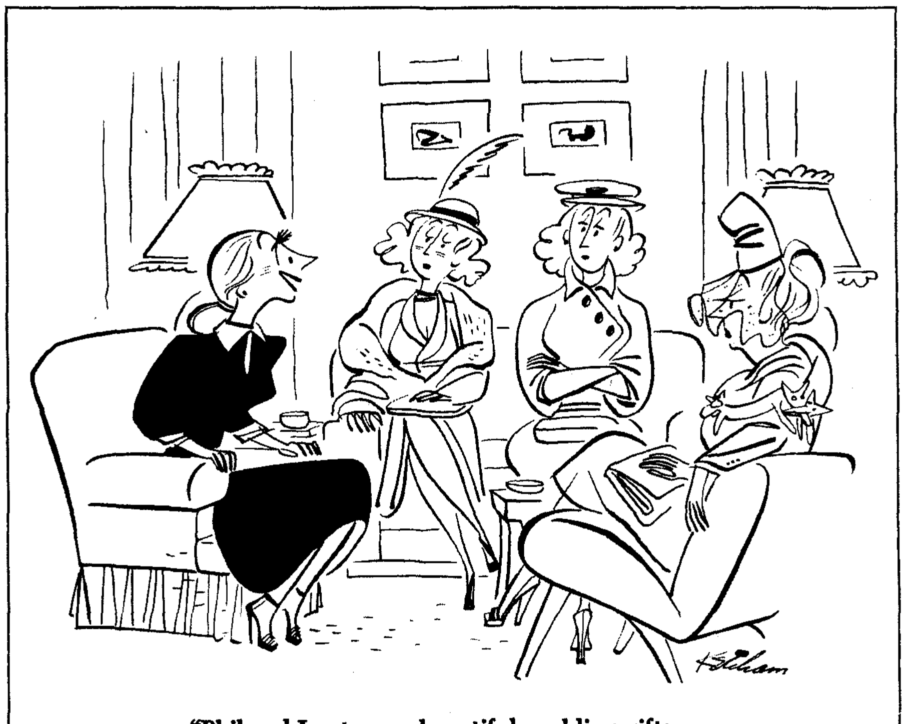
God fashioned this earth for a garden. But at their coming our children find no garden; they find a world-wilderness of war. In place of life they find death riding on every wave and breeze, stirring in every shadow; in place of light they find darkness beclouding the morning sun; in place of love they find hate.

Ours is the blame for the sins of our children. Self-loving we glutted their garden, warping their minds, setting ourselves up as gods with none other gods beside us. We took our children, wrought to God's image, and taught them to live by their own wills and by their own loves. We emptied Hell's drains into their thinking, letting earth's vileness seep into their souls. Thus did we betray and despoil our children heaping ruin upon the world. We were their teachers and traitors, blinding them to decent life and love. Soul-sick, our children are beggared of God as we tear His teachings even from out their schools, licensing them to live by flesh alone. And upon Eternity's threshold, the Lord God will demand an accounting from those who are guilty!

Greed has gained its goal in America, and mist, bloody and tear-laden, lies over the world like a pall. For three long years, years that should have been filled with joy, work and achievement, many of our boys have known only heartbreak, disappointment and despair as they sought their rightful homes and found greed and graft where gratitude and justice should have been. Passion for pleasures has goaded men to deeds of evil, trampling down right and reason, considering it no sin that our veteran-sons living in this land of plenty that they suffered agonies to protect, find no homes to house their families decently. We put arms of war into their hands, taught them how to kill and sent them out to die! Should we not now give to those who chanced to live at least the needs of normal life—not in a hovel or makeshift home, but in a truly American home that they can afford to maintain?

IF THIS country, as we have known it, is to endure, the professional man and the laborer, Wall-Streeter and homemaker, the farmer and the city dweller, the politician and businessman must team up and work together in the typical traditional American way, or we shall suffer and deserve defeat as American democracy falls. Then shall we know the scorn of the world, and failing to solve our own problems, quarreling, wasting and starving in the midst of plenty, idling in the presence of opportunity, the uprisings of our hungry, homeless and unemployed will mean another sweeping victory for godless government, and ruin for our own glorious government of freemen for freemen.

Thousands of our sons lie coffinless beneath the seas and sacked in graves in the soil of alien lands, while the bones



"Phil and I got some beautiful wedding gifts. Want to come up in the attic and see them?"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

of other thousands are still being bleached by the tropical sun of jungles, in cane fields, or upon the slopes of many mountains, along the roadways of their march of death as they struggled to save our American way of life. Our martyrs, living and dead, fought each day's fight, feeding their bodies, hearts and minds with one thought and hope—to come home to America, land of their loves and their dreamings.

Why? Because to each one, America meant the freedom to live, love and learn, to work and to worship the way his conscience taught. That was the American way which sustained him in his daily sacrifice of pain, loneliness and loss. He did not like the mud, the sand, the sleet, the sweat, the suffering, blood and death.

Because he was afraid, he was courageous. And he prayed. I know, for I prayed with thousands and thousands of our boys, and they gave not merely lip service to God but begged His strength in their weakness, His help in their fear, His mercy in their suffering. Each was friend to the other, asking nothing but what service could he render.

Yet in these days of pretended peace, although religious freedom is one of the rights for which our soldier sons have sacrificed and died throughout the whole lifetime of our nation, intolerance continues to gnaw its way into the very vitals of America. Despite our guarantees of religious freedom, bigotry prevails in the hearts of many, and though these many would deny the charge, by their acts do they contradict their words. It is more than mere caprice that causes some Americans to shun others not of their faith, and exclude them from their rights and their honors as American freemen.

WILLIE DOOLEY, DESTINY'S PAWN

By JOE COOGAN

A Hilarious Story of a Saloon Philosopher

In Collier's next week

SOME MAY answer that their attitude and acts do not warrant the charge of intolerance, for bigots never fail to try to justify their prejudices with specious self-persuasion. But tolerance admits of no compromise with truth and I beg you think, where are we to stop if we begin to excuse bigotry first on one score and then on another? If Protestants discriminate against Catholics and Jews, Jews against Christians, and Catholics against Protestants and Jews alike, the day may come when America will pass into the Hitler-Stalin realm of religious persecutions and purges.

I traveled a quarter of a million miles, I flew the face of the earth, and as late as a few months ago, I saw streams of mutilated living dead creeping along beside their able-bodied countrymen in the streets of many cities of the world. In our own America on this day commemorating our first Thanksgiving, we must pray for and long remember another harvest, one most precious to God, for it was ripened on blood-soaked plains and now, shrouded in lonely misery, awaits the Lord's merciful reaping. They are our veteran-sons wasting away in living death, lying in empty sadness and pain in hospitals and homes throughout America, hopefully waiting to see if other men will profit from the anguished spending of their own young lives.

Is it right that we Americans forget our own misery-ridden maimed, just because we do not see them hobbling among us as we hurry by foot or bus or car to our daily tasks of home and work? Haunted by memories that bless and burn, memories of sweethearts that might have been wives, dream sons that might have been real sons, homes that will never now be more than wistful daydreams, this mighty harvest of our youth is forgotten by all except their very blood-kin. Yet every American today living, and each one yet to be blessed by birth or adoption as an American, is truly kin to all who lie hurt and heartsick with only their fellow soldier sufferers to help them bear their pain and share their memories. For what love is greater, what kinship closer, than kinship with him who offers his life for his neighbor?

AS WE GIVE thanks to God for our blessings of strength, health and material wealth, let us pray that He instill within each one of us a realization of this sacred kinship, and inspire us with a desire to help the physically handicapped who languish in idleness and despair, unable to cope in open contest in the struggle for existence in gainful pursuits for rightful security and manful living, for honest toil and joys of the hearthside. Beseech Him to plant pity within our hearts to help the helpless to help themselves, and with the spirit of brotherhood, friendship and neighborliness for the blind, the maimed and the lame, give them work that alone can help their self-respect and save their independence.

While I plead and pray for constant and enduring gratitude to God for the blessings with which He has endowed America, I am aware that the greatness and the glory of our land is not vested alone in the vastness and fertility of our soil, the extent and richness of our physical resources, our golden grain and golden fruit, our mighty forests of the northland and our billowing white oceans of cotton in the south. No, our most precious possession, which we share in common with other great and friendly peoples, is our innate faith in God and love of neighbor which the American people have never, and I pray, will never lose.

For well we know that material progress, the visible trappings of affluent life, mighty cities, great marts of trade, harbors crowded with the commerce of the far corners of the earth—these never have and never will assure a nation of immortality.

It is the spirit that gives eternal life; it is the great and mighty host and heart of America that makes our nation consecrate, and bids us place our trust not in the material achievements of our country, however great and praiseworthy they may be, but trust in God and the preservation of the spirit of our mighty nation, dedicated to the perpetuation of untrammeled justice and mutual understanding among our own citizens, and international good will among the great family of nations. This is the immortal spirit of America which must live on if she would endure as a nation, loved by her own countrymen, respected by other nations, and feared only by nations and peoples of ill will. And on this Thanksgiving Day, within this very hour pregnant with destiny while statesmen seek despairingly a way to set all peoples free, with nations divided not alone against one another but even against themselves, and men make mockery of the meaning and majesty of faith, prayerfully I beg of God and ask every American to pray with me, that a strong and united America forever remain the symbol and sanctuary of democracy; fountainhead of truth, freedom and faith. Here lies alone our hope, and here alone the gift which, by our living, America must give the world!

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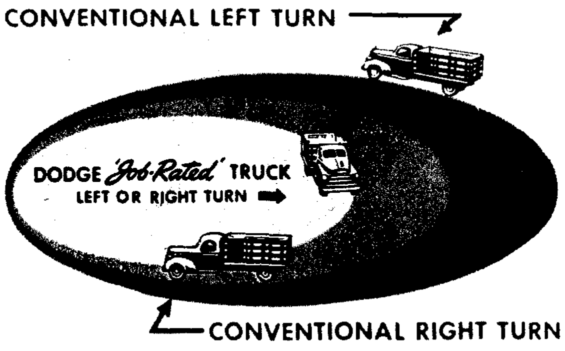

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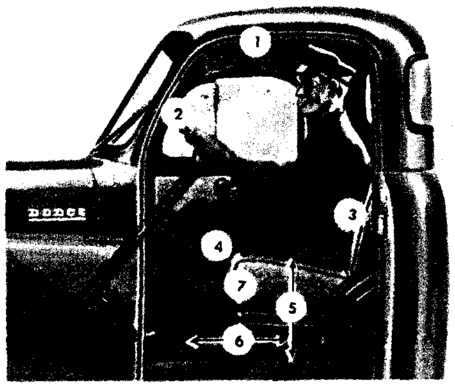

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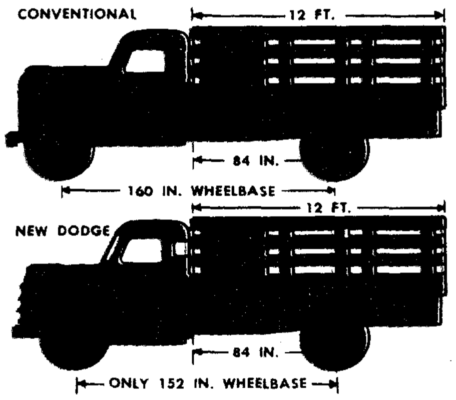

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DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER!

Double or Nothing

By HARRY SYLVESTER

McGinnis bet on his team—which was weak. He shouldn't have done it. But he wasn't an ordinary football player. He was McGinnis

THE three-year-old boy wedged into the slanted bow of the dory. His eyes, too big for the face, regarded his father levelly; it seemed to the man that there was neither affection nor rejection in them, but a searching and questioning quality he was surprised to find in a three-year-old.

"Cold?" the man said.

The boy shook his head.

"You don't want to go back to shore?" the man went on.

The boy shook his head again, this time as if the question were unimportant.

"You're certainly a lot better than you used to be," the man said. His tone mocked himself more than the child. "You used to yell and raise Cain. In the spring and fall it would be too cold and in the summer too hot." The boy kept looking at him. "Of course that wasn't so bad as the things you used to throw overboard. I'd turn around to look for a knife and I couldn't find it. I'd ask you where it was and you'd say: 'Gone.' Just like that. You'd thrown it overboard just to see the splash. And the same thing with the oarlocks unless I tied them. Remember the time I had to paddle home because you'd thrown the oarlocks overboard?"

This time the child nodded and almost smiled.

"Oh, it was funny, all right," his father said. "Very funny. We might have landed up in Maine or someplace if we landed anyplace at all. You were a big help."

"Help pull the pots," the child said.

"Yes," the father agreed. "You've been trying real hard on that. It's calmed down some—you can help with this one."

While the boy groped his way along the gunwale, the man took hold of the wet rope that lay in the groove of a wooden spool mounted in the bow and began to haul on it. It felt heavy and as he pulled on the cold, hard hemp he considered that Joe Wayne was unreasonable, that the other undergraduates were young—even for their age—and that he himself ought to have known better than even to try to play football that season.

IT WAS not a train of thought that eased his mind, and he was glad to be distracted by the sight of the lobster pot emerging reluctantly from the green water. Behind him the boy grunted and fell backwards over a thwart as the rope came slack. Balancing the dripping pot on the bow, Abraham Lincoln McGinnis glanced at the child on the deck. "You all right?"

The boy lay on his elbows, his lips quivering, but he sat up and the tears didn't flow. "Yes."

There were four lobsters in the trap of lath and twine, two of them quite large. One was just undersize. After removing them carefully, he put the undersized one back in the water, baited the pot with a

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785
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half-rotten sculpin, and watched it slide into the icy depths.

His hands began to bother him again. He looked at them. The fingers were bent, the skin thickened and wrinkled. Wayne had wondered why he could not handle a football this year as he had in others and this was the reason; McGinnis wondered why he had not come out and told Wayne. It was the gradual deterioration of his own playing, McGinnis knew, coupled with the need to make some extra money for the family, that had made him quit the team.

THERE were three more pots; the boy Jamie hauled with his father on all three of them. The final one held three lobsters, one of fair size, the others big enough to keep. It had been a good haul for so late in the season. The price was down, with the summer trade gone, but today's catch would still be worth twenty or twenty-five dollars. Lobstering would last only a few more weeks and the money would have to help see them through the winter.

No matter how you stretched it, McGinnis told himself, the allowance the government paid him while he finished college was not enough to support a family. He had grown tired of trying to determine whose fault that was; all McGinnis—in some ways a simple man—knew was that he had not been able to go lobstering this fall and at the same time play football.

The harbor was filled with craft of various dimensions and shapes. The dory moved along with a gently wallowing motion, and when McGinnis glanced around again he saw that Jamie had fallen asleep in the stern, his arms loosely hooked over the gunwales, his head lolling to one side.

Looking at the tender mouth and soft, childish cheeks, McGinnis felt a great swell of affection for the child. It had been easy for him to think during the past few weeks of the two children as having slowed him down, of their having indirectly created some of the ill-feeling toward him at the school. Well, that was too bad, he told himself, thinking of them at the school; it was time he'd outgrown that sort of thing, anyway; he was twenty-six.

Bringing the dory alongside a wharf, he made it fast and began to hand the baskets of lobster up to one of the men who worked for the wholesaler. Jamie woke up and McGinnis handed him up, too. Then he beached the boat, dropped the anchor in the mud of the shore and walked out along the dock. He didn't like the price they offered him for the lobsters but, seeing Jamie was anxious to get home, he took it—nineteen dollars—and walked back along the dock again, the boy's hand in his.

The 1929 Model-A started after some coaxing with the choke and someone yelled to buy a horse. Swinging out and past the yeller, McGinnis thumbed his nose as he swung into the street. The hands of the clock on the ancient market building pointed to 8:10. He could make his nine o'clock economics class with ease.

The Quonset hut was one of a long line that stood on the far edge of the campus. In front of McGinnis' a few last zinnias held their color against the cold and on a line in back of the house a row of baby clothes snapped briskly in the morning wind. The house smelled of strong coffee and of baby oil, both smells that McGinnis liked. His wife came to the door and kissed him warmly. "Hey," McGinnis said. "I saw you only last night."

"I know," she said. "It's just that I always worry when Jamie goes out in the boat with you."

"Oh, the worst that ever happens," McGinnis said, "is that he falls asleep before he can eat his breakfast."

His wife turned away and walked toward the table laid for breakfast. Something about her walk, something slow and thoughtful, informed McGinnis that she was troubled or at least concerned. He took off his heavy pea jacket, hung it near the door and sat down. From the stove and over her shoulder, Moira said, "Wayne was here again."

"So early?"

"You didn't miss him by five minutes. He had Arthur Golightly with him."

"A fine pair, Wayne and Captain Golightly. They're right out of that old book, 'Brown of Harvard.'"

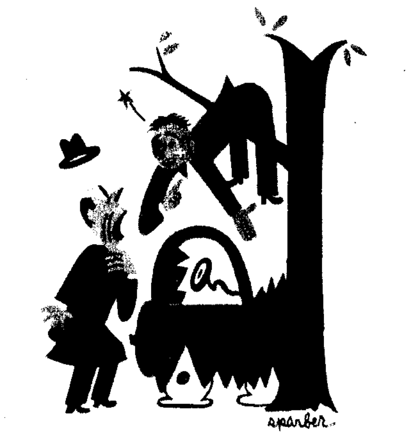
"I wouldn't know. You're the literate member of this family."

"I read it when I was twelve," McGinnis said with mock gloom. "It's responsible for much of what might be called my conflict."

"What was it about?"

"About a young man who gave his all for Harvard and the team."

"I see," Moira said. She glanced over one shoulder and, following her look, McGinnis saw that Jamie had fallen asleep in a corner. She turned back to the stove and flipped over the bacon and eggs.



Minor Miracle

A father is one
Who is greatly astonished
When his teen-age son,
Upon being admonished,
Admits he can make
A little mistake.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"What did Wayne have to say?" McGinnis asked.

"He didn't say much of anything but it wasn't hard to guess what he wanted. I wish that someone else among the real undergraduates could handle that T-formation, so that Wayne would stop haunting our life."

McGINNIS was silenced at last. The phrase "real undergraduates" was what did it. Most of the war veterans of his age had been graduated. But McGinnis had spent some time in a hospital after the war, before entering college. At first he had resumed the playing of football as a feat, to test not only his bad knee but himself. In McGinnis there had persisted a notion that his wound had perhaps cost him his confidence. Never having mentioned this to Moira, it now occurred to him that this might be a good time to do so. "You know," he said, looking thoughtfully at the bacon as he broke it with a fork, "I probably wouldn't have played again, but I wanted to see about the knee and I wanted to see if I still had my confidence."

"Your what?" Moira said. "You have the gall of a brass monkey and here you are worried about your confidence!"

"Not any more," McGinnis said. "Now I'm involved in a lot of other lives;

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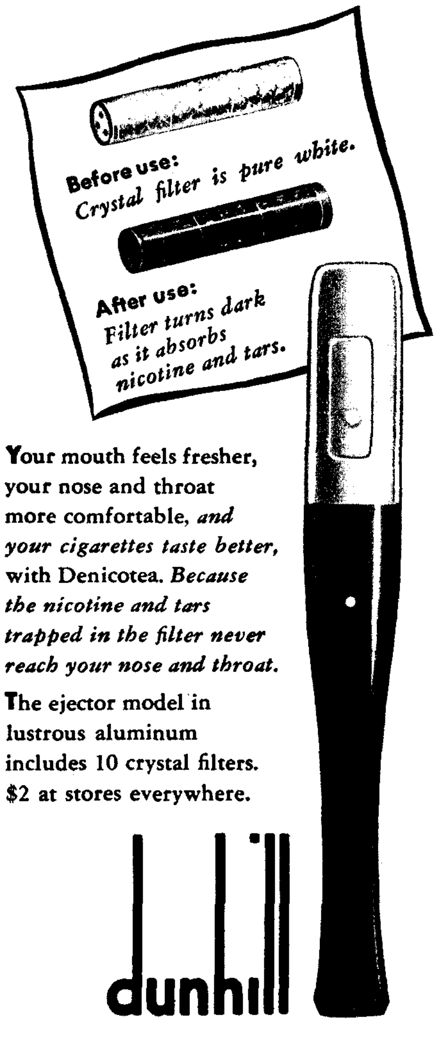
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one thing leads to another—that's the way it goes. It's better to learn it late than never. That's one reason I take Jamie out with me and let him pull on the rope—so he'll know that people have to help each other."

"You'll be easy for Wayne when he catches up with you."

"Not me," McGinnis said. "I have to get enough lobster to see us through the winter. That'll keep making my hands too stiff to handle the ball. It's just like that, easy—one, two, three and out."

McGinnis finished breakfast quickly, took his books off a shelf and went out again into the October air. Walking along the diagonal paths of the campus, McGinnis thought that they had never been more crowded. Youngsters greeted him, others stared rudely; he didn't know their names, and even the faces seemed strange to him. When he approached the library, in the basement of which his economics class was held, Joe Wayne and Arthur Golightly were waiting, much too casually.

"Good morning, Abraham," Wayne said. "Nice to have you back from the briny deep."

"Nice to be back, coach," McGinnis said with sarcasm. "How are all the little coaches?"

"You mean the Monday morning quarterbacks?" Wayne said.

"Exactly," McGinnis said.

WITH a corner of one eye he could see Golightly's long, collar-ad face and the mixture of emotions that strove in it: concern and a kind of scorn, and that worry McGinnis knew was Golightly's because the captain had just missed the war. "I suppose," McGinnis went on, "they are blaming me this fine morning instead of you."

"To that extent, it's a relief," Wayne said. "We might have lost Saturday, anyway, even if you had played, but you didn't. So you're getting blamed."

"Well, it doesn't bother me," McGinnis said, "and if it helps you, all right."

"It doesn't help me a bit," Wayne said. "What I want to know, not to beat around the bush, is whether there isn't some way you could get ready for the Tech game and play in it. Go back to your lobstering after it if you want. That's the game that will mean the most to the team. Even if you don't play in the two after it."

"We've been all through this before," McGinnis said. "As long as the lobster season lasts, I can't play football. It's going to be a long, hard New England winter and we'd like to eat during it and keep warm. There's nothing I can do that pays so well per hour as lobstering and my time is limited."

"Wouldn't the lobster season be over by then? It just occurred to me that it might."

"It should be, depending on the weather. But pulling pots is hard on your hands. That's why I couldn't handle the ball well in those early games. I didn't want to tell you at first."

"I guessed it was that," Wayne said.

"I'm sure some sort of financial arrangement could be made," Golightly said. His voice, nervous, restrained, annoyed McGinnis.

"I can take care of my family by myself," McGinnis said.

Wayne moved uneasily. "The most we can give any player here, as you know, Abe," he said, "is a job. And you've already got one job too many."

"You can say that again," McGinnis mumbled.

"I meant that some of the alumni might—" Golightly went on.

"I can do all right by myself," McGinnis said quietly.

"But not and play ball," Wayne said. "And we need you in more ways than one."

The bell for class rang and Golightly was glad for the excuse to leave them. Going away, his stride seemed awkward for the fine athlete they both knew him to be, and McGinnis felt a renewal of his sympathy for the big man.

Wayne said, without looking at McGinnis, "This is a funny team, mostly underclassmen. They took their beating Saturday pretty hard. Someone like you could pull them together. If you play, you'll be doing something for them."

A hard answer leaped to McGinnis' lips but did not get past them. He thought of Jamie pulling on the rope, falling over backward across the thwart but rising and pulling again because his father wanted him to. He said, "If there were some way?"

"I don't imagine you'll starve this winter," Wayne said.

"The hands," McGinnis said. Then heard himself blurt, "I'll tell you after class. Let me think it over."

IN HIS seat during class, McGinnis found a nameless and complicated excitement beating in him. Although he did not think in such terms, life, to McGinnis, had always been a series of problems, more or less complicated, which he must forever solve by his strength, his courage, or his ingenuity. As with many men to whom courage comes naturally, McGinnis fancied his ingenuity.

He had a plan worked out when Wayne met him after class but all he told the coach was that he would play. . . .

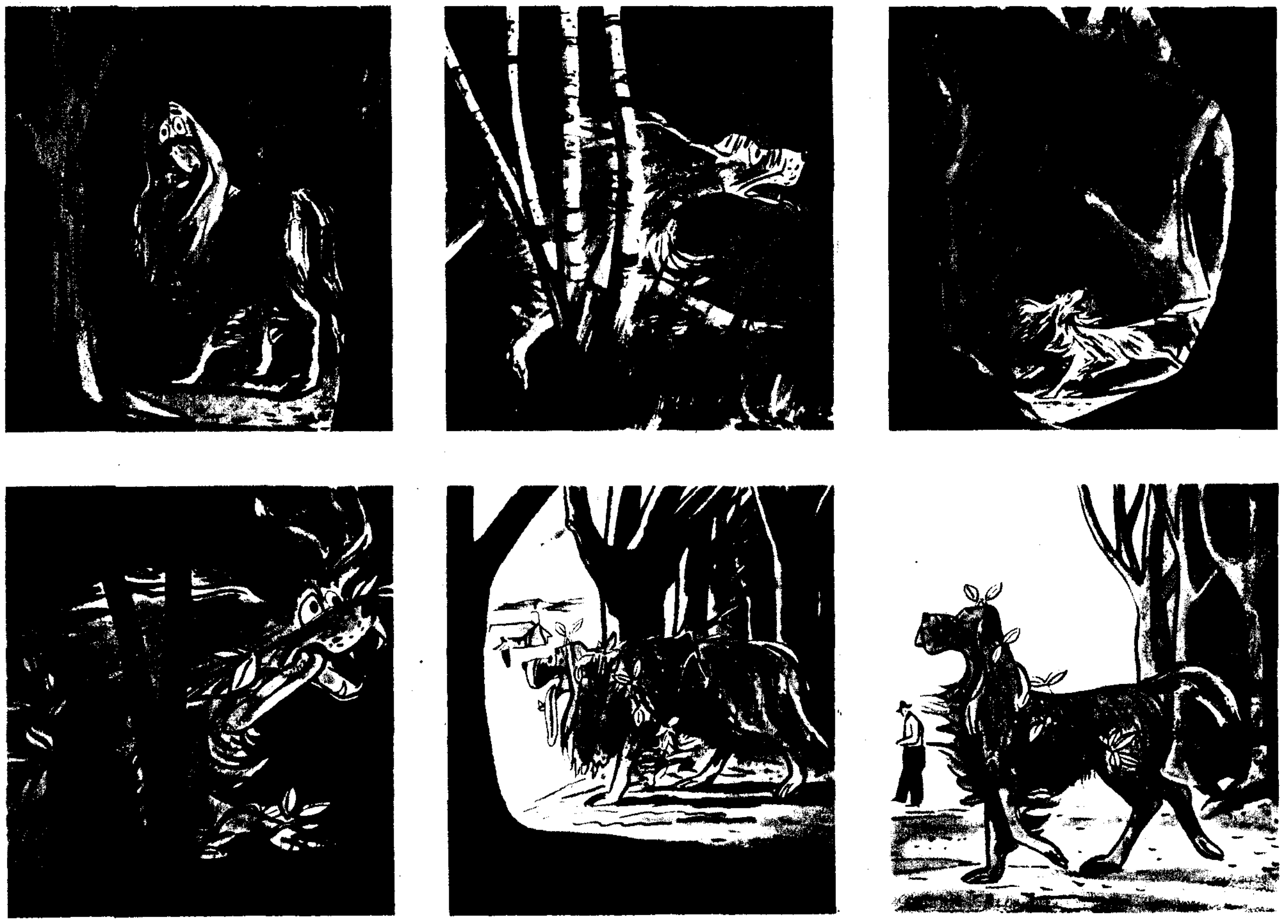
McGinnis said nothing to his wife at lunch, but by practice time the word had spread over the campus that McGinnis was going to play again and the practice field had several hundred people on the sidelines. McGinnis found that the ball-handling he had to do as quarterback was beyond his hands in their present condition. He quit practice early and went to the training room, where an assistant trainer strapped diathermy pads on first one hand, then on the other, and suggested that McGinnis wear gloves when he was outdoors. Walking home in the fall dusk, McGinnis kept flexing his fingers and wondering how he would break the news to his wife.

That had been done for him. He was received into the Quonset hut in silence. Moira was busy at the oven when he entered and did not even turn to greet him. After hanging up his coat, McGinnis said, "You'll be proud and happy to hear that I've made the team."

"I've heard," she said. "Not less than

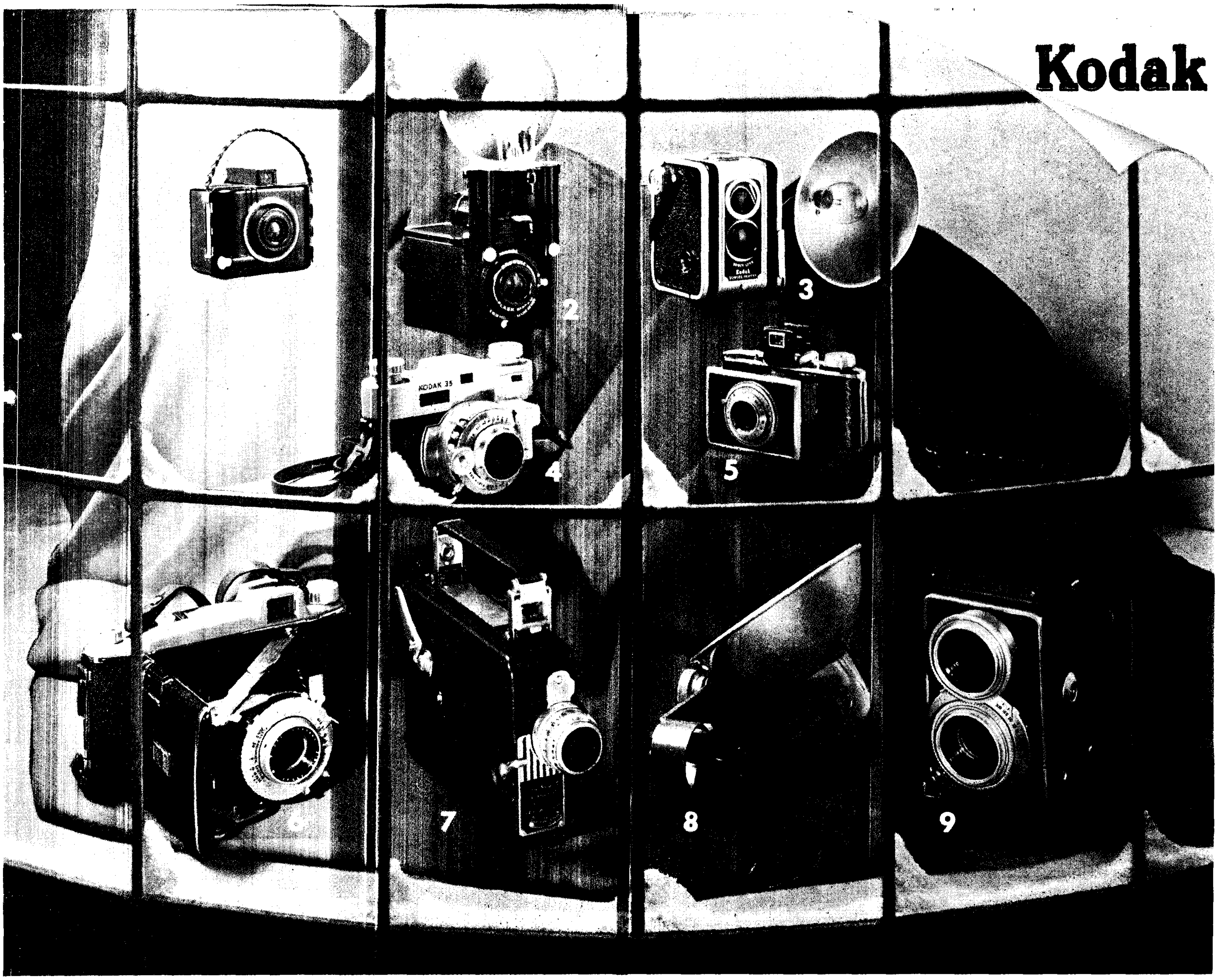
Clancy

By John Ruge



COLLIER'S

LOST



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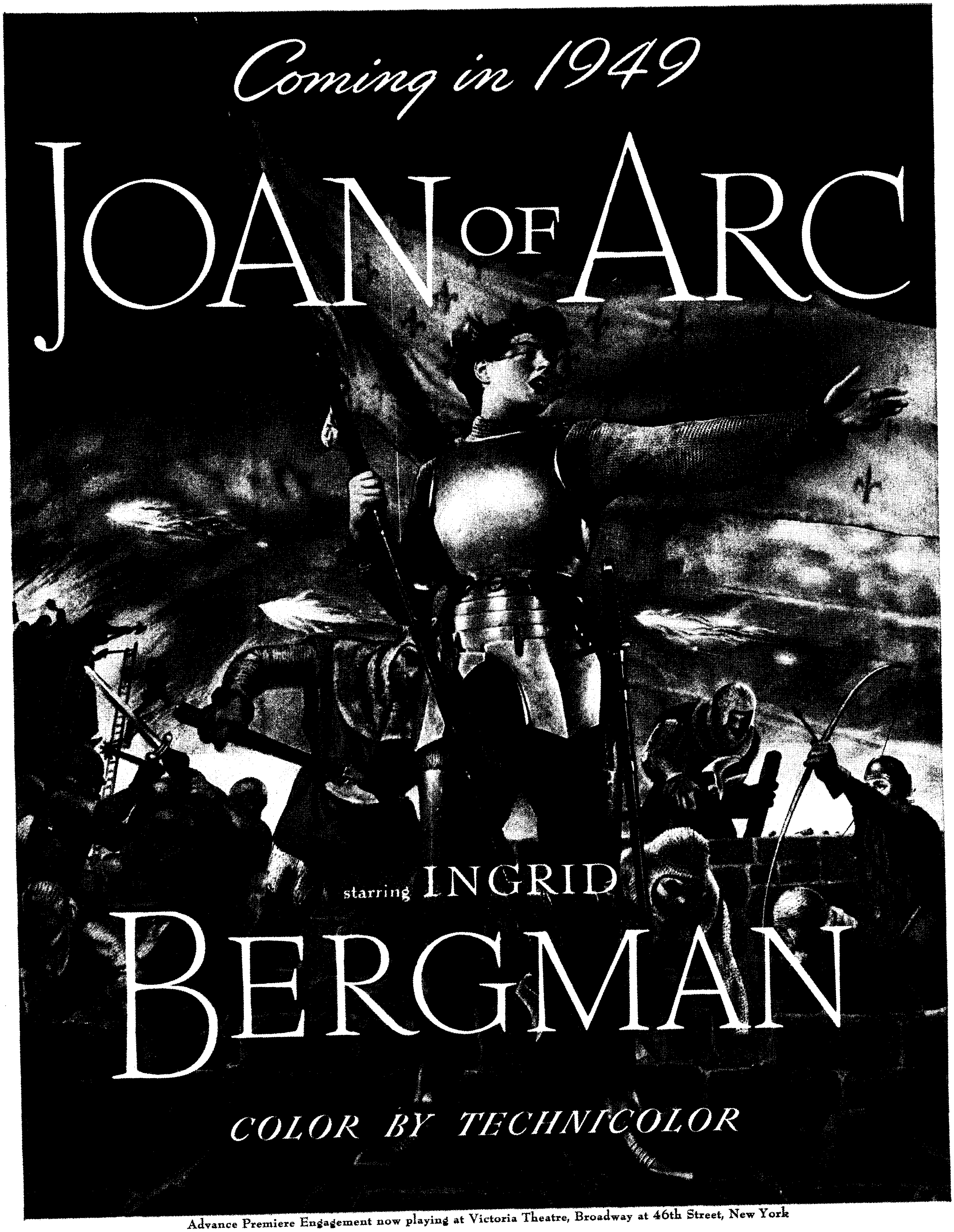
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six undergraduates have come by to tell me you were going to play."

"Were any of the girls pretty?" McGinnis asked.

"I didn't notice. I was too busy thinking what kind of diet we were going to be on this winter."

"I can tell you what kind the baby is going to be on," McGinnis said. "Milk."

"Very funny," his wife said. "Very funny."

"Just leave everything to me and I think we're going to be all right."

"There's not much else I can do," Moira said quietly.

McGINNIS was able to play in more than half of the next Saturday's game. He had hauled the boat up for the winter, had indeed sold it so that it would not be a temptation. And he had gone every day to the training room to have his hands treated.

In the first half of the game he handled the ball well, faking it nicely, but in the second half, with the sun lower, his hands began to bother him and he sat on the bench for most of the half. But he had sparked the team to a two-touchdown lead in the first half and they were able to hold it until the end.

During the following week the attitude of the campus toward him changed and he found it a slight relief, but not enough to compensate for the change at home. Jamie had gone to Saturday's game with a neighbor and was proud as Punch, but Moira went about her housework and baby-tending without comment.

McGinnis read the papers almost as much as he did his books. Tech, their traditional rival, was going to be the 7-5 favorite. When he mentioned this to Moira, she said that she'd noticed the price of lobster had gone up with the season almost over. McGinnis winced. After lunch he went to the savings bank and there found that they had a balance of exactly $272.43. He looked at his hands and flexed them. Then he closed them; they felt good—pliant and useful. He wrote out a slip for two hundred and fifty dollars, which he took in fifties. Going to a smoke-shop on the edge of the campus he bet on his own team to win. He got odds of 350 to 250.

At practice that afternoon he didn't handle the ball cleanly, but Friday, the day before the game, he was as good as he'd ever been. Saturday morning at eight he left the house to eat a steak breakfast at the training table. "Aren't you going to kiss me goodby?" he asked Moira. "Got to have some inspiration."

"All we need now," she said, kissing him calmly, "is for you to be hurt."

"You'd make a beautiful nurse," he said.

But the thought troubled him all that morning, for the same reasons the thought troubled Moira, but also for one of his own. For McGinnis knew—without any special pride—that without him the team would probably lose.

Wayne spoke to him privately before the game. Today Wayne himself seemed unsure and diffident. "You know," he finally said to McGinnis, "you're just about the last of the war vets left on the team and the kids look up to you. They don't have any confidence. Maybe because they weren't in the war themselves—maybe that's got something to do with it. Whatever else you do today I hope you can give them some feeling of security in their own power. They could win this ball game and if they do they could be the best ball club in the East next year."

"Next year I won't even be thinking about such things."

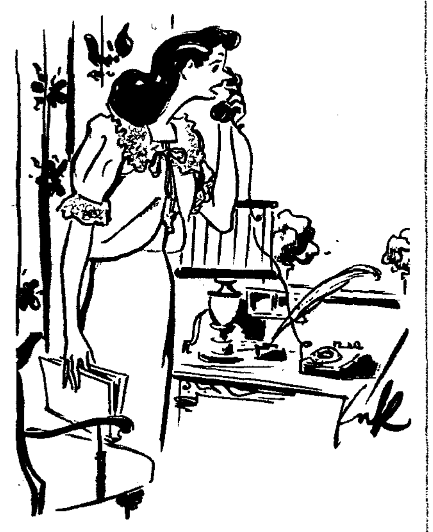
"But you know, like anyone who grew up in a war, how important confidence is—and you're in a position to give them that. You wouldn't be making the sacrifices you have if you didn't feel strongly about it."

McGinnis became aware of a new unease in himself. "It was the boy," he said. "Jamie. I kept trying to teach him to help other people and then I realized I wasn't doing it myself."

Outside, the autumn sunlight made him feel strong and certain. His team received the kickoff and he took them all the way down the field, seventy-three yards without losing the ball, to score. McGinnis called the simpler plays, saving the elaborate ones for later, when they might be needed.

Tech came back to score late in the first quarter and lead them 7-6, but McGinnis, when his team was stalled on the Tech 30-yard line, called for a long pass into the end zone. It was caught by the left end and they led as the half ended, 12-7. A sophomore named Royce, usually accurate on kicking extra points, missed the first time and had his kick blocked the second. Wayne seemed pleased with them between the halves, but when he again spoke alone with McGinnis, McGinnis was fearful.

"They wilted after Tech went into the lead," he told Wayne. "If it happens again, I think they're done. I'm going to play just to hold the lead if it's all right with you."



"Some other evening, Henry. This is the closest I've ever come to finishing a book before it became a movie"

COLLIER'S KIRK

"I leave it to you," Wayne said. "But five points isn't much of a lead."

McGinnis played cautiously. He had the team hold onto the ball as long as possible, punting on fourth down when the situation called for the kick to be made on third. Ultimately, this proved costly. Backed up to his own goal line, he waited until fourth down. The kick was blocked and resulted in an automatic safety, making the score 12-9.

Then what McGinnis feared happened. Tech scored on a daring combined lateral and forward pass and went ahead 15-12. While he was waiting for the following kickoff, it seemed to McGinnis that he hadn't noticed the cold until then. It seemed to have gotten into the youngsters around him, too, for they moved stiffly and unsurely. Yet in the huddle he was able to rally them and they marched grimly, in small gains, grinding out the first down until they reached Tech's 21-yard line with three minutes left to play.

The Tech captain took time out to break the momentum of their drive and McGinnis knew it would be rough from here on. Nervously he chafed his hands in the huddle. They were all right, he told himself; what made him think they might not be? Something tried to get to the forefront of his consciousness but he wouldn't let it. Then just as the whistle blew for play to be resumed, it appeared there. He could call on Royce to try a field goal and eke out a tie. Of course, he'd wait until fourth down. . . .

McGinnis took the ball from the center, turned, faked it to the left half cutting across, then gave it to Royce who had paused for two counts. The youngster cut diagonally across guard, got clear of the line of scrimmage, tried to reverse his field and was tackled by one ankle. But he picked up seven yards, McGinnis called an end-around play that flowed from a fake of the previous play. Golightly got as far as the line of scrimmage and was tackled by a wingback coming up. McGinnis glanced at the clock: there were two minutes left. He thought of Moira and it was a cold thought.

Now he tried a delicately timed play. Taking the ball from under the center, he turned, faked first to the left half, then to the right cutting across, hesitated a count and a half, hiding the ball with his back to the line of scrimmage, then came around to the right in a wide, circling sweep. He moved easily outside the end, who had come in fast, but tripped over his own fullback who had thrown a block. McGinnis sprawled to the turf a yard short of a first down.

The faces closed in on him in the huddle, the bruised faces, some with open lips, the eager, anxious faces who looked at him as he hoped no one ever would on a more serious occasion. "Try a field goal, Abe," someone said.

"Shut up, he's the quarterback," Golightly said.

It seemed to McGinnis that he shuddered in an agony of indecision. It was unlikely Royce would miss this time, and McGinnis' 250 dollars would be saved. But the moment passed. McGinnis knew it was not a good thought to leave this team with, to try for a tie. They had a chance to win and he would give it to them, even if it meant losing his bet and all that that implied. If they tried only for a tie, they might destroy that thing in them which Wayne was trying to build on. If they got the tie, McGinnis saw, there would be a peculiar emptiness to it, and if they didn't get it they would remember they had lost trying for a tie when they should have been trying to win.

"Hurry it along," the referee said.

"Royce," McGinnis breathed, "go back and try 57."

He saw the faces, first astonished, then grinning, a kind of light passing over them. Just to see it happen, McGinnis thought, to leave the memory of this kind of try with them, was worth losing his money.

THE left half knelt, Royce took a practice swing with his foot and the Tech captain yelled, "Get in there and block this one." The ball went to the left half, who faked as though to place it on the ground. Then he tossed a short lateral to Royce running wide. McGinnis had turned and was now running desperately toward the right with the youngster. With the edge of one eye he saw Royce cock his arm and then he could see no more, for he had to dive at the knees of a Tech end charging in. One knee caught McGinnis hard in the ribs; lying in a kind of dimness he heard the note of the yelling change, heard it change again, louder and higher; and without seeing anything, he knew that the pass had been caught by Golightly behind the goal line.

Later, after he had showered and was slowly pulling on his clothes over his strapped side, McGinnis saw Wayne come toward him through the steam issuing from the shower-room door. "That's what I'd have wanted you to do, Abe," he said, "even if we'd lost. But it must have been a struggle for you to decide."

Briefly, McGinnis toyed with the idea of telling Wayne what else had been at stake but decided not to. It would be good for Wayne not to know: it would be good for everyone involved not to know. Later, he himself would have to explain to Moira where he had gotten that extra 350 dollars.

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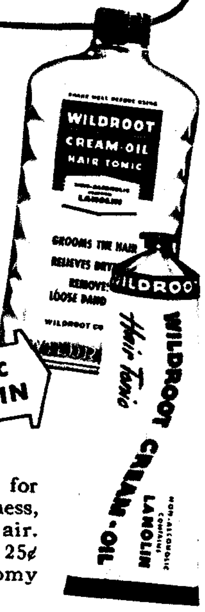

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PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 20

sweetheart," Frank said. He smiled feebly at Johnny. "The saloon isn't bad."

"I've always felt at home in saloons," Lois said. "But not this one."

After that no one could think of anything to say. They listened to the faint humming of machinery and savored the rare odors. The steward finished with the cabin.

"Have you got a bottle of champagne?" Johnny said.

"No champagne, sir," the steward replied.

"How about a bottle of gin?" Lois said. "I'd like to wash my hands in it."

"The liquor stores are closed," the steward said. "Captain has the key. He has gone to sleep."

"Wake him up," Frank said. "We'll buy him a drink."

The steward smiled and shook his head. "Danish beer?"

"Anything," Lois said. "Draw three. Put a collar on 'em." She held up her wrist for them to see. "Look at the pretty green bug."

"Copra fly," the steward said.

"Are those copra flies in Mr. Smith's room?" Lois asked.

"Cockroaches," the steward said.

"You ask a straight question on the Lousy Neilsen," Lois said, "and you get a straight answer."

The beer was reasonably cold and very good. Lois brightened slightly. "Anything with alcohol in it, however little, is amazingly good, don't you think?" she said. "If you drink enough, Johnny, this scow'll seem like the Lurline. Suppose you *do* have the shakes when you land in Panama?"

"Now, honey," Frank said. "We mustn't judge too much by outward appearances. On a small ship such as this you get the feel of seafaring. You meet interesting people. You have a feeling of adventure."

"Do you?" Johnny said.

"You get away from it all," Frank said.

"That's what Bridgeford did, with a hat-check girl from a night club," Lois said. "Let's have another beer—the bum."

"I don't think we'd better, angel," Frank said. "Johnny undoubtedly wants to turn in."

"Oh, no!" Johnny said.

The steward came in, bringing a chit for Johnny. He signed it. In response to a question from Frank, the steward said the Leise Neilson would depart when the pilot came aboard at dawn.

"Will there be more before I go to bed?" he asked.

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "What's your name?"

"Neilsen, sir. Good night."

"I admire the courage of people that can make jokes in conditions like these," Lois commented.

Frank got up. "We ought to take this hair curler to Mother before it grows too late," he said. "She might want to use it yet tonight."

THE three of them went together to the aft end of the boat deck. Hatches propped open gave them a view of the vast well of the engine room. A man stripped to the waist passed below them on a catwalk.

"If Lois will forgive us," Johnny said, "I'd like a word in private with you, Frank."

"Excuse us, darling?" Frank said.

"Let me in on the huddle," Lois said. "Frank's given me the whole story, Johnny. I won't tell anybody you're the house dick here."

"Lois Bridgeford!" Frank said.

"That's nice of you," Johnny said, "but I'd still like to talk to Frank alone for a minute."

"Sure, go ahead," Lois said. "Play being mysterious detectives, if you get a kick out of it. I know men are just big kids."

Taking Frank's arm, Johnny led him to the rail. He looked about to make sure they were in the clear, and lowered his voice. "I love the manner in which you and Lois share everything," he said, "including my secrets."

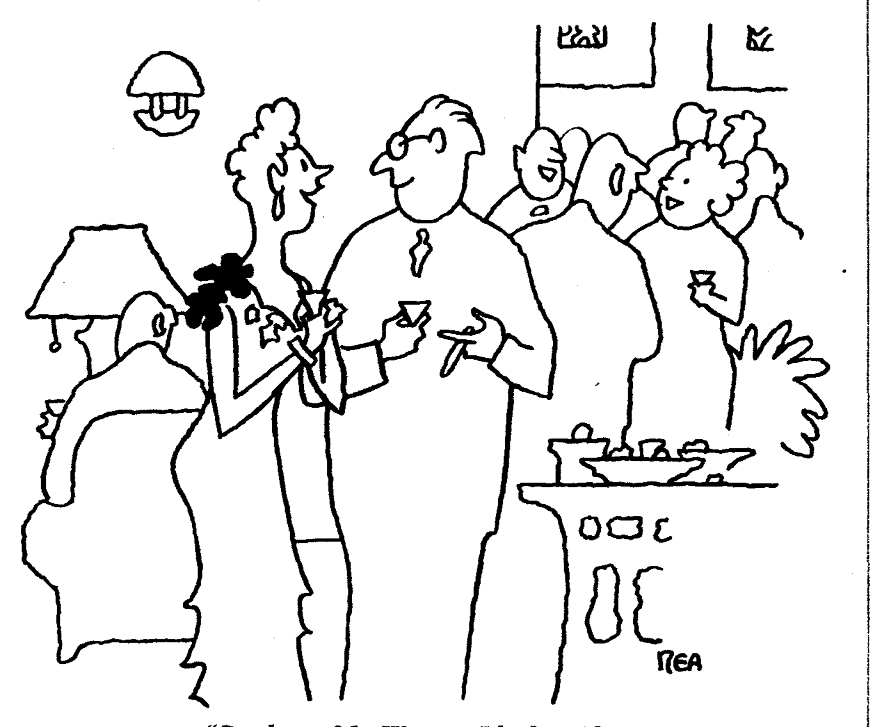
"Johnny," Frank said, "that kid is true blue. Don't get sore. I'd trust her with my life."

"And with mine."

"You mustn't exaggerate, pal. This is only a boat ride."

"Yeah? Today a squarehead came in my office and warned me not to take the ride. Tonight Monk Arezzo and friends tailed me over here and tried to pick me off. Besides that, Bishop is white-haired and homely!"

"What?"



"Goodness, Mr. Wurges, I had no idea books could be so fascinating! What other ones have you banned lately?"

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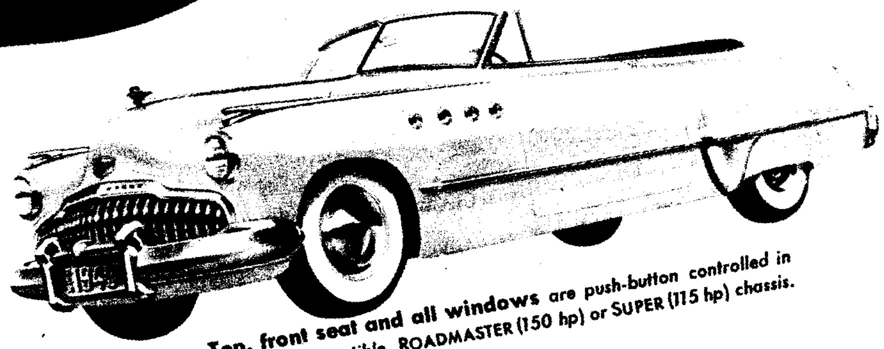

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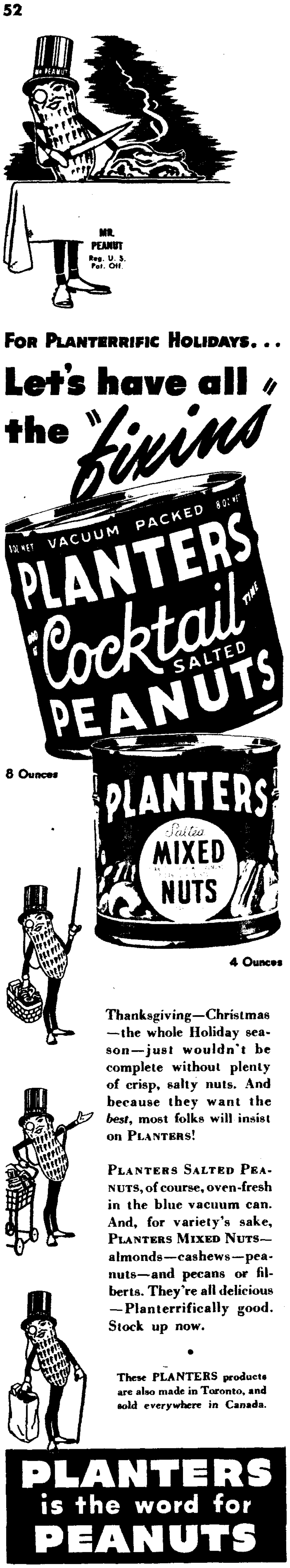

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"I saw her today. This is no clambake, Frank."

"For pity's sakes!"

"I ducked Monk," Johnny said, "but I want you to do me a favor. Get hold of him in the next few days and tell him if he's still in town when I come back I'm going to beat his ears clear off."

"I'll confer with him personally," Frank said quietly. "He won't be in town when you come back. There is such a thing as courtesy to the profession, and Monk isn't showing it." He gave a violent start. "Listen, where is Bishop? We ought to be with her if it's the McCoy. Suppose the dame is knocked off here? We'll be out of business with twenty-five bucks and taxi fare."

"That's where you come in," Johnny said. "Have you got a gun on you?"

"Why would I have a gun on me? Didn't you bring yours?"

"The cops took it."

"Cops?" Frank said.

"I stopped in a market, see," Johnny said, "and—" He broke off and sighed wearily. "Never mind, I'll make myself a slingshot. Frank, you'd better dump Lois and Mother and the twins and visit the St. Louis. See if our pigeon is okay, just for fun. I can't leave the boat now."

"All right," Frank said. "It'd be a real financial loss for us if we failed to keep her alive for less than a week. How tough can a racket get?"

"I'll tell you later."

"Johnny boy, you're in danger too. That's what worries me."

"Not the danger you're in. I'm worried to death about you."

"You don't like Lois, do you?"

"She's lovely," Johnny said, "she's engaged, she uses wiles on you. Oh, she's fine, Frank, if you like women. But we know better, don't we, pal? They're false and conniving. They drink Martinis in the afternoons with other guys. They spend your money and double-cross you. They—"

"Stop, Johnny boy! You're spoiling everything."

"Listen to your Uncle John. Enjoy her company. Hold her hand. But then blow. Think of poor Bridgewater, drunk all the time from the horror of it."

"Bridgeford. Listen, I'm crazy about her. I—"

"Has she got any dough?"

"Her alimony. That stops when we get married."

"Don't get married, Frank. Can't you—"

FRANK said, "Definitely not. You want Bridgewater—Bridgeford hiring some detective to follow me around? Think of the shame."

"Think of the expense," Johnny said. "Twins. A mother-in-law. All inherited. Frank, promise me you won't do anything until I return."

"Stop talking like that," Frank said. "I'm worried enough as it is. Johnny, you're facing death."

"You're facing a fate worse than death," Johnny said. "Let's have that promise, Frank. Send me off happy."

"Okay," Frank said. "You win. I'll stall her until I see you again. But if you should get knocked off, I'm not going to wait *that* long."

"Thank you, boy," Johnny said.

Rather emotionally, they returned to Lois. Her under lip was protruding.

"How are the junior G-men?" she said. "Did you show each other your badges?"

"Now, dear," Frank said. "We were only talking business."

"One of the first things you're going to do after we're married," Lois said, "is change into a business where you don't have to chase women professionally."

"Yes, honey," Frank said. "Say goodby to Uncle John. I'm kind of in a hurry."

"*Bon voyage*, Uncle John," Lois said. "I hope you get to sit at the captain's table. Remember, you don't have to dress the first night out."

Frank hugged Johnny briefly. *"Bon voyage,"* he said unhappily.

Johnny waited until they were safely down on the dock and had waved a last time. He smoked a couple of cigarettes, made a final inspection of his surroundings, and went into his cabin. A terrible slaughter had taken place in there. Opening the portholes did little to dispel the fatal cloud, but he was sick of tramping the boat deck. Gingerly undressing, he laid himself upon the narrow cot, breathed deeply of the deadly insecticide and other fumes, and fell fast asleep....

He awakened to the sound of voices. One belonged to Anna Marie Bishop, the eminent hair curler, and it was being used loudly and rapidly. The other, Johnny judged, was that of the steward. They seemed to be just beyond his cabin door. He got up, put on his robe and peeked out.

A gorgeous ash-blonde in a white sharkskin suit was standing beside an entrance labeled "Owner." Johnny noted her legs to begin with—they were superb—and then her trim, small figure, her irregular but ravishing features, her short, beautifully wavy hair.

Neilsen, the steward, was facing her, engaged in explaining that the captain was asleep and couldn't be disturbed, that the bugs in the owner's cabin were not the biting kind, that everything would be fixed to the lady's satisfaction in the morning, and that he was only the steward and very sleepy.

"What do you think I am at this hour of the morning?" the lovely girl demanded, borrowing Anna Marie's voice. "But I am not going to bed down in any entomologist's paradise. You just get the commander of this floating slum out at once."

"I cannot," the steward said. "I am only the steward."

Johnny was very sleepy himself. He batted his eyes and looked around for the old babe he had sworn to defend. She was nowhere in sight. This little treasure in white was vaguely familiar to him. He knew he'd seen her somewhere before.

"I don't care who you are," the girl said. "Call the commander of this insect collection."

Johnny was racked by a galvanic shock of recognition. Angel Face here was straight from the picture on Mr. Albertson's piano. Unretouched and larger than life—none other than good old Anna Marie Bishop herself.

"Could you not sleep tonight?" the steward said. "In a few hours the captain will—"

"Show me his door," Anna Marie said, briskly. "You needn't do a thing but that. I'll kick it down."

"I will go speak to him," the steward said resignedly.

"You could see better if you came outside," Anna Marie snapped.

"Who, me?" Johnny said.

"Yes, you."

HE STEPPED into the alley smiling diffidently. Anna Marie stared at him. "Don't I know you?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm the lawyer that came to see you, John Smith."

"Of course."

"At least I think I saw you. You didn't have on any make-up and you were barefooted."

Anna Marie laughed. "That's right. I never bother to fix up when I'm busy. But I'm the same girl."

"Your hair was gray," Johnny reminded her.

"It was full of Madame de Maintenon's Self-Permanent cream. Didn't I explain the product to you?"

"Oh, sure," Johnny said, "but—"

"Now I remember," Anna Marie said. "I gave you a sample set. Has Mrs. Smith tried it yet?"

"There is no Mrs. Smith."

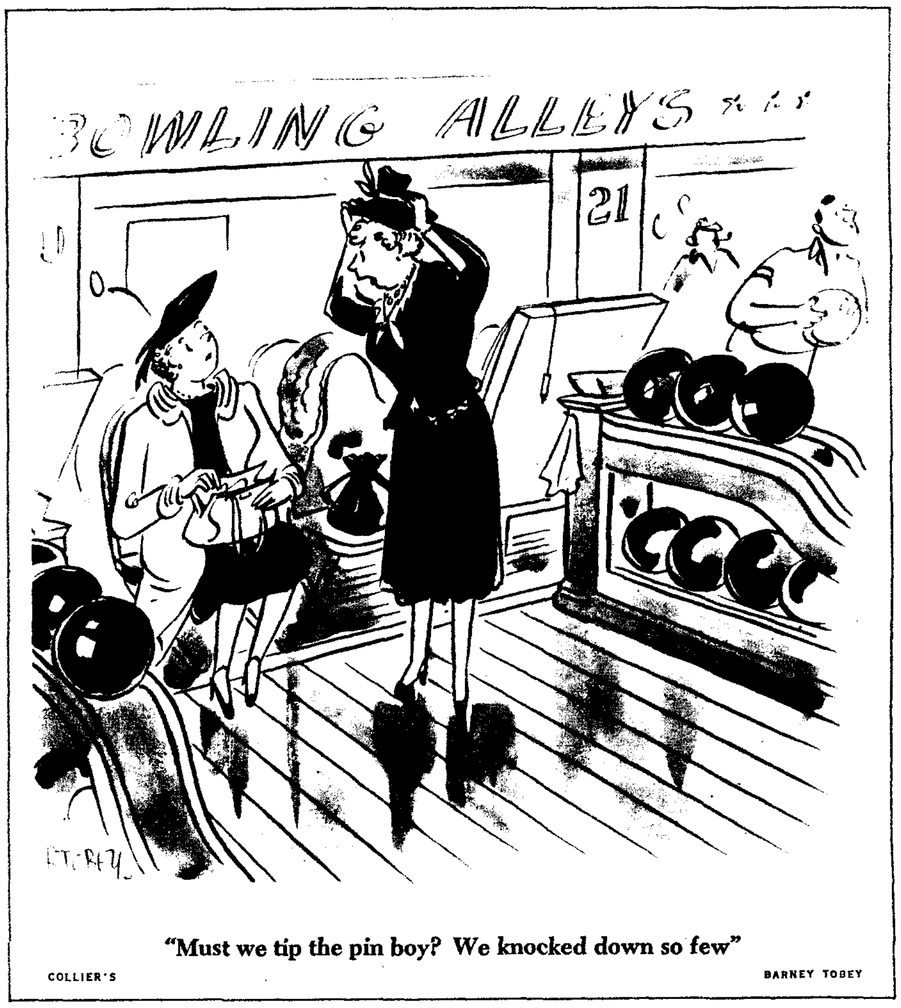
"Well, try it on yourself if only for laughs. You could stand a little improvement, Smith."

"Would I have curls?"

"Absolutely. Look at mine."

Johnny leaned forward to examine her hair, coming into contact with an aura of perfume and cologne. She smelled heavenly, which was something you couldn't say for the Leise Neilsen, and she was so pretty.

"Gee," Johnny said, "they're simply



"Must we tip the pin boy? We knocked down so few"

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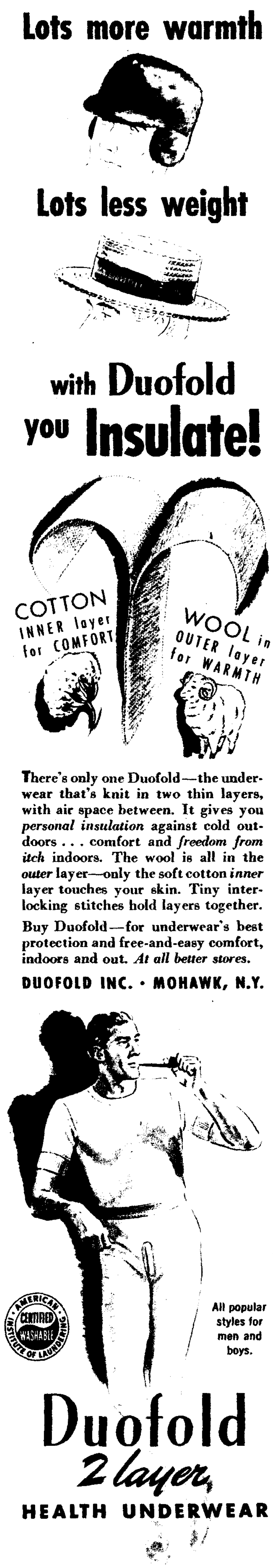

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dandy! I can't wait to give myself a permanent. Is my hair long enough?"

"Let me see," Anna Marie said. She ran her fingers across his head. "I'm afraid not. The curlers wouldn't hold. But as soon as it's a little longer, you're due for fun and a surprise."

"Oh, boy!" Johnny said. "Are you positive I can't start right now? Pat me on the head again."

"That's all, brother."

THE steward came back and reported the captain was roused, and would receive Miss Bishop.

Johnny followed the others across the saloon, to the door marked "Captain." The master awaited them in the doorway—a short, broad man in pajamas and robe. His shrewd heavy-lidded eyes were puffy with sleep. He had a fat, good-humored countenance.

"Captain Maesk, Miss Bishop," the steward said.

"Captain," Anna Marie said, "what have you got on? Some kind of a feud with the health department? Are you running a cattle boat here?"

"No. General cargo," the captain said.

"Have you seen my cabin? It's full of wild life."

"So is mine, Miss Bishop."

"If you wish to sleep with company, Captain," Anna Marie said, "that is your affair. But I refuse to spend the next ten days scratching myself and spraying myself with insecticide."

"You have my profound apologies," Captain Maesk said, with bland courtesy, "but the Leise Neilsen has had two years of constant service in the Orient, and we find keeping the standards of cleanliness observed in liners is impossible. What would you suggest, Miss Bishop?"

"Another cabin, a clean one."

"We do not have another cabin, nor a clean one."

A flush stained the cheeks of the girl industrialist. "Then I suggest an immediate and complete house cleaning."

"That is out of the question."

"My good man," Anna Marie said, "you know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," Captain Maesk said. "The steward told me."

"I am a big woman in these parts," Anna Marie explained; "and used to a considerable degree of service."

"I can quite understand that, Miss Bishop."

"And I don't like your attitude."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"I am doing quite a bit of business," Anna Marie said, "and I'd hate to have to cancel everything suddenly."

"Yes, that would be unfortunate for all of us."

They looked at each other. Anna Marie knitted her finely plucked brows. "I'll get off myself," Anna Marie said, "and leave you flat." She glanced at Johnny. "Are you with me on that, Smith?"

"Right with you, Annie," Johnny said.

"Ah," Captain Maesk said, "you are Mr. Smith. Good evening."

"Good evening, Captain," Johnny said.

"What do you say to that, Cap?" Anna Marie demanded. "Not a very inviting prospect, is it?"

"No," the captain said, "most uninviting."

"Furthermore," Anna Marie said, "I'll write your owners informing them of your discourtesy."

The captain smiled sleepily. "I do not think you will."

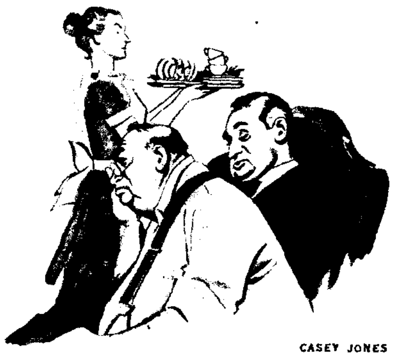
There was a second of silence. Anna Marie's flush grew deeper. She took a long breath and managed to subdue her rage, replacing it with a wide, ingratiating smile from nowhere.

"My dear captain," she said, "you're a man of the world. I'm a woman of the world. We both know money talks. How much will it cost to procure decent accommodations on your boat?"

"I find my salary sufficient," the captain said.

"Then you're set," Anna Marie agreed heartily, "and I admire you for your good management and sagacity. But what of Mrs. Maesk? Wouldn't she go for a few bottles of perfume and enough beauty aids to keep a wave in her hair for a year? How about making your bride the toast of Norway?"

"Denmark," Captain Maesk said. "Thank you, no. Mrs. Maesk has naturally curly hair and plenty of scent. Is there anything else, Miss Bishop?"


CASEY JONES

Thanks Given

The turkey is a hulk of bones,
The gravy bowl is dry,
The olives now are only stones,
There's not a trace of pie.

Behold the table, once so filled
With viands overplus:
The groaning board, you see, is stilled—
The groaning comes from us!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"One more thing, Maesk," Anna Marie said in strangled tones. "How would you like to come out on deck and put up your dukes? I'll fight you for money, marbles or chalk."

"Now, Annie," Johnny said.

She glared at all of them and words failed her. They watched as she rushed from the saloon, her hands clenched. The captain, seemingly undisturbed, gazed at Johnny.

"You find yourself unhappy, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"Not me," Johnny said. "I just happened to be standing on the corner when this started. Good night, gentlemen."

He followed Anna Marie, expecting to find her en route to the dock. But instead she was climbing the ladder to the bridge. After a moment of hesitation, he went swiftly below to the dock. Frank materialized from the shadows.

"I was wondering if you'd come down here," he said. "Nobody killed her on the boat, did they?"

"Not yet," Johnny said. "I'm glad you didn't lie to me about shaking Lois and going to work."

"Nothing is too good for my best friend. I thought you said Bishop was a dog? Why, I'd take that kind in preference to anything I've seen in years."

"Including Lois?"

"I cannot tell a lie," Frank said. "Including Lois."

Johnny took the snub-nosed revolver Frank handed him. He shoved it in the waistband of his pajamas, flinching at the sting of the cold metal on his skin.

"Here's the deal," he said. "Annie's already had a beef with the captain. I doubt if she stays aboard, but I'll stick with her afloat or ashore. You can go home."

"I hate to leave you, Johnny boy. Sometimes I think I love you more than Lois and the twins."

"We shouldn't stand around here talking too long."

"Lois is mad at me for dumping her early," Frank said.

"Shame on her!" Johnny said. "For my dough, you can do no wrong, pal. You ought to get mad at her for being narrow-minded."

"You dirty rat," Frank said, "trying to break us up in that conniving, treacherous way. So long."

"So long," Johnny said. "Regards to Mother and the kids."

He found Anna Marie pacing the deserted bridge rather calmly. Falling in step with her, he took her arm.

"Annie," he said, "I can't tell you how shocked I was at the captain."

"So unco-operative, wasn't he?" Anna Marie said. "Well, you meet all kinds of people when you're doing business."

"I suppose you're getting off right away?"

"No, indeed. I haven't time for new arrangements."

"Ah?" Johnny said. "I hate bugs and dirt and smells myself."

"Why don't you get off?"

"To be frank with you," Johnny said, "it's a matter of money."

"Each of us has his problems," Anna Marie said. She removed a coin purse from her handbag and examined its contents. "Smith, I have to put in a few calls from the dock phone. Care to accompany me?"

"I'd love to," Johnny said.

He waited just outside the booth while she dialed several numbers. It was growing colder, and he lighted a cigarette and shuffled his feet.

"That's that," Anna Marie said, emerging from the booth. "Let's turn in, Smith."

THEY ascended to the boat deck. Studying the legs climbing ahead of him, he pledged himself to keep their owner walking around on them during his tenure of office. Anna Marie halted casually in the alley. She disregarded Johnny's elaborate stifling of a yawn, which he intended as a hint that operations for the night were over.

"I talked to Jimmy Albertson," she said, "and mentioned that you were adequate. You can stay on."

"Huh?"

"Guard me as closely as you wish," Anna Marie went on, "but do not feel that you have to entertain me with your conversation. The past year has been awfully wearing, and my purpose in taking this voyage is to have a complete rest."

"You're mistaken, honey," Johnny said. "You've got the wrong party. I'm a lawyer and—"

"Shall we stop any nonsense?" Anna Marie said. "Albertson is an old woman, and I was quite prepared to have him take such measures as private detectives. Your actions and appearance, beginning with the call at my hotel, would not be

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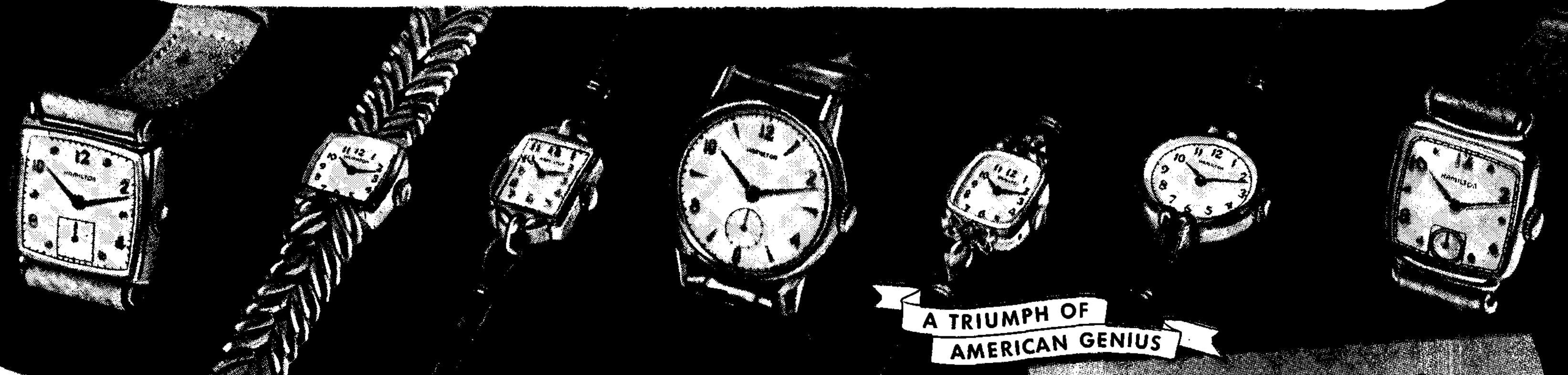

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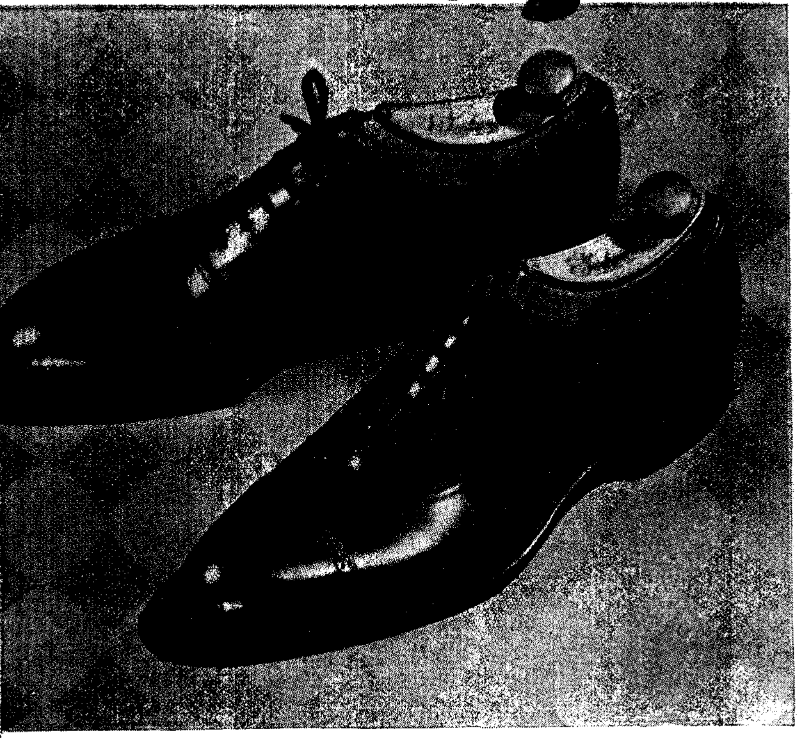

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"Such an imagination!" Johnny said.

"For your information," Anna Marie said, "I attach absolutely no importance to that anonymous letter. When we reach Panama, unless something develops, you are automatically off salary."

"I can't imagine," Johnny said, "where you ever got the idea that I am a—"

"Do you need to invest Albertson's panicky spending of my money with an air of mystery?" Anna Marie said. "It's bad enough always having you around without the necessity of playing games."

"Annie," Johnny began, "I—"

"That's another thing," Anna Marie interrupted. "I'm not amused by your flat-footed air of familiarity. Let's keep this employer-employee relationship straight. I am Miss Bishop to you."

"Miss Bishop," Johnny said, "I—"

The revolver slipped from his waistband, fell down his right pajama leg, inflicted a grievous bump on the bare instep of his foot and slithered across the deck to Anna Marie. She picked it up and handed it to him.

"You dropped something," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Bishop," Johnny said humbly. "Good night."

FOR three days the Leise Neilsen traveled under overcast skies on a glassy sea, and the constant breeze was chilly. But on the fourth day the clouds vanished. The temperature rose, and the air had a languor in it.

Changes took place immediately. The crew started scraping and painting, and the decks were actually washed and swabbed. Captain Maesk, formerly dressed in khaki pants and shirt, arrived for the midday meal in the saloon in shorts and an undershirt. From the bowels of the ship came a red-faced man with a plentitude of gold teeth, and wearing steel-rimmed glasses, who introduced himself as the chief engineer.

"Chief Neilsen speaks English," Captain Maesk said blandly, "and I thought he might be an addition to our group. I'm afraid you find it dull talking only to me."

"I do," Anna Marie said, "but Mr. Smith must speak for himself."

"I'm very, very happy," Johnny said. "Sit down, Chief. Did you say your name was Neilsen?"

The chief nodded and exhibited his dental treasures.

"Any relation to our steward?" Johnny asked.

"No, Mr. Smith."

"Or to the people who own this line, Chief?"

"I wish I was," the chief said, "but I'm not. You see, Mr. Smith, Neilsen is a common name in Denmark, like Smith in your country—" Chief Neilsen blushed uneasily. "No offense intended, Mr. Smith."

"Nope," Johnny said. "We're in the same boat, Chief—if you'll excuse the little joke."

The chief laughed loudly. Captain Maesk smiled. Raising her eyes from a thick book she was reading concerning Mayan civilization, Anna Marie gazed coldly at Johnny.

"That is what I like best about Americans," the chief said. "The little jokes. I was on a liner in the Orient before the war, and I had a table of my own at which the passengers sat. There was always jokes from the Americans. We drank a lot too."

"I wondered where you got that red face," Anna Marie said. "Pass the pickled beets, please."

Johnny went on talking to the Danes, and tried to ignore his grim client. She had been that way ever since the first morning—reading at meals, mostly monosyllabic, and definitely insolent to one and all. Life was dull, bug-ridden and smelly for Johnny, and she made it much worse. The food was bad, the bed was hard, and recreational facilities were nonexistent. Yet everything else was more bearable than the girl industrialist.

He had long since decided that she had a talent for being unpleasant. Her powers for holding a grudge were immense; though Captain Maesk was careful to assure Anna Marie by his manner that he was not annoyed by their initial conference, she never let up on him. Johnny thought perhaps she was secretly infuriated by the captain's calm indifference; that was supposed to get women more than anything else.

THOUGH he himself suffered Anna Marie with as much outward gladness as Maesk, inwardly he was filled with an unswerving dislike for her. His greatest consolation was that in another week or so she'd be on her own.

"Today," the captain said, "we have more of that good buttermilk soup with raisins. Will you have a bowl, Miss Bishop?"

"If you please," Anna Marie said. "Mr. Neilsen, can I trouble you for the herring?"

"With pleasure," the chief said. "Would you care to go through the engine room, Miss Bishop?"

"Definitely not, Mr. Neilsen," Anna Marie replied.

The chief looked troubled. "Passengers usually like that."

"I'll hunt you up later, Chief," Johnny said. "It sounds interesting."

The midday meal was the big one on the Leise Neilsen. Johnny, who wasn't discriminating, would not have minded the food too much but for Anna Marie's glum presence. As it was, he managed to eat only twice as much as the captain, also a hearty feeder.

The moment she was through with her coffee, Anna Marie rose. She bade the others a distant goodby.

"If you wish to sun-bathe, Miss Bishop," Captain Maesk said, "I will have the steward spread blankets up on the flying bridge. It is an excellent place and has privacy."

"Thank you, Captain," Anna Marie said, "but I prefer to count the cockroaches in my cabin."

She went into her room and slammed the door. The captain frowned at Johnny and still managed to seem good-natured.

"Are all American girls like that now?" he asked.

"None of them are any bargains," Johnny said.

"I met one on the Rangoon run," the chief said, "who was very kind and generous. I'm a married man, but—"

"I beg your pardon, Chief," Captain Maesk said. "Perhaps Mr. Smith does not enjoy tales of Americans girls from foreigners."

"Yes, I do," Johnny said. "Give us the dope, Chief."

The chief did. Then the captain related a fascinating story of a Polish countess, extremely beautiful, whom he had carried from Copenhagen to Murmansk once. That reminded the chief of a White Russian in Hong Kong.

"I'll be darned," Johnny said. "Travel is certainly broadening, as they say."

"It is too bad Miss Bishop isn't more sympathetic," the captain said. "You'd probably enjoy this journey if she were."

"No, I'm satisfied," Johnny said. "The fact is, I don't like her much."

"She's very pretty," the chief said.

"I prefer brunettes," the captain said. "American women are often cold, I've heard."

"She does seem skinny," the chief said. "I have never been against the heavier girls."

"I like brunettes myself," Johnny said.

"Go on a liner the next time," the chief said. "There are plenty of girls. You have dancing and deck chairs. At night you can go in the bar."

The steward came in to clear off the dishes. He paused to wipe his steamy spectacles.

"The beach is the right place," he said,

COLLIER'S "If he likes the intellectual type, why don't you try wearing glasses?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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"especially in Sweden. There you see what you are getting."

"Miss Bishop says she's twenty-five," Johnny said.

"Twenty-five!" the chief said.

"Twenty-five!" the captain said.

"Ha!" the steward said.

The captain left to take his postdinner nap, the chief went below, and the steward staggered below to the galley with a tray of crockery. When he came back, Johnny asked if he could borrow the steward's portable typewriter for a couple of letters. The steward obligingly brought it to Johnny's cabin.

GETTING out the threatening letter, Johnny made an exact copy on the machine. He compared the two minutely under a magnifying glass. Though he was no great expert on the matter, he was positive the warning had not come from the steward. As he went to return the typewriter, he noticed the captain heading for the bridge. The steward was nowhere around. Johnny made a partial reconnaissance, secured a sheet of paper, and eased into the captain's cabin.

Under the lower bunk in the little bedroom adjoining Maesk's combination sitting room and office was wedged another portable. He closed the bedroom door, sat on a stool, balanced the typewriter on his knees, and hastily wrote the letter. Then he replaced the machine and started to open the door. It had swung six inches when the sound of movement warned him. Moving clear of the aperture, he froze.

The outer door was softly shut. There was the whisper of carefully placed feet on the carpeting. Johnny felt relief as he perceived he wasn't going to have the captain to deal with. A sound of drawers being opened and shut, the rustle of papers came to him. He looked into the other room.

Anna Marie had her back to him and was stooping, having just finished an examination of Maesk's desk. Now her attention fell on a wall cabinet, and she straightened and opened it. The cabinet contained books, pipes, tobacco, small personal effects. On the top shelf was a wad of miscellaneous papers. Among them, she appeared to find what she wanted, a single slip that she stuffed in the bosom of her dress.

When she turned to leave, Johnny stepped from the bedroom. Anna Marie was surprised into rigidity.

"Let me go first," Johnny said softly. "I'll give you a signal if it's clear."

He cracked the door and peeped in the alley; it was empty. Moving out, he made sure the saloon was untenanted. He motioned to Anna Marie, who swiftly passed him and went on to her cabin. He had to trot to catch her, and thereafter trod on her heels. She tried to slam her door in his face, but he interposed a foot and shoulder, and entered.

Shutting the door, he shot the bolt. The portholes were open, and he closed them, first ascertaining that the little area of boat deck outside was uninhabited; Anna Marie sat on her cot and watched him.

"I don't recall inviting you in," she said.

"Let me see what you found."

"Get out of here!"

He walked over to her. She jumped up and extended a hand to push him off. He gripped her wrist.

"I'll yell for help," Anna Marie said. "This is a bad boat for that."

"You're working for me. It's none of your affair! You'll do what I tell you!"

"Come on, baby."

He caught her other arm and forced her down on the cot. She turned her head away from him. He increased the pressure on her wrists until she began silently to struggle. In a moment she was panting and had tears in her eyes.

"I hate to hurt you."

"You'll have to tear the clothes off me to get it!"

"Okay."

"No!" Anna Marie said. "Wait. You win."

He released her. She rose and took the paper from her bosom. Anticipating her attempt to tear it up, he caught both her hands again and slowly twisted the right one until the paper dropped on the floor. When he bent to retrieve it, she tried to kick him. Catching her foot, he shoved her off balance and spilled her on the cot.

The paper was a typed wireless message, addressed to Anna Marie on the Leise Neilsen. It read:

CONTRACTS APPROVED CHECK DEPOSITED YOUR ACCOUNT IN BANK FOR SALE OF MADAME DE MAINTENON PRODUCTS STOP BON VOYAGE STOP ALBERTSON

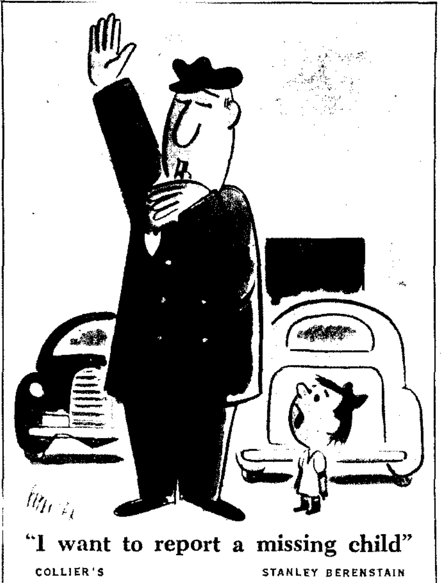
"That's something Mr. Albertson forgot to mention to me," Johnny said. "You were waiting for this wireless, huh?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't the captain give it to you?"

"I don't know."

"How does this affect the big survey of the jungles, Annie?"



"I want to report a missing child"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"None of your damned business," Anna Marie said.

Johnny shook his head reprovingly. "Such language. Annie, you better stop visiting strange cabins and tell Uncle John your troubles. Maybe he can help you."

"You're fired."

"Now, there's where you're wrong," Johnny said. "I'm working for Mr. Albertson. But even if I wasn't, I'd go on with this. It's absolutely fascinating."

"Get out, you busted-nosed bum!"

HE LIGHTED a cigarette, applied the same match to the wireless message, allowed it to burn up in the washbasin, and flushed away the ashes with water. Turning over onto her stomach, Anna Marie started to weep. Johnny paused uncertainly, but there seemed nothing more he could do for her. He went into his own cabin, observing that the steward was in the saloon and had seen him.

The next thing was a comparison of the letter done on the captain's typewriter with the original. Under the glass, they were identical. So that was that. Either Maesk, or someone with access to his machine, had sent the bad news to Mr. Albertson.

Johnny frowningly burned all his correspondence and had another cigarette. He realized a brighter detective would see meaning and coherence in this array of evidence, and yet it was completely confusing to him.

The captain was a kindhearted gent who didn't deliver his passengers' radiograms and was willing to save a blonde from death. Annie was a girl who put on huge publicity campaigns for outfits she had already sold. Mr. Albertson, the eminent mouthpiece, hired operatives to investigate cuddly clients he didn't trust, and neglected to tell everything he knew.

Somewhat discouraged, Johnny departed his little, buggy nest and wandered below to visit the chief engineer. The chief was in his combination office and cabin, situated just above the water line. He put aside drafting tools and a performance graph he was drawing, brought a couple of bottles of beer from the ship's freeze box, and pressed cigarettes on Johnny.

"It is lonely down here," he said. "Nothing to do but listen to the motor and worry about oil consumption. Skoal!"

"Skoal!" Johnny said, and drank from the bottle like the chief.

"When I was on a liner I wore a white uniform every night. Now see me. This is not a good life."

"Well, you have your memories."

"And you?" the chief said. He flashed his gold teeth and leaned forward to poke Johnny suggestively with a cluster of stubby fingers. "The steward told me you were visiting in Miss Bishop's cabin this afternoon. Is she growing friendlier?"

"I'll tell you this much," Johnny said. "She held hands with me."

The chief laughed delightedly and poked him again. They finished their beer. It was far hotter below decks, and, despite two fans in the cabin, sweat was running off them. The swish and throb of the Diesel motor came through the bulkhead.

"I like Americans," the chief said. "They are good people. They saved us Danes, as a nation. Another bottle, John?"

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "How about that personally conducted tour of the engine room you mentioned?"

"You will be hot."

"I don't mind."

"It is dirty and very noisy. You will spoil your clothes."

"I'll be careful."

"Would you care to look at some presents I bought for my family in China?" the chief said.

"Later on," Johnny said. "Or are you too busy to take me in the engine room?"

"No, I am not too busy," the chief replied.

His usual ruddy color had ebbed, and he was wetting his lips with his tongue. When he picked up his cap from the desk, his hand trembled almost imperceptibly. Johnny took a deep breath and followed him into the engine room, aware of a prickling coldness across his shoulders, and tightening muscles.

THEY came out on a platform overlooking the deep well in which that enormous nine-cylinder motor lay. The noise was deafening, the heat intense. A man was working in a small machine shop that occupied a part of the platform. He glanced up at them and then went on working. Johnny looked about him hard, and saw a couple more men far below, beside the motor; that was all. The chief motioned for him to follow.

The trip down was gradual. On a lower level they inspected the cylinder heads of the motor and watched the push rods operating. The chief was explaining volubly, but he didn't raise his voice enough, and Johnny could hear almost nothing. He kept nodding and smiling and lifting his eyes.

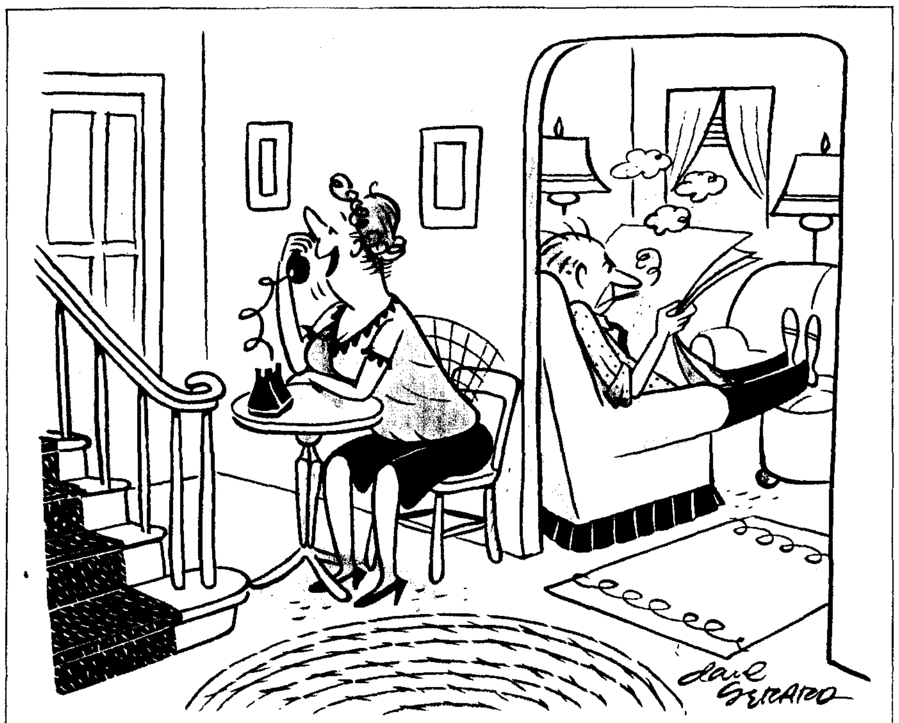
Finally they reached the floor of the engine room. Johnny saw the condensers, the injector pumps, the auxiliary engines, fifty other gadgets. The noise and the way the view was blocked off in every direction made him extremely nervous. He noticed the chief seemed pale and drawn, and sweating so much his shirt appeared black. He began to wish fervently that he hadn't insisted on straining his luck.

Then Johnny noticed the man who had been working in the machine shop. He was on a walk almost above them, and he had a casting in his hands so heavy that it corded his naked arms and back. The guy was pretending to carry his load somewhere, but he was obviously following them.

"Pardon me!" the chief shouted.

He started to walk quickly away. Johnny caught him in a single bound, sliding on the greasy plates, and gripped his arm. They stood locked together. The chief didn't struggle or protest. His face was ashen.

(To be continued next week)



"—she did? Well, you can't blame her—oh, he drinks like a fish! Who's her lawyer? You mean the good-looking one?"

"'A government survey showed — a government survey showed price indices—a government survey showed—'"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

COSTS CUT IN HALF

when BOSTITCH fastening replaces hammer and nails HERE

Your fastening problem may differ a lot from the job of making soft-drink dispensers airtight. But maybe you, like this vending machine maker, can cut your fastening costs in half. Now he Bostitch-staples rubber insulation to the dispenser doors instead of nailing it. The Bostitch method is twice as fast, he says, and his workers like it much better.

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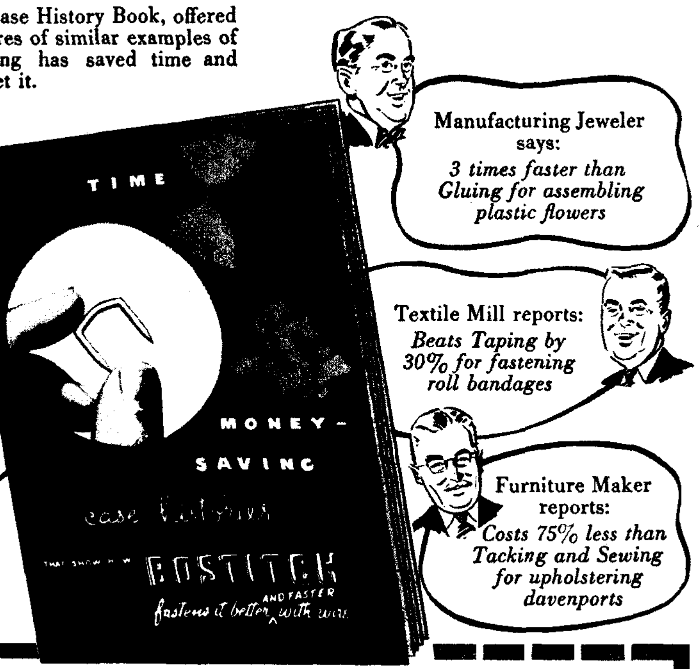
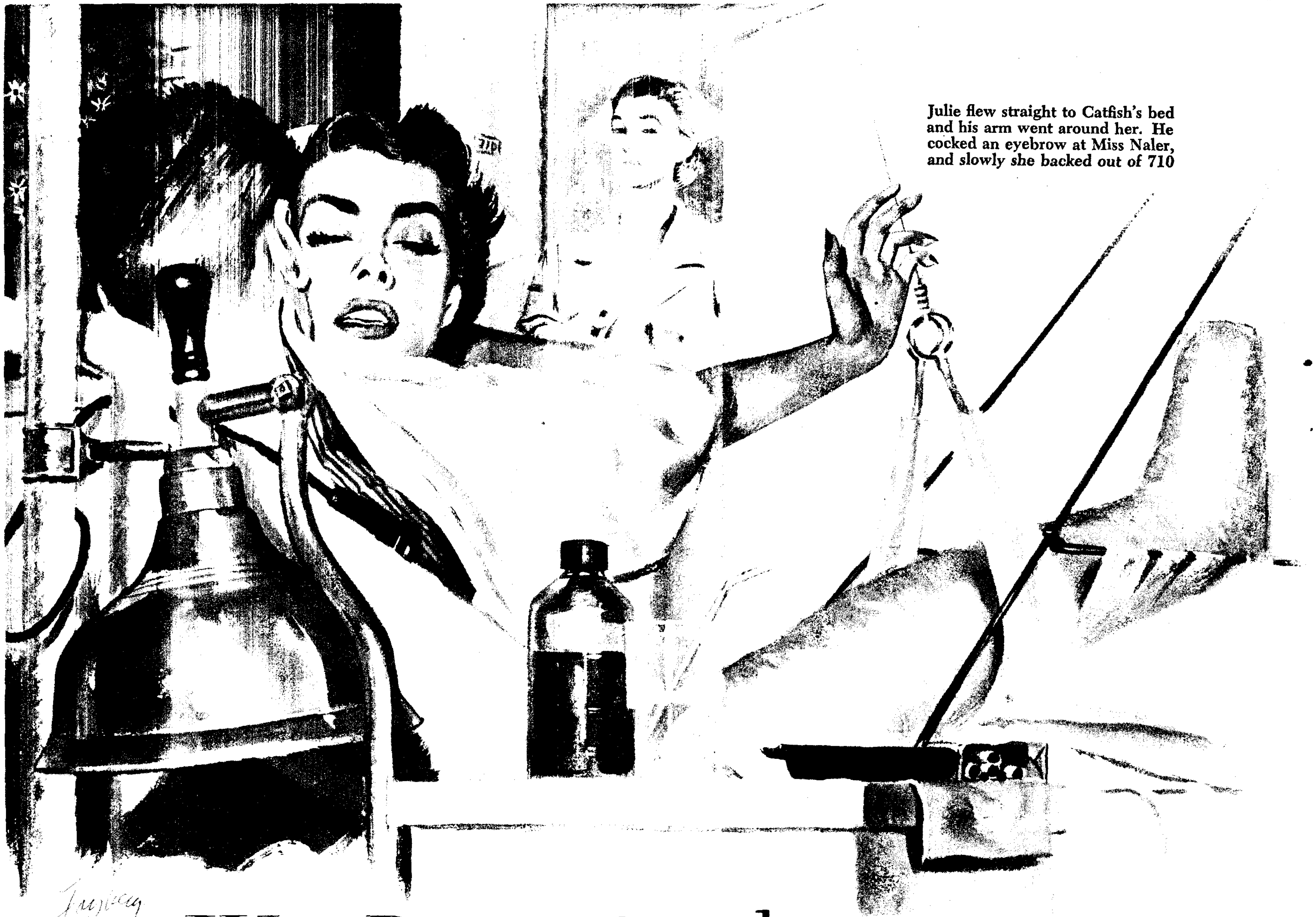
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES


TIME MONEY-SAVING case histories BOSTITCH fastens it better and faster with wire



Julie flew straight to Catfish's bed and his arm went around her. He cocked an eyebrow at Miss Naler, and slowly she backed out of 710

Way Down South in Boston

Catfish Morgan was a Southern gentleman whose rebel yell made everyone jump, especially beautiful Nurse Congrave

By BAIRD HALL

LAST winter I was a patient at the Foster Memorial Hospital of Boston. In a hospital, as elsewhere, you meet such interesting people.

My friend Patty, for instance, was a night float. I hasten to explain that a "float" is a nurse not assigned to one particular ward or floor but available for duty anywhere in the hospital as need arises. So "night floating" is a fairly respectable occupation, even as practiced by Pat.

One night I heard Pat's stifled giggle out in the corridor and snapped on my call light.

"You're supposed to be asleep." She settled herself in the chair beside my bed and accepted a cigarette. On entering she had, with practiced hand, almost and not quite closed the door of my little cubicle.

We discussed topics of the day, or rather of the night. Then I said, "Tomorrow they're moving me up to the seventh floor."

"No!"

"What's the matter with that? It's a promotion. Three way up to Seven."

"But that's Congrave's floor!"

"Congrave?"

"Miss Congrave. The head nurse on Seven. Gee!" Unconsciously Pat snubbed out her forbidden cigarette and gave her little white cap the poke that never quite straightened it. There was real horror in her voice as she said, "Congrave's a holy terror. And they say she's going to be Night Superintendent when old Naler gets the gate. Gee, you won't have any fun on Congrave's floor."

Patricia had the sinner's exaggerated awe of virtue and authority. So Pat's view that a dreadful dragon ruled on Foster Seven did not wholly convince me.

And next morning when I was trundled into the elevator, bed and all, and unloaded at the seventh floor, I knew I had never seen such a beautiful girl. Miss Congrave stood up promptly behind her floor desk.

"You're Mr. Williams, Doctor Blair's patient. There is no vacant private room so we're putting you in a semiprivate, Mr. Williams. You do have it alone for the moment. Number 710 south," she finished to the two orderlies wheeling me.

Her smile had been gorgeous if brief. Her voice was low. Not cold. Assured, of course. She was a head nurse. A starched uniform is stiff. But she was beautiful. Probably not over twenty-six. Certainly not taller than five two or three.

"Easy!" hissed one orderly. "Don't let your end scrape that door paint."

"Says who?" growled the orderly behind me at the head of the bed.

"Says Congrave!"

"Oh, yeah?"

They had me inside 710 and were pushing the bed into its corner. The first orderly glanced at the open door and murmured low, "Listen, kid, on Foster Seven you walk on eggs or you find yourself walking on the sidewalk. Way outside."

As soon as the orderlies left, the assistant head nurse came in.

"Hello, there," I said. I trust my grin had a suitably wolfish gleam, but so help me all I said was hello. And that nurse's eyes flew to the open door exactly as the orderly's had.

She spoke quickly and firmly. "We have orders to let you just rest a while, Mr. Williams. Not even smooth up your bed. But if you want anything—" The girl made sure my call-light cord was in reach, grabbed my traveling papers off the clip on the foot of my bed and scuttled out.

I dozed till Doc Homans came around. Homans was Doctor Blair's assistant and a nice guy.

"Well, how do you like your new location?"

"Any place that affords a view of that Miss Congrave is certainly desirable," I began.

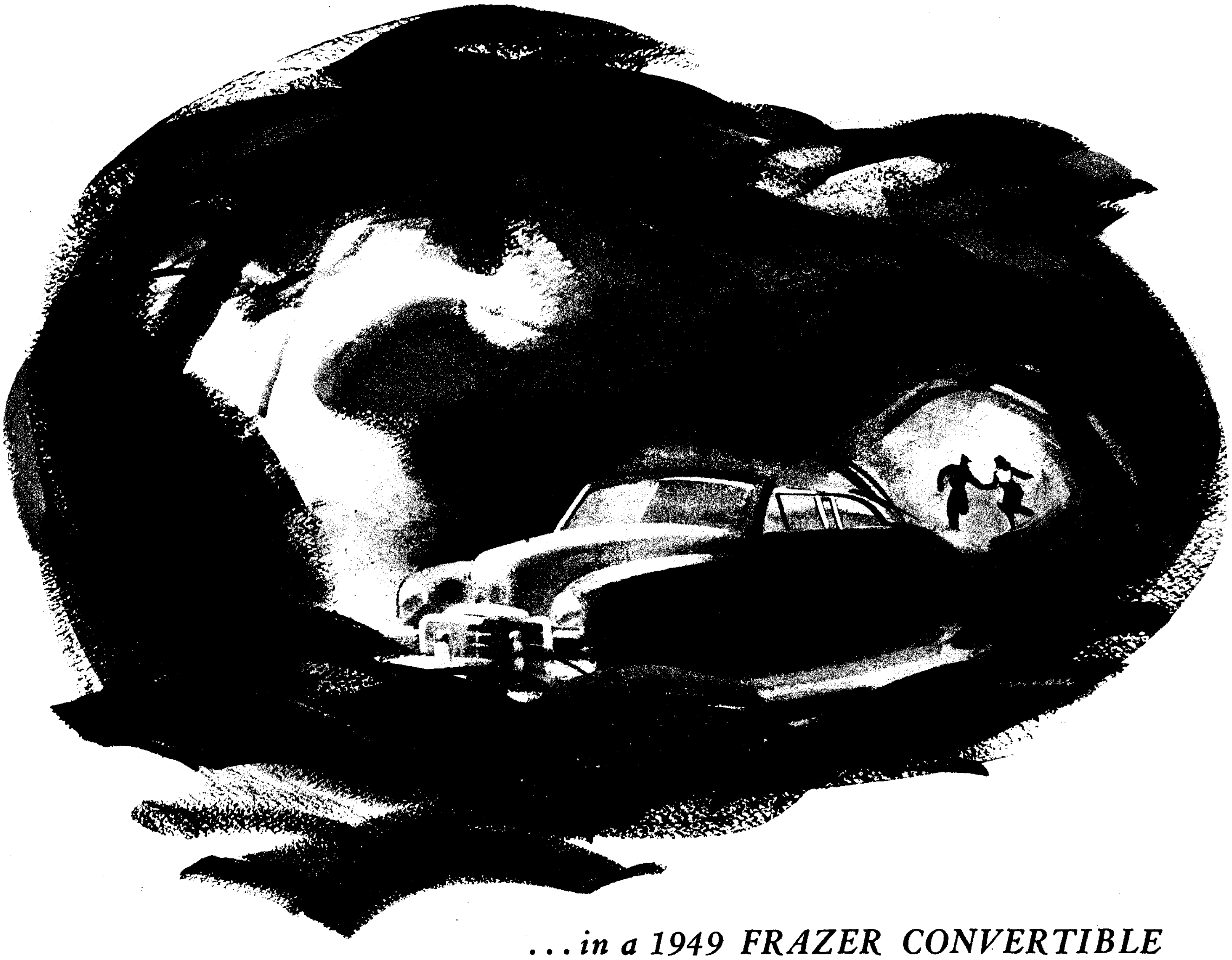
And Doc Homans' eyes flew to the open door.

"Say, what is this?" I popped up onto one elbow. "Are you scared of her too? What—?"

"Now, now. I guess the *(Continued on page 73)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

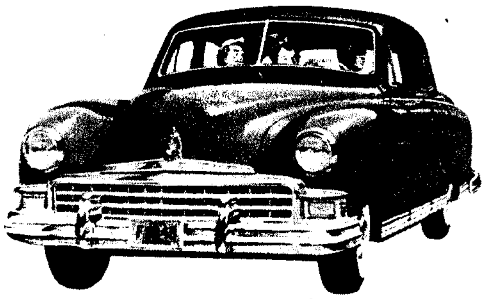
Open Season



. . . in a 1949 FRAZER CONVERTIBLE

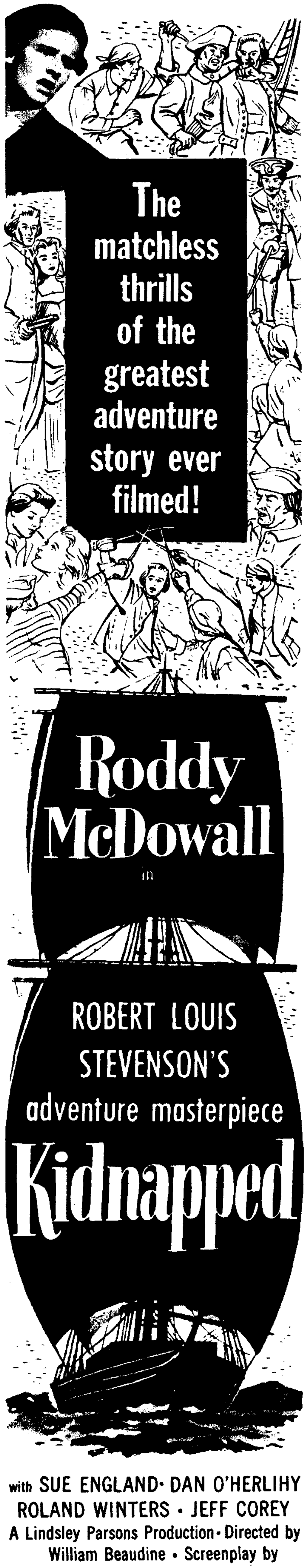
Tuck her in next to you . . . touch a button and watch the FRAZER top slide away automatically . . . be off with the wind to your own wooded wonderland! And if the rest of the crowd *must* come along, both the front and rear seats are wide, wide, *wide*—with *lots* of leg room. For you're driving the new 1949 FRAZER *Convertible*—the only full-size four-door *convertible* on the road! Big, handsome—a *dream* of a car! Yours in more colors than a pastel rainbow . . . yours in practically any fabric or leather-type interior you could imagine. You provide the girl . . . the nearest KAISER-FRAZER dealer will have the new 1949 FRAZER *Convertible* soon!

Kaiser-Frazer Corporation, Willow Run, Michigan.



See it today—and drive it away! The new 1949 FRAZER with 100 new features, improvements and refinements—at your dealer's NOW!

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"


The matchless thrills of the greatest adventure story ever filmed!
Roddy McDowall
in
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S adventure masterpiece
Kidnapped
with SUE ENGLAND · DAN O'HERLIHY
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A Lindsley Parsons Production · Directed by William Beaudine · Screenplay by W. Scott Darling · From the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson · A MONOGRAM Picture

MAIN STREET ON A FLATTOP

Continued from page 17

a matter of course, aboard our big carriers.

The Lerners go on—to the hardware store, to the five-and-ten, to the radio shop, the dress shop, the restaurant, to all the other little businesses that make Main Street, U.S.A. When they leave, they know who is telling the truth, because they have seen it.

A few days later, the Valley Forge slips anchor and moves south. When she is off Bari her planes come in from Foggia and are again lashed to the flight deck. She is again a warship, headed, perhaps, for Athens or Istanbul—or wherever the truth is important.

This is a proposal of Collier's but it is your Freedom Ship. At a time when our system of government, and our belief in individual freedom, is under attack by another system, the Navy can be the instrument of a propaganda coup.

With their own eyes the peoples of countries not landlocked can see how Americans live, and judge for themselves whether our form of democracy is worth while, and has a future.

The Freedom Ship will have to be a carrier because of the spaciousness of this type. The flight deck of the Valley Forge is 866 feet long, and she has a 93-foot beam. She is a city self-contained, with a peacetime population of 1,632. Her wartime complement is 2,635, so she has ample housing accommodations for the extra personnel who will operate the exposition.

But what would the Navy think? The Navy's first thought would be: How can this be done without losing the services of one of our big fighting units?

Then there is the cost. Who will foot the bill? Would Congress appropriate funds for a floating exposition?

The project of a Freedom Ship can be undertaken as a co-operative venture between government and private enterprise. The government furnishes the ship and the displays of those things which belong to the people—the school, the library, the cultural exhibits. The personnel is drawn from the Navy itself.

The cost of constructing the exhibits would, no doubt, be gladly undertaken by those companies whose products would be on display. For there is no part of the world that is not an actual or potential market for American industry—providing the world is at peace.

Beyond this practical, dollar-for-dollar viewpoint there is another. Would private business welcome the chance to show that in peace it outstrips state socialism in producing the goods of peace, just as in war it outstripped another state socialism in producing the implements of war? I think so.

As to the Navy tying up a big carrier—the navy does not have money enough; it does not have men enough, and fuel enough to keep in operation all the ships it feels it needs. So how could it afford to turn one of its carriers into a Freedom Ship?

It could, providing the Freedom Ship could be transformed into a fighting unit in a matter of hours, and this seems feasible.

Presume that the Valley Forge was chosen for the experiment. "Main Street, U.S.A.," would be erected along the hangar deck in such a manner that it could come apart like a circus after the last show. In an emergency the entire exhibit could come down—and go overboard—in an hour. And the planes would never need be out of reach of their carrier, ready to enclose her like the mailed fist over the velvet glove.

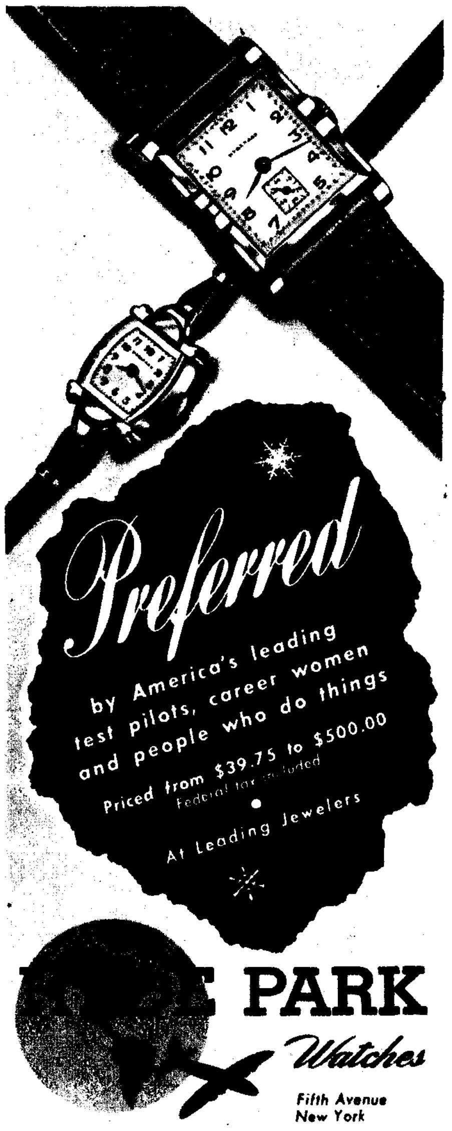
All this would require brilliant planning, great initiative and teamwork. It would be an adventure in engineering and architecture, and a masterpiece of advertising.

But Americans pride themselves upon planning, initiative, teamwork, adventurous spirit and advertising genius. Can they do it? Is the enterprise worth while? Is now the time to display our secret weapon—the truth?

Sensible Suggestions

SUGGESTER	SUGGESTION	
Physician, Kansas City	Congress should appropriate money to have all the ragweed roots in the United States pulled out.	
Artist, Chicago	The meaningless word "dear" should be eliminated from "dear sir" in business correspondence.	
Advertising Man, Philadelphia	Traffic lights should be installed in banquet halls, the green to turn amber when the speaker has five minutes left and red when his time is up.	
Senator, Washington	A law should be passed to require all laws to be written in the simplest possible language.	
Sportsman, London	No man over 6′ 4″ should be permitted to play basketball.	
Government Official, Ottawa	Members of parliamentary bodies should be required to stand on one foot while speaking.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN


Preferred
by America's leading test pilots, career women and people who do things
Priced from $39.75 to $500.00
Federal tax included
At Leading Jewelers
PARK
Watches
Fifth Avenue
New York

THE WATCH THAT TIMES AMERICA'S TEST PILOTS

Speed Sweep
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Improve Sweeping 16 Ways

Speed Sweep, the brush with the steel back, is designed for cleaner, faster, easier sweeping and to outlast ordinary brushes 3 to 1. Arbitrin sweeping fluid, sprayed on the floor before sweeping, eliminates sweeping compound, disinfects and deodorizes. These and other advantages (16 in all) have proved the perfect answer to effective, low cost floor sanitation in factories, offices, schools, stores, etc. Write for complete facts.

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WADDA YA READ?

Continued from page 32

triple-A rating because of the hoopla behind it, but he said in his review in 1944: "Amber isn't convincing, and we doubt that readers will take to her greatly."

The nation's bookshops proceeded to sell 868,630 copies in 1945 alone.

Enough money to introduce a new cigarette or soap can be put into the promotion of a book and it may still lay an imposing egg if it violates any one of a number of deeply rooted reader prejudices. Gordon admits all such taboos have been flouted successfully, but he insists they generally hold true and are controlling factors in his predictions.

Perhaps the strongest bias is against novels that present foreign characters in a strange setting. "Most readers prefer an American background they can visualize," Gordon says. "The exception is Paris, which always has been something special, like a barker in a carnival."

Novels written in the first person have two strikes on them; the customers won't fancy an omniscient, all-knowing viewpoint from the author. The great American public also wants at least one character in a book with a lot of money.

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"Sounds asinine, I know," Gordon says, "but that's how it is. The average reader hasn't got money and likes to identify himself—more often herself—with someone who is well heeled."

More Quality in War Fiction

There was a tremendous apathy toward war fiction until a few months ago when Norman Mailler's The Naked and the Dead rang the bell. Although Gordon gave it a fine send-off, he still calls it "a great war novel in default."

"I think we're just approaching the period of good war fiction," he says. "The authors have had time to evaluate a terrific emotional experience in the proper perspective."

Irwin Shaw's The Young Lions is the best war novel Gordon has yet seen. The Crusaders, by Stefan Heym, also gets a high rating from him.

Gordon, who describes himself as a "soft liberal," tries to plug novels dealing with controversial social problems the public should read, even though they may have literary faults. Gentleman's Agreement, which was given a triple-A, was a conspicuous example. "It was a good tract, ably presented, but it wasn't a good novel. I gave it a little editorial body English, though, because I thought Laura Hobson had something important to say and it deserved a wide audience."

What about—if you'll pardon the expression—sex? "It's always a lure, but it alone can't sell a book. Every novel has some sex in it, but most of them flop unless they are beamed toward women readers. I suppose I'll get my brains knocked out for saying that women buy 85 per cent of those historical novels that take the protagonists through the boudoirs of three continents, but it's true.

"Look at the Kinsey Report. You could wrap up a blank book and sell it with that title—The Sexual Behavior of the American Male."

What Makes a Best Seller

These factors and a number of others—the author's past performances, the anticipated tone of reviews, the condition and trend of the market, whether a similar book will appear first and sweep up a specialized audience's loose dollars—figure prominently in Gordon's handicapping. Since it is manifestly impossible for one man to absorb everything published—the load for 1948 is about 10,000 new titles—Gordon must be pretty selective in his reading. He looks at all novels and actually reads, from cover to cover, about 500 a year, most of them by established authors with wide public acceptance. He skims through the other 1,500 books to determine whether a new novelist can write or a nonfiction work presents fresh, interesting material.

He has become a very rapid reader in self-defense, but he is not conscious of employing any short-cut tricks. "I can digest the contents of a page at a glance," he confides, "but I don't do it with good writers. If I can, it indicates the author isn't holding my attention."

All this started in 1929 in Westfield, where Gordon, born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1902, had been living since boyhood. After leaving high school in his third year, he wandered through a succession of jobs in Wall Street, real estate and the export business. In 1926 he opened a small bookshop in Westfield, because he thought it would be a nice, clean, pleasant occupation. "It was," he adds; "only it had one serious drawback. There was no dough in it."

A few months before the depression of '29 hit, Gordon sold his shop, so that he could give his time to an idea he thought was a good one. His brief experience as a middleman had convinced him that publishers were neglecting the branch of the business that kept them alive—the circulating libraries.

Before he launched his touting service, operators of small shops and rental libraries got few reliable tips on books that would be in demand. As a consequence, they frequently loaded up with items that didn't move and ran short of titles that provoked inquiries. Gordon went to American News with his proposal to rate the popularity of books and was told to try it for a few months.

In the first issue of his pamphlet he dismissed several books as "rental fillers," then waited for outraged screams. Nothing happened; none of the publishers ever has squawked—they know his criticism is honest and respect him for it.

Everyone in the book business knows of Gordon, but few have met him. That's how he wants it to be. Except for three days a month in New York when the pamphlet goes to press, Gordon does all his work in an upstairs room of an unpretentious house in Westfield, where he lives with his wife and two children. There he is quietly collecting a library that he hopes to find time to reread someday. It contains about 100 books. All nonfiction.

Heading for *failure?*

CORPORATION COUNSEL

Knows all the answers to his clients' problems . . . helps them plan far ahead. Yet he hasn't found the answer to *his family's* future. Without him, their security would vanish. He can prevent this failure.

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Just starting in. Yet he has a step-by-step plan for his family's security, college for his children, a debt-free home, his retirement. His path to success is charted the Analagraph* way.

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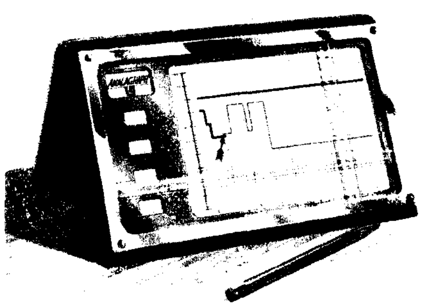
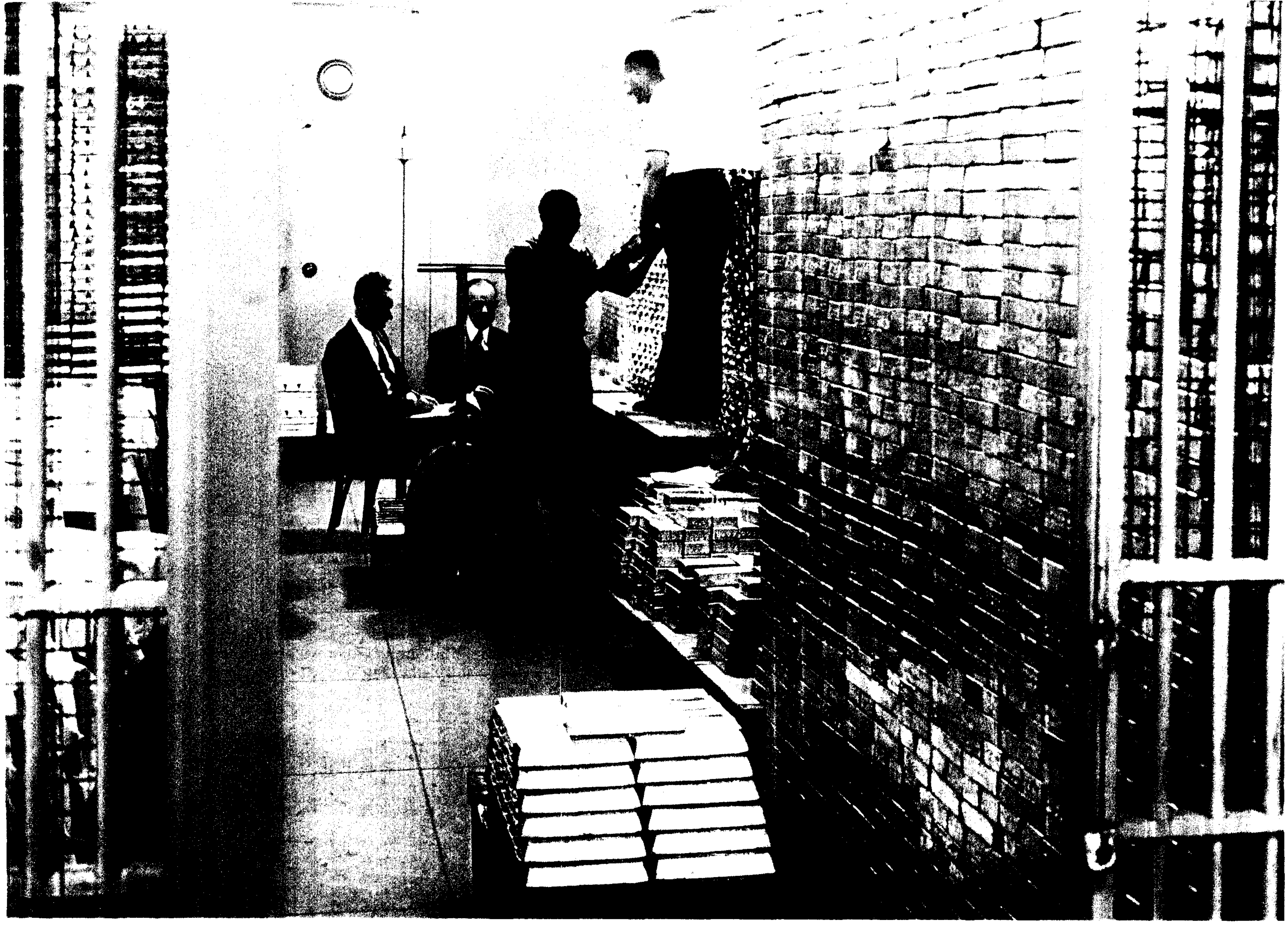


THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

*TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



No, this is not the U.S. Treasury—merely one New York Federal Reserve Bank vault containing $500,000,000 in gold bars. Comforting, isn't it?

The Richest Bank in the World

By HARMON and ELSIE TUPPER

There's a bank in New York City which is richer than the mighty Bank of England by something like six billion dollars. In one year alone its transactions totaled more than a trillion dollars! It makes the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street look like something you drop nickels in

IN THE capital of a tiny European democracy, revolutionaries are storming the government buildings. Suddenly a truck roars out of a rear courtyard and lurches down a street, headed for the frontier. Under flapping tarpaulin lie boxes packed with the nation's gold. Hastily scrawled on the boxes are the words, TO THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK.

A big New Jersey store is gutted by flames. Firemen salvage $20,000 in soggy, charred bills. Instead of being a total loss, the money is replaced with fresh, crisp bills from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

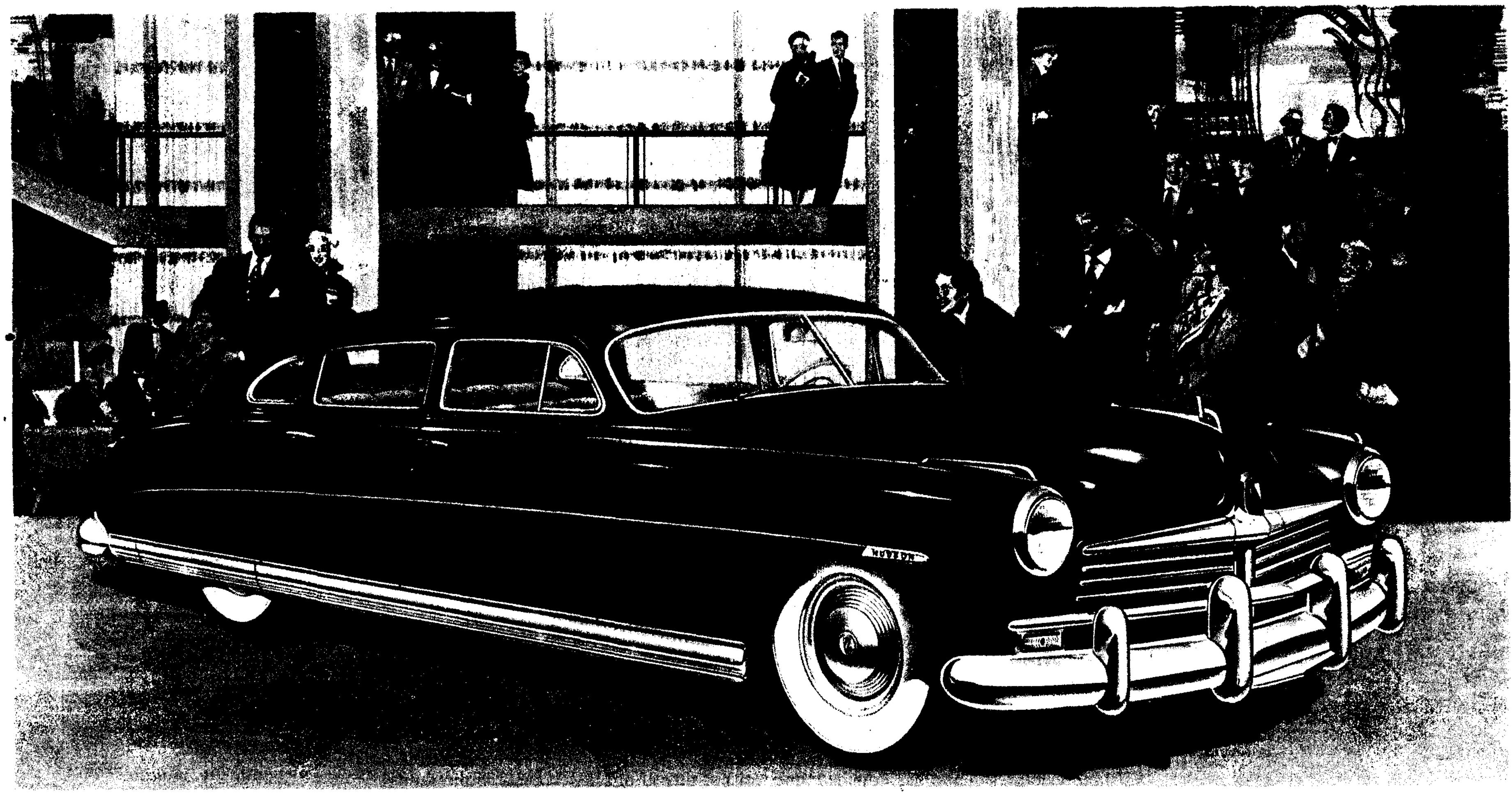
You, perhaps, have just moved from Chicago to Greenwich, Connecticut. You have a chance to buy a car, and offer the dealer a check on your Chicago bank. Within three days the check has cleared, the dealer has his money and you get the car. Thirty-five years ago you might have had to wait at least a month before the funds came through.

At home and abroad "the Fed," as it is affectionately known by the banking fraternity, performs fabulous feats to oil the wheels of our economy. It is the largest link in the nation-wide chain of 12 Reserve Banks that handle an incredible variety of financial transactions, from transferring a billion dollars across 3,000 miles in five minutes to selling some bright silver dollars for Junior's birthday.

The New York Reserve is often referred to as "the bankers' bank." Besides foreign central banks and governments, its customers include almost 800 national banks, state banks and trust companies in its own special bailiwick of New York State, northern New Jersey and Fairfield County, Connecticut. These domestic banks are "members" of the Fed and thereby benefit from its amazing services.

The bank is their clearinghouse for as many as 1,000,000 customer checks a day. It takes in and redistributes nearly 3,000,000,000 coins and bills a year, replenishing old money with new and feeding cash to enterprises ranging from telephone systems to race tracks. Without touching a single dime, its men, women and machines transfer from place to place an annual $90,000,000,000 in cash and securities, sparing business the headache of actually shipping around this tidy sum.

Many of the New York Federal Reserve Bank's functions have to do with interest rates, credit flow,

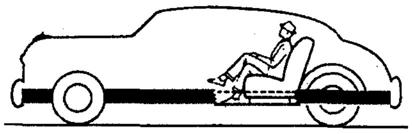


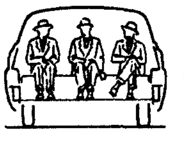
Hudson Custom Commodore Sedan pictured in the luxuriously modern Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

Here's a long look ahead—
the modern design for '49
new Hudson

Illustrated above—Interior, Hudson Commodore Club Coupe, typical of the roomy, luxurious interiors in all New Hudsons.

TRY AUTOMATIC GEAR SHIFTING in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's Drive-Master transmission—by far the easiest of all ways to drive. You can accelerate as long and as fast as you like in pick-up gear, then lift your toe momentarily, and you're in high. The shift into high comes *only* when you are ready! Button control on the instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if ever desired. Drive-Master transmission is optional on all New Hudsons at small extra cost.





HUDSON FLOORS are recessed down within the frame (shown in red above), seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room in this car with the new, lower center of gravity.

YOU RIDE DOWN within a base frame (shown in red above), and rear seats are positioned ahead of the rear wheels so that full body width becomes available for wonderfully roomy seats—four inches wider than the car is high. Box-section steel girders encircle and protect the passenger compartment.

You can see and drive it today—the new Hudson with the "step-down" design that is years ahead of the parade—the design that provides streamlined beauty, roominess, comfort, riding qualities and safety available in no other type of automobile!

ONLY once in a blue moon does a car step so far out ahead that it is a *protected investment* in motor-car value. You are invited to see just such a car—the New Hudson with "The modern design for '49"—and for years to come!

Here is truly streamlined beauty—a stunning combination of free-flowing, low-built lines that develop naturally out of a recessed floor which is the key to a basically new and exclusive design principle.* The New Hudson is the only car you step *down* into.

The development of a "step-down" zone in an exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame† permits Hudson to build the *lowest car on the highway*—only five feet from ground to top—while maintaining more than adequate interior head room!

But no amount of just looking at this gorgeous streamlined beauty—as inviting as it is—can equal the thrill of a Hudson ride!

Hudson has a hug-the-road way of going on every conceivable kind of highway. Once you see how this car takes even the sharpest curves, it will just naturally spoil you for any other type of automobile!

This remarkable ride is largely due to the fact that the New Hudson provides the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car—yet road clearance is ample! *It is a widely recognized fact that the lower to the ground a car can be built, the more stability it will have and the safer it will be.*

You sense a delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin to ride, and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by a sturdy box-section steel frame, gives you a grand feeling of safe well-being. This feeling is further enhanced by the ease with which this car is operated, and the restful quiet with which Hudson glides along—thanks to the superb sound control engineered into this advanced automobile!

As you ride, you find Hudson's modern design provides not only *more* head room, but *roomier* seats than in any mass-produced car built today! Hudson's recessed floor makes it possible to move full-height seats down to harmonize with the new, lower top. And these seats extend the full width of the body because they are positioned not only ahead of the rear axle, but completely ahead of the rear wheels.

We cordially invite you to investigate and drive the car with "The modern design for '49". The nearest Hudson dealer will make it possible for you to discover for yourself the many advantages of Hudson's fabulous "step-down" design. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

* This new design principle is fully explained in an illustrated booklet available without charge at the nearest Hudson dealer's.

† Trade-mark and patents pending.

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

THE ONLY CAR YOU STEP DOWN INTO

AVOID SCALP SCUM

IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HEALTHY-LOOKING HAIR

Wake up, men! Remember water is no hair tonic. And don't keep on plastering your hair down with sticky, gooey products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml—a *distinctly different* hair tonic. Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* with a handsome lustre yet *never* smothers hair—never clogs pores with greasy goo. Great to remove dandruff flakes. Kreml keeps your hair—scalp feeling as *delightfully clean* as the day you washed it. Change to miracle-working Kreml today!

FOR THAT KREML TYPE HAIR THAT ATTRACTS

KREML Hair Tonic

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government investments and a raft of other affairs which any top economist can explain in a nice fat book. Taken altogether, the magnitude of its operations approaches the astronomical. In 1947 its transactions totaled more than a *trillion* dollars or, to be exact, $1,046,954,946,000. It is the world's richest bank, with resources of almost $13,000,000,000, about $6,000,000,000 more than the Bank of England's and an easy $7,000,000,000 ahead of the biggest commercial bank anywhere—A. P. Giannini's Bank of America.

Headquarters of this financial behemoth sprawl in the brownish-gray mass of Indiana limestone that rises 15 stories above the block bounded by Maiden Lane, Nassau, Liberty and William Streets in downtown New York.

Strong As a Military Fort

The building is designed after Italian Renaissance palaces and, like them, can be instantly turned into a fortress against rebels, invaders and other bad hats. Sliding gates of five-inch, steel-cored teakwood supplement wrought-iron grilles at the main entrance, numbered 33 Liberty Street. Massive interlaced bars screen windows up to a 40-foot height above street level. Gratings on all four corners are hinged to swing open for machine-gun batteries. Bulletproof glass protects the Central Watch Room where a maze of dials, signal lights, buzzers and bells give split-second trouble warnings.

Alarm buttons are everywhere. An assistant vice-president once touched one off when intending to buzz for his secretary. "Within seconds, my office was swarming with guards and tommy guns," he recalls. "I felt pretty red-faced about it until the following week when Beardsley Ruml, then chairman of the board, did exactly the same thing."

It would be hard to find a more self-sufficient or better-guarded community of 3,800-odd population. The bank has its own U.S. postal station and a telegraph office. In the fantastic event of siege, Mrs. Josephine Murphy, boss of the cafeteria and officers' dining rooms, could feed everyone in the Fed for at least a week without outside supplies.

Light, heat and air-conditioning are furnished by the bank's own plants 80 feet underground. In the medical quarters are five doctors, a dentist and seven full-time nurses supervised by Dr. Mary M. Crawford, chief of staff and the first woman physician to astonish Brooklynites by riding the ambulance calls of Williamsburg Maternity Hospital.

The Fed has its own laundry, pistol range and machine shop. A 900-seat auditorium accommodates bankers' conventions and employee get-togethers. For off-hours fun, there are four bowling alleys, bought by the employees, a gym, handball court, rental library, summer roof garden and a group of clubs whose activities include sports, photography, still-life painting and the collection of airplane models, antique coins and shaving mugs.

Every department of the Fed runs with the precision of an observatory clock. Nothing is left to chance. Take protection, for instance. Every employee, from President Allan Sproul to a cafeteria bus girl in her starched, aqua-tinted uniform, is fingerprinted, photographed and bonded. Outside armored-car drivers must show identification even though their faces have been familiar for 20 years. The Fed's 130 guards are mostly ex-Marine veterans. George H. Tusveld, mild-mannered chief of the protection division, says of them, "They don't stand for any fooling; we've got the world's best-protected bank, and I'm not knocking on wood, either."

These watchdogs are required to keep their pistol marksmanship up to a minimum of 60 hits out of 100 and to work out in judo at least once every three months. Their four-man pistol teams include some of the best shots in the country. Witness the fact that for the last two years they have won the top bank-team trophy in the International Police Pistol Tournament held annually at Teaneck, New Jersey.

George Tusveld sees to it that every bank exit is tightly shut within 15 seconds after an alarm (all of them accidental so far). If the time runs to 16, somebody catches it. Because of these and other precautions, which must remain secret, the Fed has never been broken into, held up or bilked despite its tempting $760,000,000 in cash kept on hand every day.

Glamor spot of the bank is its bullion stronghold 55 feet below East River tidewater. Here approximately 250,000 gold bricks—a three- to four-billion-dollar fortune, greater than the wealth of Henry Ford II, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Howard Hughes combined—are held in custody for foreign central banks and governments that use them in trade or hold them safe against predatory neighboring Joes, who have a taste for nice things.

Visiting celebrities can hardly wait to feast their eyes on the dull yellow metal stacked precisely along the walls. They invariably hotfoot it to the vault. But to the men who work behind the vault's 10-foot walls and 90-ton steel door, the gold room has all the fascination of a ship's hold filled with pig iron. "Those bars are just so much work for us," says husky, moon-faced Bob Smith, who'd rather talk about his classical violin club uptown. "Most of 'em weigh only 27 pounds, but some Mexican and South American bars go as high as 70; and we have to stack 'em. Brother, those babies cure anybody of gold fever."

Veteran employees can't cite a single case of gold theft from the vault. "It's happened other places, of course," says Charles N. Eschelman, assistant chief of the vault division. "I heard of one fellow elsewhere who wore a ring with a sharp, hollowed hook on the palm side. While stacking bricks, he'd scrape the hook along them and then shake the collected flakes into his pocket. Another man had the same trick, but brushed the particles into his hair, and washed them out at home."

No one has ever been locked in the vault overnight, but just in case, supervisors have cached away some crackers, a can or two of beans and a gallon of spring water.

Where Emergency Cash Is Kept

For any sudden calls for cash after hours, the bank has a neatly protected emergency vault that usually contains $500,000. It has been used exactly three times—to provide ransom money in the 1932 Lindbergh kidnaping case; to supply an upstate New York institution with cash in case a "run on the bank" developed after a cashier's suicide in 1942; and to fatten up a battleship with $150,000 when it sailed unexpectedly for Europe one Sunday morning in 1944.

Among unforgettable sights in the Fed are the floors where high-speed machines count 12,000,000 coins and bills a day. Other lightning-fast devices sort, count and wrap change for shipment to small member banks. Lead slugs and about 1,000 foreign coins daily, most of them Canadian, are screened out by quick-eyed operators who double as counterfeit-spotters. According to Charles F. Beisler, chief of the coin and bullion division, half dollars and quarters are today's favorite denominations in coin-faking circles.

"Thank Heaven they're not much good," he says, "so we don't have trouble weeding them out."

The counting rooms for paper money are bewildering jungles of steel-screened cages and cubicles, whirring counting

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The sensational, new "Eveready" "A" battery No. 1005E actually "breathes" oxygen to sustain full-volume hearing *without fading*... and with greater clarity. Lasts three times as long as the popular No. 1016-E battery which it replaces.

For single-unit hearing aids, this new "A" battery and a companion "Eveready" "B" battery form the best battery combination on the market.

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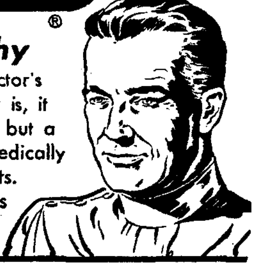

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ANOTHER FINE LEVER PRODUCT

ıachines, money-jammed trunks rumling by on casters, bundles of $100 bills hoved around like scrap paper. Benocked women and girls perch on stools ıeir swift fingers sorting, counting and anding up to 4,000 bills an hour. In ne cage half a dozen girls busily sort junk," bank jargon for money that is orn, chewed, bleached by laundries or ıst so tired that it has to be replaced ith new currency.

These counters are the experts on hom youngster trainees look with openıouthed awe. Mary E. Meehan, brightmiling instructress in the bank's training chool for money handlers, explains that er beginners start out with sorting dolır and two-dollar bills.

Lessons in Counting Money

"At first the kids are so nervous they ıandle a note as though it'd jump up nd bite them," she observes. "I mother hem along for a while, then take them ıpstairs to the $20 and $50 cages where he old hands show off their stuff. That loes wonders! The girls go back to work ll pepped up to boost their speed and ccuracy so they'll be promoted to the ıigher denominations."

Both Charles Beisler and John Heemath, chief of the sorting and counting livision, point out that they have next to ıo dishonesty problem. "Our people ıever know when the currency they hanlle has been secretly counted in advance. o only a few have risked a chance—naybe five or six over the years," they ay happily.

The only distressing sight you'll see in he Fed is the giant paper cutter that uillotines 4,000 aged bills or "mutts"—ınother word for "junk"—in two and a ıalf seconds.

Ora Gauthier, a wiry, cheerful gent vho gets an average workman's pay for lestroying an annual $360,000,000 in ills, operates the huge, razor-sharp lade that groans protestingly every time t crunches down and slices the notes in wo. Since halves can be redeemed, hey're also perforated with a diamondhaped hole. Train robbers would have rouble collecting on such hot money, ut the Fed protects itself even further vhen shipping it to the Treasury for final hredding. "Upper" halves go down on ne train and "lowers" follow only when Vashington wires receipt of the first hipment.

The nerve center of the Reserve Bank's noney-transfer operations is the telegraph room where staccato teletypewriters replace old-time keys and sounders. Over direct or leased wires secretly coded nessages deposit or withdraw cash and ecurities in Reserve Bank cities—Boson, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapois, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco. Every day close to $500,000,000 in ash balances and $100,000,000 in securities pass in and out of the Fed, the ransmission of ordinary wire transfers aking no more than a couple of minıtes.

Long after vaults and telegraph wires are shut down for the night, other parts of the bank are bustling with activity. Up in the cafeteria, half a dozen women are preparing snacks for the 600 night workers who will drop in for a bite. In the busy check divisions, where piped-in music dulls the clatter of adding machines, tabulators and sorting gadgets, clerks work at top speed to clean up a snowfall of sometimes half a million checks sent in after business hours. Sorted and listed batches are rushed to the Fed's post office. Postmaster Ralph de Leon and his staff pouch and route them for immediate delivery by plane and train to banks all over America.

As dawn approaches, postal trucks roll up to the Maiden Lane entrance while watchmen-guards check in their leather-cased Morse recording clocks after patrolling the Fed's 18 acres of floor space for the last time that night.

Some incoming day shifts groan at the thought of returning to the daily grind, but not New York Reserve employees. These 3,854 men and women like the bank and work for it with a devotion that surprises every outside employer who visits the place.

There are good reasons for this attachment. Employees know that pay and promotion are based solely on merit, according to the marks they get in semiannual ratings in which their work is graded excellent, very good, good, fair or poor. No boss's relatives can get their jobs, whether the boss happens to be pot washer Santos Lopez or President Sproul. The bank watches over health, sending people home at the first sign of a cold or other illness. It offers free physical checkups and pays two thirds of the cost of hospitalization and surgical benefits.

Stratospheric restaurant prices are no problem to the Fed's personnel. Mrs. Jo Murphy sees to that. Though she buys only top-grade food, a full-course lunch in the cafeteria costs employees 45 cents.

Take it from the records of the Fed, its employee policies pay off. Thirty-two per cent of its personnel have stayed with the bank for 10 years or more, and 428 have a service record of at least 25 years. Turnover is low and absence for illness from all causes has never reached more than three per cent since the war.

This giant among banks was born in November, 1914, about a year after Woodrow Wilson signed the Federal Reserve Act and ended many of the evils that brought on the disastrous panic of 1907.

There are those, however, who regard the late Senator Nelson Aldrich, of Rhode Island, as its real father, because of his advocacy, when head of the pre-Wilson Monetary Commission, of certain basic ideas later incorporated in the Fed.

Some Distinguished Alumni

Benjamin Strong, president of the Bankers Trust Company in New York, was appointed to guide the infant Reserve Bank. Under him, some of the best banking brains developed the Fed. Among them were George L. Harrison, currently board chairman of the New York Life Insurance Company, W. Randolph Burgess, now chairman of the executive committee of the National City Bank, and Leslie R. Rounds, first vice-president of the Fed today. At present, Allan Sproul, a Federal Reserve career man who became president in 1941, wears the mantle of his predecessors with a distinction any banker will tell you about in admiring detail.

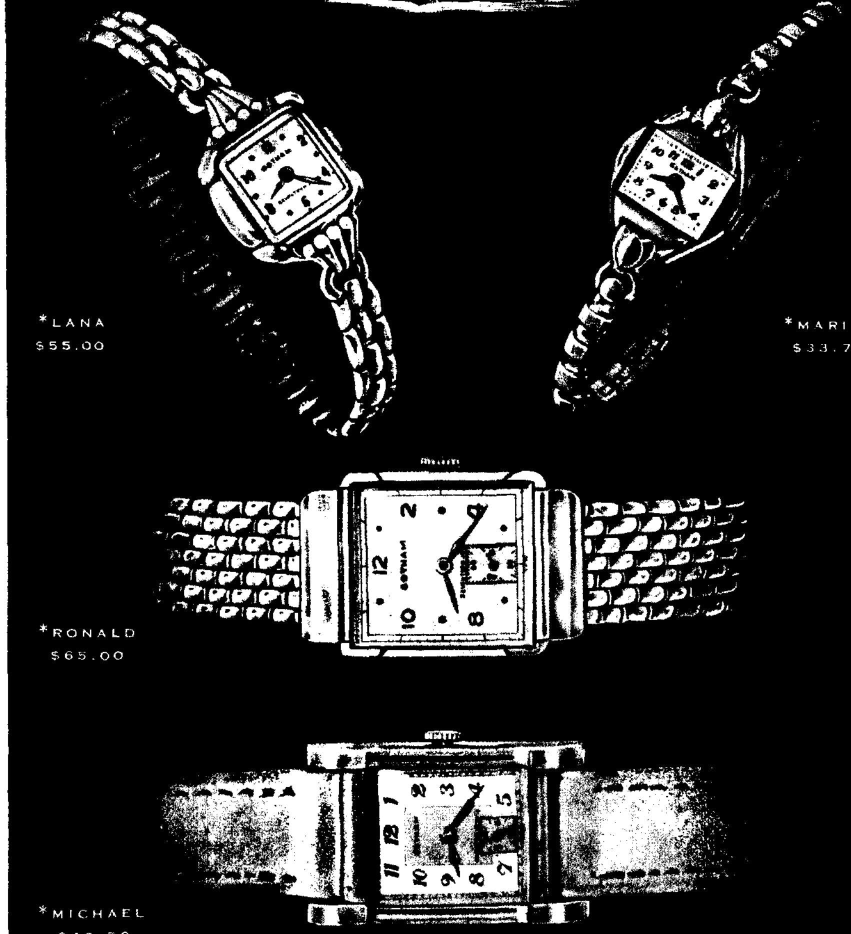
In all the Fed's 34 years, there have been few slip-ups in its transactions. Its cash-delivery record is nearly perfect, but in 1933 it played a role in the near calamity of a suburban bank. Just before Franklin D. Roosevelt declared the bank holiday, a vice-president hustled down to the Fed and picked up $250,000 in cash which he packed into a suitcase.

Toting his precious bag to a ticket window in Grand Central Station, he discovered that the excitement of the day had been too much for him. He had exactly one dime with which to pay his 90-cent return fare. Banking ethics and holdup men being what they are, he didn't dare open his bag to pick out a bill from his quarter-million-dollar hoard. Desperately he peered into ticket window after ticket window. At last he found in one of them a fellow Elk, who clucked unbelievingly at his incredible yarn, and finally agreed to cash a personal check for $2.

The bank official arrived home safely with the $250,000. No doubt he told himself that though there were a lot of good things about the Fed, nothing could quite take the place of a fraternal organization. ▭▭▭

80 YEARS AGO

The Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads were linked at Ogden, Utah to form the very first transcontinental railway in 1869, one year *after* the Ollendorff Watch Company was founded.



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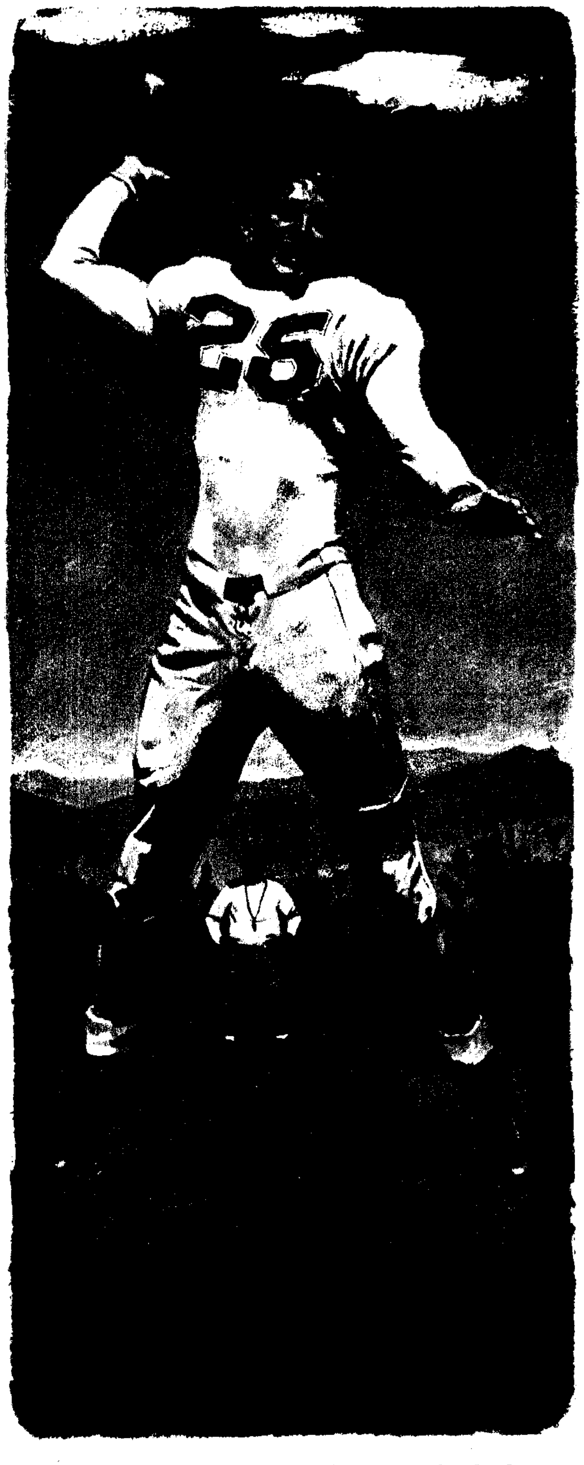
Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

THE ANCIENT DEBATE AS TO WHICH CAME FIRST, THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG, HAS A COUNTERPART IN FOOTBALL. DOES THE COACH MAKE THE PLAYER OR THE PLAYER THE COACH? BUT ON THE GRIDIRON THERE'S ANOTHER FACTOR—THE SYSTEM



Norm Van Brocklin, Oregon's quarterback threat for All-America honors, takes to the air. Under Coach Jim Aiken, Norm became college football's sixth ranking passer last year—West Coast fans expect him to be in the No. 1 spot this year

NORM VAN BROCKLIN was the sixth-string left halfback on Oregon's 1946 football squad. Oregon had only five backfield units. During signal drills, Van Brocklin pitched footballs with the student managers. Norm played a total of 11 minutes in nine games. Record: passes attempted, nine; passes completed, 0.

That winter, Jim Aiken replaced Tex Oliver as head coach. Aiken junked Oliver's single-wing offense and installed the T formation. On the first day of spring practice in 1947, Van Brocklin fired a 50-yard pass to his favorite student manager. "There's my quarterback," Aiken yelled, meaning Van Brocklin, not the student manager.

Aiken never regretted the snap decision. Van Brocklin (a low-gear runner but a football conjurer) pitched Oregon to second place in the Pacific Coast Conference. Record: passes attempted, 168; passes completed, 76. The sixth-string left half of 1946 was college football's sixth ranking passer in 1947. What's more, Oregon fans expect Van Brocklin to move into the number one spot this year.

Van Brocklin's spectacular jump from sixth-string obscurity introduces a third element into the perennial argument: "Does the coach make the players, or do the players make the coach?" Aiken's *system* made Van Brocklin.

Angelo Bertelli had a similar experience at Notre Dame in 1941. Bertelli, a skinny hockey star, was miscast as a triple-threat halfback in the obsolescent Notre Dame offense. Angelo was a skater, not a runner. He lacked high knee action and was an easy tackling target. When Frank Leahy took over as head coach, Bertelli moved to nonrunning quarterback in a modified T offense and hurled Notre Dame to an undefeated season.

Even the pros worry about systems. Bill Dudley, the best back in football, bar nobody, was unhappy playing the late Jock Sutherland's crunching single-wing at Pittsburgh in 1946. "Trade me or I'll quit football," Dudley demanded. The Steelers capitulated and Bill departed for Detroit—a less strenuous franchise where Coach Gus Dorais' tricky T made fewer muscular demands on swift halfbacks.

Of course, player preferences work both ways. Michigan's Bob Chappuis told pro scouts he wasn't interested in working for a T-team. "My running style is more effective in a single wing," Bob declared, "and that's what I want to play in pro ball." He signed with the Brooklyn Dodgers, a single-wing team.

Moral: Coaches make players, and players make coaches, but don't overlook the system—it can be the difference between a sixth-string halfback and an All-America quarterback candidate. Ask Van Brocklin.

TENNIS TIPS

An enterprising coach of a college which specializes in strong tennis teams recently visited Pancho Gonzales in Los Angeles (object: matriculation) and was dismayed to discover that the new national champion left school in 1944—in the fifth grade. It was Pancho's disregard for book learning and truant officers which barred him from *1944–45* junior tournaments. He scrubbed Navy transport decks in 1946. Despite the loss of these three tremendously important competitive years, Pancho won the national title at twenty.

The genial Mexamerican with the *mañana* court manners has more natural power than Jack Kramer and more color than Don Budge. Gonzales will dominate amateur tennis next year and will turn pro in 1950.

Speaking of the pros: Don't be surprised if the Kramer-Riggs junket blows up any minute. Kramer netted $90,000 from the United States and South America legs of the global tour. Riggs collected $45,000. Promoter Jack Harris cut in for $35,000 and precipitated a labor vs. management controversy. Result: Promoter Harris is vacationing in Minneapolis while Kramer and Riggs—in company with Dinny Pails and Pancho Segura—manage their own affairs somewhere in the Pacific—and anything can happen when four ex-amateurs start checking one another's expense accounts.

THINGS TO COME

Major-league baseball owners expect to be involved in more wage negotiations than John L. Lewis this winter. Commenting on Joe DiMaggio's campaign to extract $125,000 from the New York Yankees for 1949, an American League owner recently declared:

"That would be virtually a 100 per cent raise for Joe and almost every cent of the raise would go to the government in income tax, but DiMaggio and the other stars aren't thinking of next year when they ask big pay boosts.

"They're looking to 1950 and '51 when we may have a business recession and attendance may fall off and salaries may be slashed. Under current owner-player agreements, a club cannot cut a player's salary more than 25 per cent from one year to the next.

"If DiMaggio gets $125,000 for next year, he could take a 25 per cent cut in 1950 and still net approximately his 1948 salary—or more, if taxes come down. Another thing: Once a star hits the high-salary bracket, he can have two or three mediocre years without suffering much financially. For instance, if DiMaggio gets a flat $100,000 for 1949, he could have three straight bad years, take a 25 per cent cut each year, and still collect approximately $40,000 for 1952."

Prediction: Retrenching owners will compromise with crowd-pulling stars, but the magnates are ready to crack down on middle-bracket players. Many wartime holdovers (players 35-38 years old in the $10,000-plus salary range) will be released. Next summer, dugouts will be well stocked with youngsters up from the minors and drawing the minimum $5,000-a-year major-league salary.

IS HE A CENTER?

Henry North, vice-president of Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey circus, had that harried look.

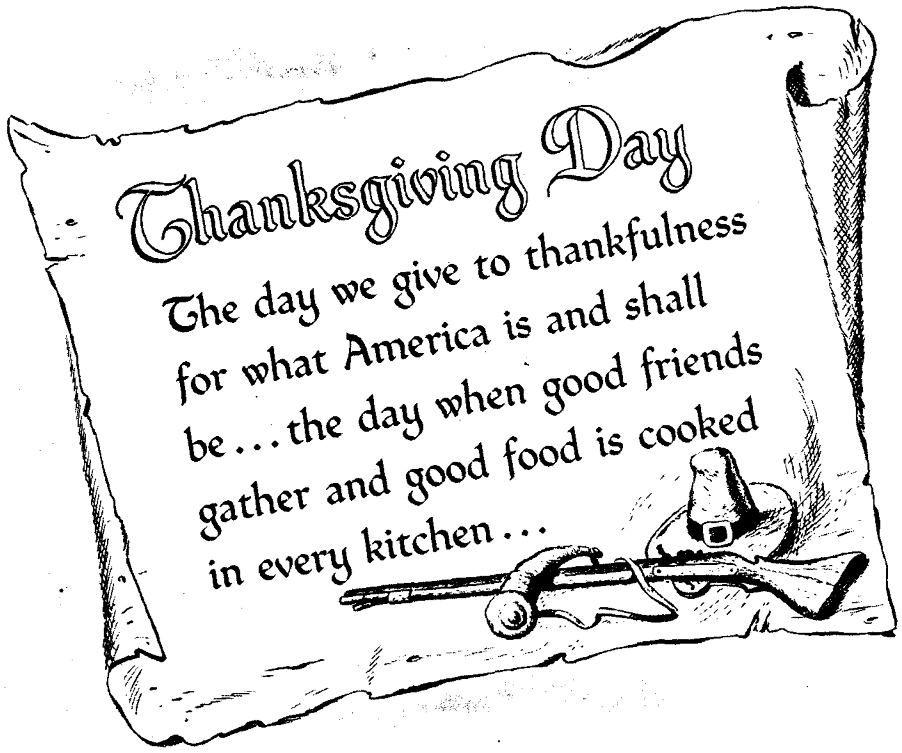
"What's wrong, Henry?" a friend asked.

"One of our scouts discovered a new giant in Iceland and signed him to a contract to open with the side show when we hit Madison Square Garden in April."

"That's fine," the friend said.

"Is it?" North inquired. "Do you think a giant will be a novelty in Madison Square Garden—right after the basketball season?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY


Thanksgiving Day
The day we give to thankfulness
for what America is and shall
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gather and good food is cooked
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The most popular appetizer wine is amber-colored Sherry. Noted for its nutlike flavor, California Sherry is ideal to serve with light refreshments any time

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THE FRIENDLY, MELLOW WINES OF THE SUNNY CALIFORNIA VINEYARDS ARE CHOSEN FOR GOOD TASTE BY SEVEN OUT OF EIGHT FAMILIES WHO SERVE WINE TODAY

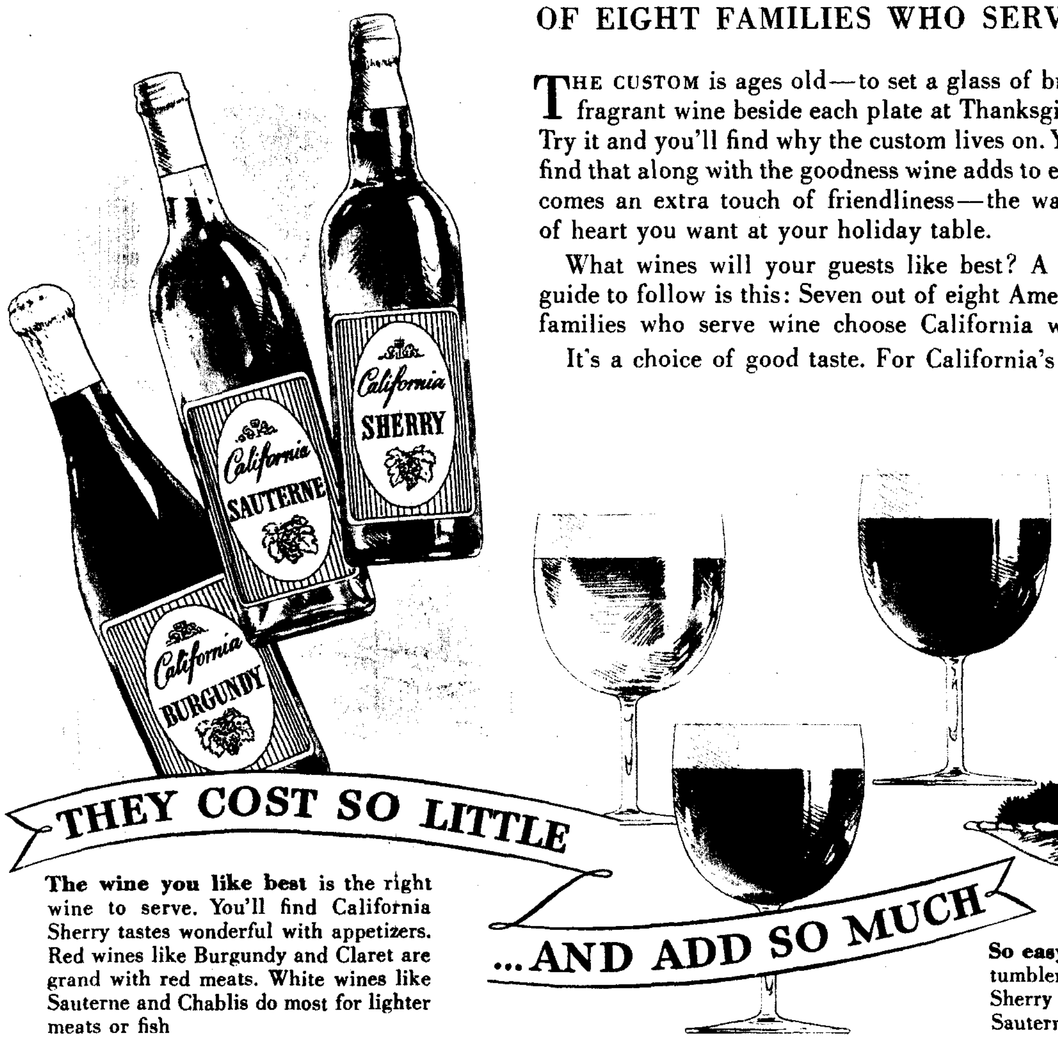
THE CUSTOM is ages old—to set a glass of bright, fragrant wine beside each plate at Thanksgiving. Try it and you'll find why the custom lives on. You'll find that along with the goodness wine adds to eating comes an extra touch of friendliness—the warmth of heart you want at your holiday table.

What wines will your guests like best? A good guide to follow is this: Seven out of eight American families who serve wine choose California wines.

It's a choice of good taste. For California's soils and climate are unmatched for wine-growing in all the world. *Zinfandel, Carignane, Semillon, Palomino*—over 125 great wine-grape varieties—find here a perfect place to grow to full flavor each year.

The pure juices of these grapes, matured and mellowed during past years, are the California wines now featured wherever wine is sold. You can enjoy them often . . . prices today are low. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco suggests you write for the booklet "Easy Entertaining with Wine."

With turkey, you can serve proudly either red wine like California Burgundy or white wine like California Sauterne. (To offer your guests a choice is an added touch of hospitality—and practical, too, at today's low prices.) *Another tip:* Baste turkey with ¾ cup Burgundy or Sauterne mixed with ¼ cup oil or melted butter—and discover what flavor it gives!


California SHERRY
California SAUTERNE
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THEY COST SO LITTLE
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The wine you like best is the right wine to serve. You'll find California Sherry tastes wonderful with appetizers. Red wines like Burgundy and Claret are grand with red meats. White wines like Sauterne and Chablis do most for lighter meats or fish

So easy to serve Wine: Wine has the same good taste from any glass. Even a water tumbler is "correct." You fill glasses right from the bottle. After you open the bottle, Sherry and Port keep almost indefinitely. And table wines like Burgundy, Claret or Sauterne will keep in your refrigerator

I Wear False Teeth
yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"A Polident bath always leaves my plates clean and fresh tasting. I never worry about Denture Breath. It's wonderful!" Mr. J. G. W., Kohoka, Mo.

WHEN plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for "Denture Breath", the oral disturbance that comes from improper cleansing. False teeth need the care of a special denture cleanser—POLIDENT. Safe, easy, quick, Polident leaves your plates feeling clean, cool and fresh. No fear of offensive "Denture Breath".

And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
BEFORE Don't you have anything softer to eat?
AFTER Bring on that steak. I eat anything now!
Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back
POLI·GRIP
Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BERNARD BARUCH

Continued from page 13

through the door. In his great hand is a 25-cent bag of cherries purchased from a street vendor. Mr. Baruch bows slightly and in a soft voice that gives no hint of his deafness, says, "Virginia, my spies told me you were at home." His spies are his good friends and confidants, the elderly gentlemen who pilot our elevators.

Naturally I am flattered beyond description, but at eighteen a girl begins learning that the ways of men are devious. I would love to think my girlish charms brought this magnificent gentleman calling. But, knowing the truth, I suggest he might like a soft drink which I know he adores, but which his nurse, Elizabeth Navarro, says harms his digestion.

So we sit and munch cherries and drink soda pop. I am no match for his agile brain, so I listen. If, sometimes, I feel stupid, I take comfort in remembering statesmen and millionaires that I have seen sit in his presence as mute as I.

More serious biographers than I have written that Mr. Baruch likes to talk. He does enjoy it, and I should think he would. I am sure Bing Crosby likes to sing and Fred Astaire likes to dance.

Mr. Baruch may be the strong type but he is anything but silent. He loves to reminisce and also loves to turn on the old charm.

A Neat Line for the Ladies

He will beam on one of my friends and say to her, "Ah, yes. I remember your mother, my dear. She was a Jones. A lovely girl. And your grandmother. Her maiden name was Mary Smith. A beautiful woman. You know, you look a lot like your grandmother. She was almost as pretty as you." With that my friend snuggles into a pink cloud and remains there for days, completely forgetting to ask him the question on atomic bombs she had been rehearsing for hours.

Should she emerge from her haze and ask the question, Mr. Baruch will look at her gently for a second and do one of two things. If he decides she's genuinely interested he will discuss the bomb with her. Otherwise he will say, "My dear, this hearing aid of mine is broken. Did I ever tell you about the time I went to the races with your grandmother?"

In Mr. Baruch's hands a hearing aid is a weapon. He can be deaf as a post at the convenient moment. "Virginia," he said to me, "there is one man who is very famous whom I cannot abide. He is alive, so I can't tell you his name, but I assure you that I haven't turned on my hearing aid for him in ten years. Nor do I intend to."

Bernard Baruch had a first-name acquaintance with President Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and General Pershing, and during the war which has just ended he was on equally intimate terms with President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and General Eisenhower.

Highest in His Esteem

President Wilson holds the highest place in Mr. Baruch's estimation. Then come Herbert Bayard Swope, former editor of the New York World; General Hugh "Iron Pants" Johnson, of N.R.A. fame, and Thomas Edison, whom Mr. Baruch esteemed first as an economist and then as an inventor.

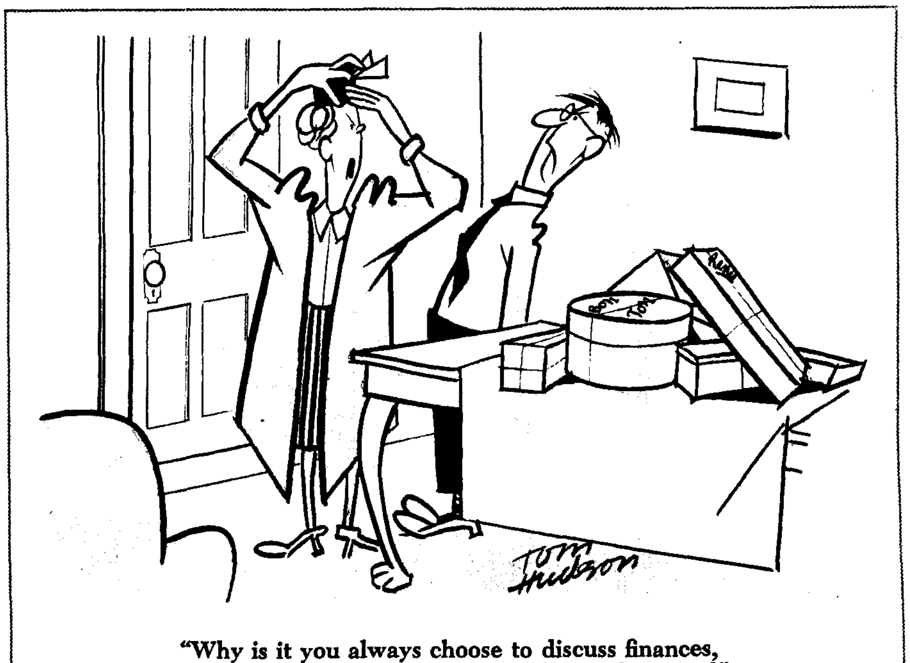
The man whom all the Western world has come to for advice goes for counsel to Swope, John Hancock, Ferdinand Eberstadt, both financiers, and Fred Searle, a mining engineer.

But the great hero of Mr. Baruch's life is his father, Dr. Simon Baruch, a Camden, South Carolina, general practitioner, who moved to New York where he continued his practice and was an editor of the New York Sun.

At seventy-eight—rich, honored and beloved—Bernard Baruch talks of his late father as you no doubt hope your seven-year-old son talks of you.

Dr. Baruch's fame, such as it was, came from being the first surgeon to use anesthesia while removing an appendix. His great passion in life lay in the rehabilitation of the muscle and morale of the sick. This is why Bernard Baruch encourages and finances such therapy today.

I asked Mr. Baruch if there were anybody else in the world he would still like to meet. The answer was logical and human in the best Baruch manner. "I would like to meet the Portuguese president, Salazar," he said. "First, because he is a scholar. And second, because he's always saying nice things about me." He would also like to meet Joe Stalin.



"Why is it you always choose to discuss finances, Willis, when I'm worn out from shopping?"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

"I'd like to find out what manner of man he is."

Mr. Baruch is inordinately devoted to all the copybook maxims about hard work and hard study being the only things for the young. He is, himself, a fabulously successful survivor of a school of hard knocks, but he rarely uses himself as an example of the truth of the old saws he espouses. He is shocked, rather than pleased, because he had to walk 76 blocks to school and back to save carfare in the 1890s. He is proud that he became skillful enough with his fists to hold his own with professional boxers.

In explaining that skill he is neither melodramatic nor bitter when he says, "I was quite big when I was in college. And Jewish." Except for his college days Mr. Baruch insists that he has never had the slightest problem with religious prejudice.

There is nothing about Mr. Baruch that suggests he is seventy-eight years old. He doesn't look it by twenty years nor does he talk it or act it by forty. He dines today with the same fervor as I imagine the young giant did at City College in New York. You realize his age only when he says, "My mother was slapped in the face in South Carolina by a carpetbagger." For all of his half century plus as a New Yorker, Mr. Baruch is still very much the typical Southerner.

"And now by simply pressing button number three, we're ready to decorate a cake!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

Most people know by now that when he has work to do he ambles to a bench in Central Park, hard by a children's playground. He carries an enormous bundle of newspapers from all over the world. En route he always stops for a few words with the bricklayers across the street. He sits on one end of the bench, and Miss Navarro, who has nursed him for three years, sits on the other end.

If he is wrestling with a junior-grade problem he cheerfully exchanges pleasantries with strangers who stop to greet him. But if he wants to concentrate without interruption he buries his head in one of the newspapers. Miss Navarro gently reminds passers-by who recognize him and want to chat that, "His hearing aid is broken." The rare person who will not accept the hint quickly wishes that he had. For without looking up, Mr. Baruch growls at the interloper, "Sorry, can't hear." Or simply, "Deaf."

Sometimes when he goes to the park merely for the fresh air, I will be told by one of the elevator men, "Miss Virginia, Mr. Baruch is out on his park bench." It's an invitation that I always accept.

When he relaxes in the park I have noticed he is unfailingly courteous to all who stop to speak. But he seems more eager and more interested when young people talk to him. He always wants to know if they are working. "You must work hard," he tells them. "America is still the land of opportunity. But you must work and discipline yourself to enjoy your opportunities."

To a pert and pretty young lady he said, "The thing that keeps this world together today is the fact that most people have to get up and go to work in the morning. Idleness is vicious." The young lady nodded soberly. Mr. Baruch likes his young people industrious, but he doesn't like them grim, so he smiled and added, "But a pretty girl can get anything, my dear. Just give with a great big smile."

Mr. Baruch likes to help young people, and he seems to delight in helping my journalistic career with introductions to Senator Vandenberg, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Senator Taft, Harold Stassen and many others.

But he will seldom give me advice on politics. "I never made a political statement in my life," he insists. When I asked him if he foresaw another war his hearing aid failed. Later he said, "A danger to this country far more frightening than war is a change in our form of government."

Mr. Baruch is a rich man and his large and graceful home is well staffed with elderly employees. He has never fired a servant. When they retire they are given a grant of land near Hobcaw Barony, Mr. Baruch's South Carolina estate.

Miss Navarro is the sole exception to the general age level of his staff. Miss Navarro has to be young because she goes everywhere her boss goes. This summer it was Europe, Canada, California and Washington.

New Nurse Had References

Mr. Baruch has had a nurse ever since he was operated on for ulcers eight years ago. When her predecessor left to marry, Miss Navarro was recommended by Billy Rose. She was interviewed and hired by Mr. Baruch, who refused to read her references. "I don't read references," he explained. "I either like a person or I don't like him." It is probably more than coincidence that, like his beloved father, Miss Navarro is an anesthetist.

Miss Navarro loves her job. "He's a perfect patient if you don't count peanuts," she says. "My main jobs are stopping him from eating peanuts and carrying his money for him. It's a good thing he has so much of it because he certainly gives plenty away every day."

Mr. Baruch is human enough to enjoy his stature in American affairs. But he guards it, too. He will not make a public statement without thorough preparation. He calls such preparation "homework." Because he would rather watch wrestling or boxing on television than do "homework" he makes few speeches. But when he has a speech or a statement to make nobody ever has any trouble understanding exactly what is on his mind.

For a man of his age Mr. Baruch has a singularly good appetite. His meals are perfectly prepared and served sometimes on a rickety card table! When he has guests he often puts out more card tables.

He wears a topcoat on the warmest days, but all his clothes are as modern as his talk. Only his courtly manners are in the ancient tradition.

Mr. Baruch, as I have said, is a master at turning on the old charm and I have indicated that he will do almost anything to get a bottle of *verboten* soda pop, so I will dare repeat a verbal posy Mr. Baruch once tossed my way. He said, "Virginia, if I were a young man of sixty, none of your boy friends would have a chance."

If I were an older woman of twenty-five. Oh, boy!

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WAY DOWN SOUTH IN BOSTON

Continued from page 60

trip upstairs didn't exhaust you enough." He pushed me back down on the pillow and stuck a cigarette in my mouth. He was laughing but I noticed while he lighted his own cigarette he managed to push the door shut with one foot. "Sure. Everybody's scared of Miss Congrave But she's one fine nurse."

"What's she got against the world?"

"Maybe that's a point." Homans nodded slowly. "Congrave has come up the hard way. Came into training here straight from an orphan asylum. I remember her as a kid student nurse. It can be grim going when there's nobody outside. No family. No fun. Nobody to back you up."

"She doesn't look grim."

"Oh, Congrave can look grim." Homans laughed, then added, "No, no, I don't mean grim. She's a career nurse. A professional, an executive. The kind it takes to run a hospital. Make no mistake, they'll keep you comfortable here on Congrave's floor."

"I don't want to be comfortable. I just want to be happy," I murmured and went to sleep with the doc standing there. My interest in pretty nurses, Congrave or Patty or any other, was purely academic these days.

BUT I got a vivid little picture of the setup this same evening when I happened to open one eye. They thought I was still asleep. Miss Naler, the Night Superintendent, and Miss Congrave stood facing each other in the middle of my room.

Ordinarily a floor head nurse lets herself off duty long before old Naler comes on. But Miss Congrave, I was to learn, often assigned herself an extra shift. Evening, or the 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. stretch.

Anyway, as I say, Miss Naler and Miss Congrave stood facing each other. Their voices were very low. The professional murmur. Very polite. And yet with something underneath that made the hair on my neck bristle.

"This bed belongs down on Three, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Naler. It will be returned tomorrow morning."

"And why not today?"

"Doctor Blair left orders that his patient was not to be transferred from the bed for twenty-four hours."

"This was a written order? That is, it appears in the desk book?"

"Yes."

For a split second the two women looked at each other. Then Miss Naler started for the door, without a sound except the rustle of starch in her uniform.

I don't know whether Miss Naler went to check the book. But I did know she was out to "get" Congrave. On little things or big things. Any things. Old Naler was out to "get" Congrave before the hospital board decided they had a likely new candidate for Night Super.

You can say drama looks big in a hospital because we just lie around. Well, by *damn*, as Catfish says, when the explosion came it was drama in or out of a hospital. Catfish Martin set off the explosion. In fact Catfish Martin might properly be described as an explosion complete in himself.

The empty bed in my semiprivate room stayed empty three days. Then CA-R-A-A-A-SH! I had a roommate.

"By *damn*, Williams, that lil' rascal out in the hall is the cutes'—man, she's plumb beautiful!"

Three days on Foster Seven had so far conditioned me that for a moment I didn't realize who Martin's "cute little rascal" was. Holy smoke, he meant Miss Congrave! It was the horror-struck faces of the assistant head and the orderly that made me understand. They, the assistant and the orderly, were struggling to get Catfish undressed and into bed.

Catfish was never willfully unco-operative with anybody about anything. But getting clothes off him was like handling a jumping jack. As with a jumping jack, Catfish was at least anchored at the bottom. His right leg was a huge plaster cast from hip to toes. This, however, didn't prevent his body, head, arms and free leg from gesticulating wildly during his slightest remark.

Catfish was a good six feet three, with the lean lank frame usually described as "Yankee." If anybody in this world is not Yankee, however, it is this enormous young lawyer from Richmond, Virginia, who could, and subsequently did, render for us the famous rebel yell employed by Morgan's raiders to curdle the blood of Union troops.

"Someone oughta fetch that lil' sugarplum in heah right now quick. Don' she know ah'm a mighty sick man? Ah need all the attention ah kin get."

"Mr. Martin! Please!" Poor Miss Kincaid, the assistant head, had his undershirt half over his waggling head. The orderly rushed to snap shut the almost-closed door. It was the first of many attempts to contain Catfish Martin's ebullience within the four walls of 710.

He had said "mighty sick man" as a joke. It wasn't quite. A war wound, supposedly years ago healed, had developed bone infection. Catfish had come to a Boston specialist for cutting and a bone graft "to try to save the leg." Ominous terrible words. I'm sure young Martin had courage. But I think more to the point was his simple zest for living. One brief polite smile from Miss Congrave behind her desk and Catfish had no mind for ominous phrases.

"Williams, ah jes' nacherly got to eat that lil' gal right up alive! Why, by *damn*, she's the sweetes'—smilin' at me with those big sad eyes!"

I looked forward to Miss Congrave's first visitation into 710 with gleeful anticipation. But I imagined it as a purely personal encounter rather than a political crisis.

CONGRAVE, however, found no occasion to enter 710 until late that evening, and when the door swung wide, it was old Naler who led the way, Congrave following.

Catfish had been waiting. He dodged his head side to side to see past Miss Naler as if she were an inanimate obstruction.

"You knew I was jes' holdin' mah breath twill you came, Miss Julie. Ah need mah T.L.C." Catfish learned fast. He had wormed Miss Congrave's first name out of a startled aid with the supper ice cream. And "T.L.C." is hospital slang for "tender loving care" and a teasing joke, but one even Miss Naler knew.

As a matter of fact, Catfish's tone if not his words were milder than I had expected. Face to face with his "cute little rascal" Catfish was awed. Not quite the awe of fear, though. It was a soft, great wonder in his voice. Respectful but warm.

Naler turned on Miss Congrave, real surprise on her sharp old puss before it froze to grimness.

Congrave never batted an eye. "Mr. Martin, Doctor Harlingen has phoned in that your X rays are fine and he will operate in the morning. I know you'll be glad to hear there isn't going to be any fuss and delay."

Catfish dismissed Doctor Harlingen, X rays *et al.*, with a wave of the hand. "But, Miss Julie, fussin' is jes' what ah *need.* Ah need to feel yo' lil' han' on mah fevered brow."

This was better than the "big bites outa

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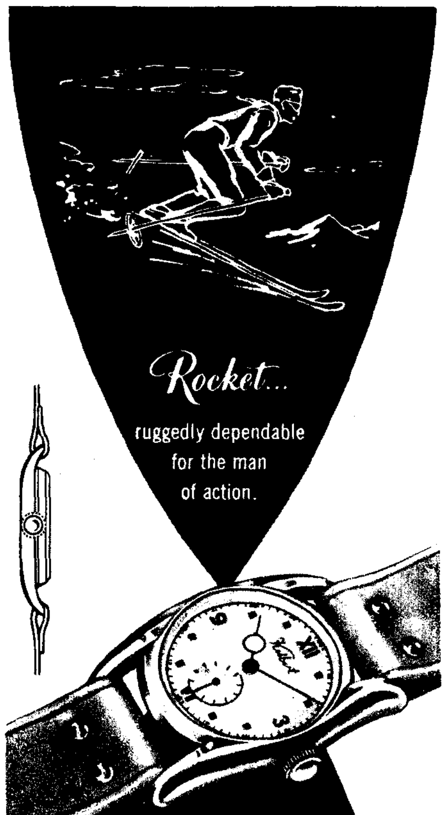

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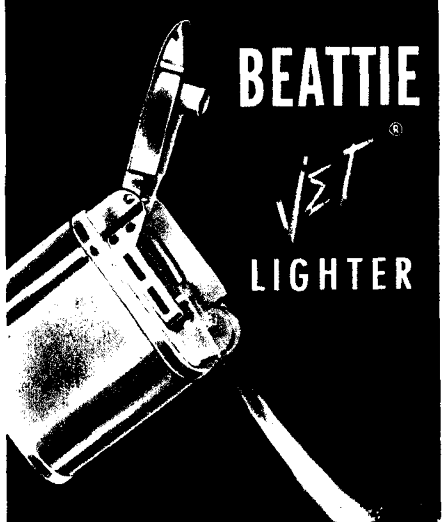

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that lil' sugarplum" Catfish had been telling me he needed. But it was too much for Miss Naler. Naler gave a stern nod toward the door. They marched out, two very, very stiff backs.

"Listen, Catfish," I said mildly, "that was old Naler, Congrave's boss, the Night Super. You'll make trouble for—"

"By *damn*, she's beautiful!"

"I judge you don't mean Miss Naler. Listen, did you happen to notice there were two nurses in here?"

Catfish just grinned.

I let it slide. And they began a sterile prep on Martin that evening and rolled him off to the O. R. at dawn, and the first few days after an operation put the quietus on even a spirit like Catfish.

AT THIS time the postoperative fashion in Foster Memorial was a penicillin shot every three hours day and night. We had a sudden epidemic of postops along with Catfish and the rush brought my friend Pat onto Seven.

"Willie! Darling!" squeaked Pat, leaping at me through the midnight dimness with penicillin needle brandished.

"Hey! No! The other guy!" I hissed.

"Yeah," agreed Patty. "I know. Gee, he's that one of Congrave's." She went tiptoeing curiously across toward the sleeping Martin.

In passing I *might* say that the wild Patsy was a highly efficient little nurse. Her warning touch barely woke the doped Martin. The needle he never felt. He was sound asleep again as Pat tiptoed back to me.

"What did you mean 'he's that one of Congrave's'?" I demanded.

"Gee, it's all over the hospital. The Great Congrave has gone mushy on a Southern accent."

"Hooey," I said. "Miss Congrave has been in this room exactly once when Catfish was conscious. And Miss Naler was here then." As I said this I realized that Martin's remarks could have made Miss Naler think Miss Congrave had been in before.

Pat was scowling thoughtfully. "Honest? Miss Congrave's only been here once? Say, I'll bet it's old Naler herself who's planting all these stories."

"Nobody can work up much against Congrave."

"Don't kid yourself. Miss Naler hates her like poison. Gee, and Miss Congrave is giving her whole life to this place!"

I had to grin. Pat was scared to death of the head nurse, and now here was Pat worried and mad because somebody might do Congrave dirt.

I wasn't worried. I'd seen Congrave's eyes facing old Naler. Congrave was a fighter. So it didn't surprise me that she began coming more often into 710. She wasn't the run-away-and-hide type.

A couple of times, half dozing, I heard Catfish talking to "Miss Julie." His voice was pretty thin and quavery but it grew stronger and finally one afternoon he brought out a "By *damn*" that woke me clear up.

"By *damn*, Miss Julie, ah maybe thought ah was jes' foolishin' and carryin' on at the start. But by *damn*, if ah don't git one tiny nibble of yo' stubborn lil' chin ah'm gwine die of sta'vation lyin' right heah in this bed!"

"Mr. Martin, I very much wish you'd keep that kind of joking for the younger and more susceptible nurses." Miss Congrave's voice was quiet. Not sharp or cross or rude. But she turned then and her glance at the door startled me. It was troubled, strained. Then she saw I was staring.

"You've been sleeping past meals, Mr. Williams. You should eat too, you know. The trays are coming now. Try to stay awake, h'm?" And she gave me the regulation brief smile and went out.

Catfish grinned across at me. "She's a real lil' queen—jes' a real royal queen."

"No. She's a head nurse. You know, you ape, it's all right to kid her but—"

"By *damn*, ah wish ah knew if ah was only foolin'."

"Okay," I laughed, "maybe she's the love of your life and will break your heart. But your conversation could make people think Congrave had been encouraging you. There are people who'd like to stir up gossip against Congrave."

"By *damn!*" Catfish sat up under his own steam for the first time. "Anybody say a word 'bout that lil' gal an' ah'll bust 'em wide open!"

Good old Southern chivalry. Catfish, however, was not a feminist. Miss Congrave's professional career wasn't uppermost in his mind. "Busting people wide open" would certainly not protect her from the danger that threatened.

And Congrave's eyes had startled me. Something or somebody was getting at her. Next day I thought I knew what.

It happened to be a banner day for me. Delicacy forbids enthusiastic detail. Enough to say that I was allowed to go down the corridor to the bathroom for the first time. For the journey along the corridor I had the arm of a husky student nurse named Hilda. I went into the lavatory room alone. When I was ready to come out I pulled the heavy door weakly, and therefore quietly. A little student named Phipps stood there in the corridor murmuring at Hilda.

"Sure. Congrave's been rough on me too, but I wouldn't go tattling to the supervisor with a lot of lies!"

"I haven't repeated anything that wasn't true," said Hilda. She was looking at me, holding her arm out, with a nasty smug smirk on her face.

Even a well man would hesitate to kick Hilda's solid stern. Also it wasn't the right retort. Nor could I find a wise one as we moved along the corridor. The floor desk was deserted. Hilda and I reached the door of 710. Catfish's soft but uninhibited drawl was plain to hear.

"Julie, yo' eyes want to believe me. Yo' lil' chin says no an' yo' big eyes say—"

I let go Hilda's arm. "You get on about your own business. I'm all right."

I tottered through the door of 710 and slammed it with a heave that practically flattened me on recoil. Miss Congrave made a swoop and got me to the bed.

"Listen, you two kids," I panted, "if you've got to bill and coo, you've got to keep the door shut. Tight. They're all listening with their tongues hanging out." And I didn't smile.

IT WAS a nasty thing to say, I knew Catfish did the billing and cooing singlehanded. But the only way to stop him was for Congrave to get good and mad. Her cool professional politeness was well over Catfish's head. She could get into trouble or she could get mad.

She got mad. For a moment I thought she was going to blast me like a thunderbolt splitting an old elm. Then her face sort of crumpled.

"They—they can't do this to me. I've worked so hard for—for everything. I've never asked for—" She clenched her hands tight. She made a step toward the door.

"Don't go out there looking as if you'd just been kissed," I said.

She didn't hit me. She stood perfectly still for several seconds. The confused, frightened look went out of her eyes. The hot flush slowly left her face. She walked out the door.

Catfish gave a growl. "You can't talk to that lil' lady like—"

"You!" I snapped. "You heard her. That girl has fought her way up. On her own. Nobody back of her. Nobody giving her a hand. All the way up. They've got her picked for Night Super job. So now Naler's out to smash her. Gossip. Any little slip. Any mud Naler can slap on her. And you come along with your hot line and—"

"Naler? That ol' battle-ax? She's fixin' to take a poke at Julie? By *damn*, ah'll tell that ol' battle-ax where she heads

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in—" Catfish began threshing around his bed in search of his call cord.

"Shut up," I bawled. "Shut up and listen to me. Besides, Miss Naler isn't on duty now."

At this point, Patty came bouncing in, looking practically indecent in street clothes.

"Gee, Willie! Gee, what's up with Congrave? She got on the elevator and Kincaid tried to stop her about the Trustee Inspection and Congrave only said she'd be on again at seven o'clock and I skinned off the elevator because something cooks. Gee, Congrave's face! Something happen in here?"

"Hooey!" I snorted. And, to change the subject, "What's Trustee Inspection?"

"Gee! Oh nothing, only some old goats walking around—probably they won't get onto the private floors this afternoon anyway—only gee! if I got caught here this way. Congrave's floor, too. Bet the trustees could go for this skirt though. Like it?—'By."

PATTY fled, but nothing resembling a trustee or goat appeared by suppertime. I was troubled. Not about Trustee Inspection. Nor Miss Congrave's going off duty to come on again for evening shift, which she often did. No, what bothered me was Pat's crack about Congrave's face. I'd seen it too. Congrave was scared. Why? Just how vicious could gossip be, with nothing to go on? Hooey, I kept telling myself, hooey, hooey. She was a bang-up nurse. Eight years or more she'd been sweating her heart out on this hospital. It was her whole life. Everybody knew Congrave was the perfect nurse. Empty gossip couldn't touch her. Hooey! Anybody in his right mind would know Congrave would never do anything unprofessional.

I know it was after visiting hours and I guess it was almost 9 P.M. when the deputation arrived at the door of 710. This time Miss Congrave came in first. Miss Naler came behind her. And in the open doorway I saw two of Boston's best. Trustees, I decided, not doctors. While I was deciding this, Catfish spotted old Naler. And the instant I heard his drawl I realized he'd just been waiting his chance.

"Miss Naler, ah don' want to heah 'bout any mo' loose talk from you 'bout Julie Congrave. Miss Julie is the woman ah love."

There was a gleam of mischief in Catfish's eyes but he meant what he said. Miss Naler let out a sort of gurgly gasp.

"You understand? Ah consider she is under mah special protection an' ah'll bus' anybody—"

I suppose old Naler's idea was to get the trustees out of earshot. Anyway she turned. She got one step toward the door. Then Catfish hit her in the back with the rebel yell. I say he hit Naler, but we were all innocent bystanders, all of us in 710, all on Foster Seven and probably those on the sixth and eighth floors too. Have you ever heard the rebel yell? Or even a panther's scream in the black of night? Blood froze, nerves paralyzed, muscles were stone.

"Holy!" I squeaked. Naler's plunge through the door and the vanishing of the trustees' blank faces restored me to consciousness. "Catfish, you're done for! They'll kick you out of here! They'll—"

"Ah didn't speck to stay longer than was necessary." His slow grin was not aimed at me. "An' this is no place fo' mah po' lil' gal either. Julie, ah believe ah'll have two laigs an' ah know ah got two arms an' a heart. Fo' you. Ah've even got me a haid." His smile sobered. "Miss Julie, ah'm a lawyer and a Virginia gentleman. Ah ask the right to protect you an' care fo' you an' cherish yo' fo'evah an' fo' always."

Congrave was standing staring at him of course. And again I saw her face sort of crumple. She was afraid. And suddenly I understood. It wasn't old Naler. It wasn't the gossip. Julie Congrave was scared to death—of Catfish Martin and of herself.

"Oh, Catfish! You idiot! I can't—"

At this instant old Naler reappeared in the doorway.

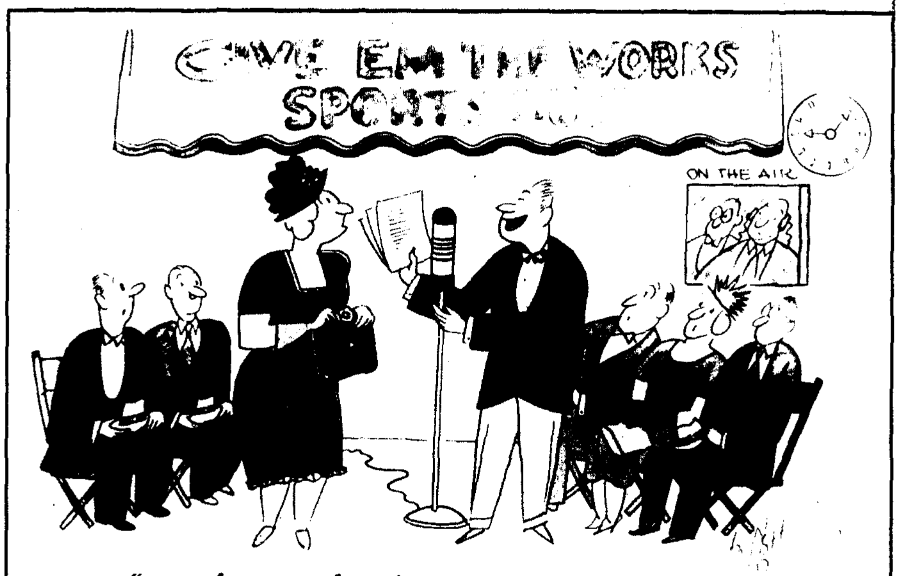
Julie was making a sort of moaning sound. Then she flew straight to Catfish's bed and his arm went round her. His large beaming face shone over Julie's head toward Miss Naler. Catfish cocked an eyebrow. And, by *damn*, slowly, step by step, old Naler backed out of 710.

THIS horrendous smashup in hospital routine occurred late in February. I went home the end of that month and along in May, Doctor Blair had me admitted again for a checkup. I stepped off the elevator at the seventh.

From behind the floor desk the head nurse glanced up with a brief polite smile. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Williams. Mr. Martin was back for a checkup and asked about you. Only last week. Mrs. Martin was with him. She was Miss Congrave here. Remember?"

"Yeah." I gulped uncertainly. This pleasant if rather severe woman facing me across the desk was my friend Patty.

"Yeah. I remember." ☐☐☐



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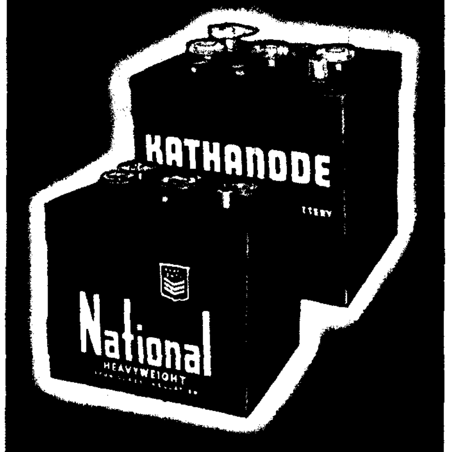

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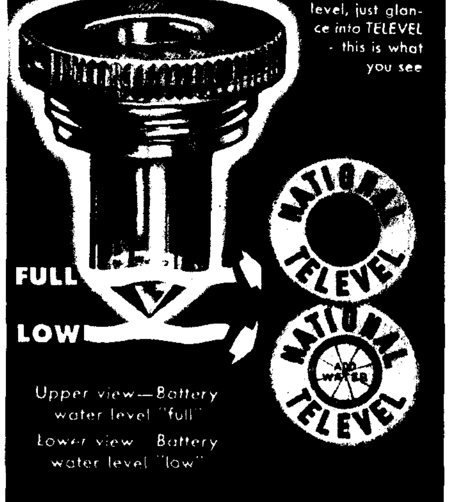

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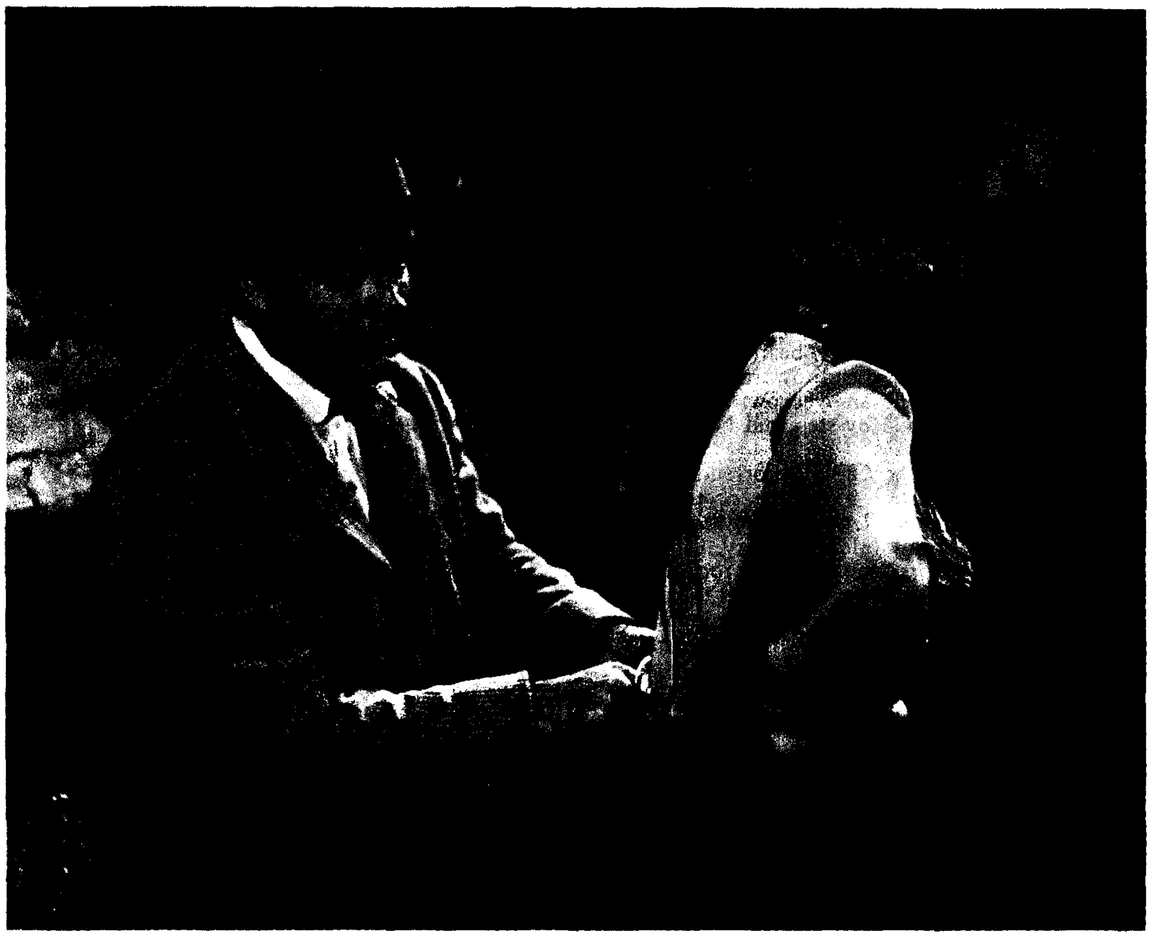
The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

In The Paleface, Bob Hope will slapstick a heroic Western role, aided and abetted by lovely Jane Russell, as that gun-totin' lady, Calamity Jane



Painless Potter (Hope) and his bride, Calamity Jane (Miss Russell) in The Paleface's big save-the-gal scene

BOB HOPE, the slick-tongued buffoon of stage, screen and radio, is turning up around Christmastime in an old-fashioned wild, wild Western, crammed with scenery, gunshots, covered wagons, Injuns, laughs and Jane Russell—in fact, everything but Bing Crosby.

Hope explains it this way: "There is no place in The Paleface for Bing. He hasn't a thing for Indians to hang onto, except his ears."

The Paleface is bang-up horse opera done by Paramount in the Mack Sennett manner to fit the smooth slapstick of Mr. Hope—horse uproar might best describe it. Mr. Hope plays the part of "Painless" Peter Potter, a traveling tooth yanker who dredges cavities with a hammer and chisel while consulting his correspondence-school textbooks—and can't shoot his way out of a paper bag.

He sums up his character at one point by claiming he "couldn't save a clam from a dish of chowder"; and in his hilarious brushes with badmen and Indians he reveals that "brave men run in my family!" And he runs.

As for the women with the courageous hearts 'neath the rounded pioneer curves, this department is ably taken care of by that outstanding actress, Jane Russell, sometimes described as the twentieth-century Venus de Milo, or just plain "Wow! Wow!"

Miss Russell, as you may recall, was the heroine of Howard Hughes's The Outlaw. The property of Mr. Hughes, she was loaned to Paramount for a few wagonloads of gold, to let you rest your eyes when you tire of looking at Bob Hope. She plays the part of Calamity Jane, a leather-whippin' female who shoots fust and asks questions later—as rough a gal as ever wore her holsters strapped to her girdle. As in The Outlaw, she still puts body English into her lines—or do we mean body lines into her English?

Incidentally, just to refresh you on Miss Russell's personal statistics, she's twenty-seven, was born at Bemidji, Minnesota, to which her ma made a dramatic dash from Edmonton, Ontario, so Jane could be born on American soil. Raised around Hollywood, Jane's been a model, has sung with bands, and is happily wed to Bob Waterfield, star back for the Los Angeles pro football Dons.

You, of course, have heard of Mr. Hope. Recently he became part proprietor with Mad-Man Muntz of the ghost gold-mining town of Henderson, Nevada. He claims he bought the town both as an investment and a place to keep his ghost writers.

"This is not so," counters Mr. Crosby. "Hope bought it to put his gold *into* the mines. He's the only hambone I know who needs a personal Fort Knox to store his wealth."

Which brings us face to face with the so-called plot of The Paleface. It seems there are a lot of bad hombres around the West who are supplying Indians with guns and ammunition, hoping to brew a massacre. Calamity Jane, a two-gun, buckskin-clad lady killer is released from jail and enlisted as a government agent.

On her way to her assignment, Jane is forced to shoot three evil gents who attempt to ambush her in a Turkish bath. Fortunately Jane wears her holsters even while showering; even so, she has to flee town. This she does in the dental wagon of Painless Potter, who is also leaving hastily after drawing the wrong tooth of a sensitive killer.

In order to join a wagon train headed West and make their relationship seemly, Calamity decides to marry Potter. She plans also to use him later as paleface bait. That it will be a marriage of convenience only is evident from the start. Whenever Hope attempts to embrace his dear bride, she conks him with a revolver butt. "Some kiss!" Hope murmurs happily when he comes to.

The couple's honeymoon night is marred by an Indian attack, beaten off by Jane's fine shooting, and for which Hope gets credit. He becomes a hero—in name only.

Eventually the tough bride and tender groom arrive at Buffalo Flats, a residential area in the growing West. Here Calamity confesses the marriage was merely a gimmick, and she gives Painless the heave-ho. Crushed like a desert flower, Painless, attempting to turn tough, winds up in a street-by-street, stalking gun duel with a trigger-happy pizen varmint. He is again saved by Calamity who, having had a well-timed change of heart, saves Painless' life with a well-pitched bullet which Painless believes he himself fired.

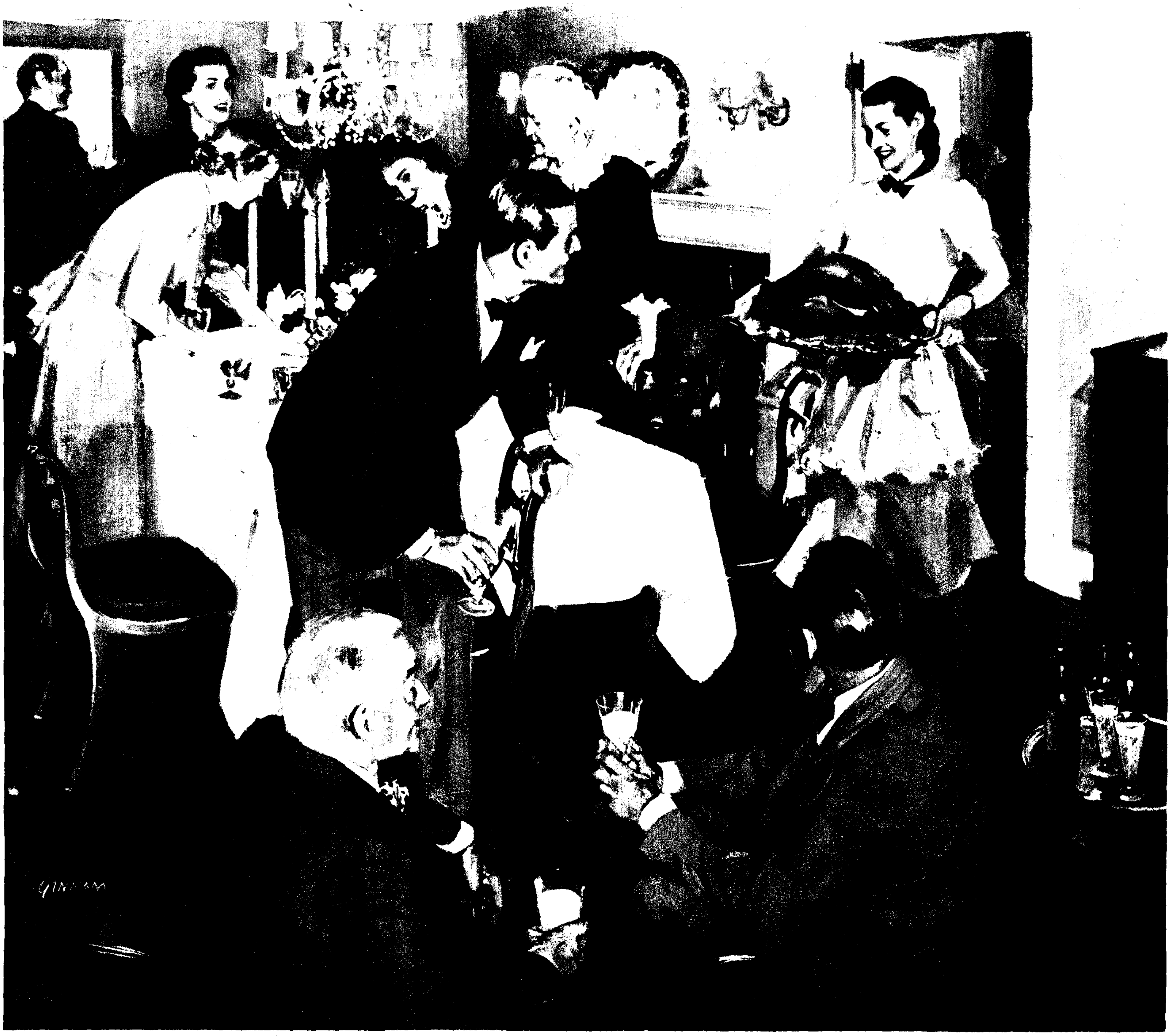
Calamity thereupon enlists her hubby's aid in rounding up the *provocateurs*. Unfortunately, both she and Painless are quickly captured by the Indians. When Hope is sentenced to be split into two personalities by being sprung from two lashed-down trees, Calamity confesses her love for her pacifistic molar mauler, who is promptly needled into brave deeds.

Somehow he becomes disguised as a medicine man, and rescues his wife amidst flying arrows, bullets, dynamite sticks and gags about as subtle as the Russian foreign policy. Buffalo Bill and the Marines, however, do not turn up to help him with the rescue.

All in all, The Paleface will brighten your holidays. There is Hope for the ear, and Russell for the eye, and the Technicolor, as usual, looks good enough to eat.

The Paleface is Hope's 24th picture for Hollywood. When Paramount was celebrating his ten years' connection with that company, he made a little speech of gratitude: "It's been wonderful, my treatment by Paramount. It's been a grand ten years and I've enjoyed every dollar of it."

Paramount, we assume, has too. For while both Hope and Crosby have looked on it as a meal ticket, they in turn might be considered Paramount's ditto.



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THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 27

practical transportation was the hauling of the family's provisions and water supplies by dog sledge!

The primitive colors and seethings and sometimes raw heroisms of life among men touched by gold madness gave him an enduring taste for excitement. He got plenty of excitement—when he entered the Nome grade school.

While not of an unshakably peaceable nature, Jim was, and is, essentially good-natured. Therefore, he was puzzled to find himself perpetually in a cloud of hard young fists. Unknown to him, the older boys had set him up as a convenient measure of social acceptance for all newcomers because he was the smallest kid. Strangers had to lick him or remain outcasts.

The backfire of this scheme rocked the younger set of Nome to its seats. From helping his father in the heavy work of frontier carpentry, and from sledge driving, Jim's shoulders and biceps had thickened out of proportion to his slight build. Moreover, as he gained experience he grew to *like* fighting; and, when all the newcomers were laid aside in sniffled rows, the small terror began to pick off the older and bigger lads with such aplomb that the alarmed leaders hastily dropped the social-prestige test.

Back in California, for high schooling and college, Jim thumped his way to the lightweight amateur championship of the entire West Coast. One year, representing the University of California in a meet with Stanford, Jim volunteered to substitute for his side's ailing middleweight. When the bell sounded, Eric Pedley, Stanford's extra tall and large middleweight champ, stuck out his left hand in kindliest fashion and placed it firmly down upon the top of Doolittle's head, as if to ward him away from harm. Jim ducked under and let go with his right. When Jim finished dressing he solicitously visited the rival dressing quarters, but Pedley was still unconscious. Doolittle had to leave without meeting him socially.

Years later the famous General Doolittle, taken by friends to the polo matches at Meadowbrook, was introduced to the famous international poloist, Eric Pedley, who grinned as he extended his hand and said, "General, I think I met you once before—for a few seconds!"

Trying Him on the Spider

After the Pedley bout a professional fight manager collared Jim, and—with visions of dollar signs bubbling in their heads—the pair rushed across the bay to San Francisco to meet James Coffroth, the Tex Rickard of that era. "A killer, I got here, Mister Coffroth—a killer!" gasped the manager. Without shifting his cigar or derby, Coffroth pointed to a lightweight shadowboxing in the gym ring: "Tha's Spider Kelly, trainin'. Put your phenom in wit' him."

The Spider, Jim recalls, was not only all bones and illusion, but jet-propelled as well. Jim was fast; but though he threw his lethal punch with industry and abandon he couldn't tag Spider once in their four rounds. Not quite four—Coffroth, a busy and easily bored gentleman, put an end to the bout, and to Jim's professional ring dreams, by telling the manager to "take that tramp outa here!"

Jim's college major was mining engineering. As part of the course, students were required to labor in actual mines during the long summer holiday before their senior year. He got a job at the storied Comstock Lode in Virginia City, Nevada—and another bellyful of excitement. The constant hazing and derision of the old-timers for all college boys taught him temper control. He knew he could belt the ears off any of them, but sought to prove his mettle by other means. There were two notable chances.

Once he went down 200 feet on a rope into the fetid, airless bottom of a dead-end shaft to extricate two dead miners from a fallen cage. Another time, alone in a mine with a bearded oldster, he plunged into three feet of practically boiling water to prime and restart a pump that had automatically shut off when, by neglect, the hot flood had been allowed to cover it. His legs and hands were swollen and broiled when he finished and his companion—unable to help because it was a one-man chore—pulled him out and grunted: "Son, there ain't no jelly in yore neck!"

Jim cherishes that remark more than any medal he won later.

Swell Flying-Cadet Material

It was lust for excitement and novelty, and not any particular interest in aviation, that led him to enlist as a flying cadet in World War I. But his background gave him ideal fitness for this pioneer air service. Quick, combative, with an athlete's sharpened reflexes and a nail-keg physique, he breezed through ground and flight training and won his "wings" and shavetail bars at Rockwell Field, San Diego, on March 11, 1918.

He got as far as Camp Merritt, New Jersey, for shipment overseas, but was yanked back to be a flight and gunnery instructor, eventually at Rockwell Field. It was there the Army began to realize that it had a Peck's bad boy on its hands. For Lieutenant Doolittle had discovered the wonderful fun a fellow with curiosity and steady nerves could have with airplanes.

Advanced students were frequently startled to see their instructor climb out upon the wing, or straddle the fuselage as if it were a cow pony. And other pilot-instructors were constantly being nagged to take him up as a passenger, so that he could practice standing on his head on the wing during the landings.

Not unexpectedly, this fetched Lieutenant Doolittle to the attention of the field's commanding officer.

Lieutenant Colonel Harvey S. Burwell, a native of Winsted, Connecticut, was only twenty-six, and, like Doolittle, small. Also like Doolittle, he had a powerful voice. Self-conscious about his youthfulness for such an important command, Burwell used his voice to make up for lack of beef and years; and gloried in the reputation of being the hardest-boiled C.O. in the Air Service.

One day when Jim was riding in the rear cockpit of a tandem-seated plane he suddenly remembered that Burwell had "grounded" him for some infraction. Presently, therefore, when his pilot friend turned around to speak to him, he was nowhere to be seen. The distraught pilot hurriedly landed to give the alarm and start a search for the body. Unknown to him, the conscience-stricken Doolittle had climbed from the cockpit and down to the fixed axle of the landing gear, where he sat trying to look as unobtrusive as a third wheel.

But unknown to both Doolittle and the pilot, Cecil B. de Mille was at the field making shots of landings for use in one of his epics. Burwell had to censor De Mille's rushes—and he let out a bellow when the best scene revealed Doolittle riding the axle. Jim, sentenced to another earth-bound month, concluded that the best way to hide was probably to stay where you were in the first place.

Soon afterward Burwell himself was coming in for a twilight landing—and with motor trouble. But he had to shove on the gas and falter around the field

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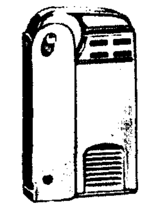

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again because someone was conducting an exhibition of plain and fancy motorcycle riding, smack in the center of the runway. A stylish exhibition, too; if you were in a position to admire it and were not the commanding officer, aloft with a crippled plane, darkness fast approachng, and forced to get down quickly—or else. Each time he buzzed the field—the motorcycle buzzed him.

When the cyclist finally tired of playng and sped away, Burwell landed and rushed upon his officer of the day: "Who—that—that idiot—motorcycle—"

"I don't know, sir, but I can guess!"

"Confine him to the post!"

"He is so confined now, sir!"

"Remove him from flying status!"

"He is grounded now, sir!" Burwell roared through every penalty he could hink of; each time he got a click of the heels and the reply, "He is now, sir!"

As soon as it was safe, Doolittle went to the C.O. with a Big Idea: "Sir, let me ead a cross-country flight to Washingon, carrying a message from you to headquarters. Would be excellent notice for us, sir!" Burwell was hesitant; but the lieutenant was a master salesman. Permission granted, Doolittle—who had rigged the whole project before he broached it!—scooted off at once, leading two other planes.

Two Long-Distance Confabs

Next evening he reported by phone: "In Arizona, sir—fine trip—everything okay—only one plane cracked up. Proceeding, sir!"

The following day he reported again: "Still in Arizona, sir—very large state—all's well, sir—second plane cracked up but I am proceeding!"

"You are—like hell!" yelled Burwell. "Mission's canceled. Get back here as fast as you can."

Unfortunately, bad weather caused a rough forced landing on the way home. The plane turned over and Jim was drenched from hair to heels with oil; and when he struggled out, his trousers caught on some projection and their seat was completely ripped away. He got the ship righted, made emergency repairs and continued.

In due time an apparition marched briskly into the C.O.'s office at Rockwell, and threw a superduper salute. When Burwell recognized Doolittle through the grime and bruises he called him a no-good officer, a no-good pilot, a disgrace to the Army, the Navy, the Allies, the 65th Congress and the President. When the noise subsided, Doolittle snapped, "Yes, sir!" and cheerfully executed another magnificent salute and a most soldierly about-face, and marched to the door—presenting his entirely bare rear to the C.O.

However, Burwell (now brigadier general, retired) and Doolittle are close friends today.

The Clowning Was Incidental

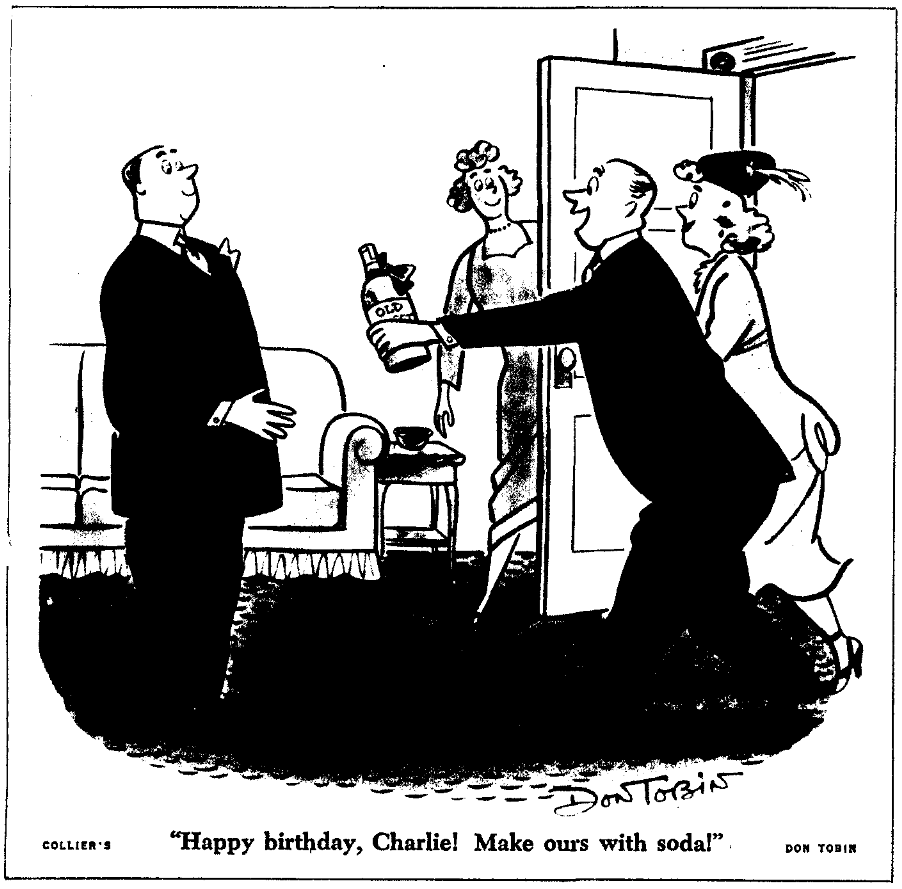
It was commanders like Burwell, who suffered most from his devilment but recognized his unusual airmanly gifts, that urged Doolittle to stay in the service after the war. For, although he managed to lend an aspect of clowning to much of his activity, Doolittle never took an uncalculated risk, never made a flight, or did a stunt, without a motive of learning. Aviation had staked a serious claim upon him, offering an outlet for his most compelling needs—excitement, adventure, engineering.

Elmer A. Sperry, noted American inventor, often calls attention to the continuity of purpose and consistency of pattern in Doolittle's subsequent Army career:

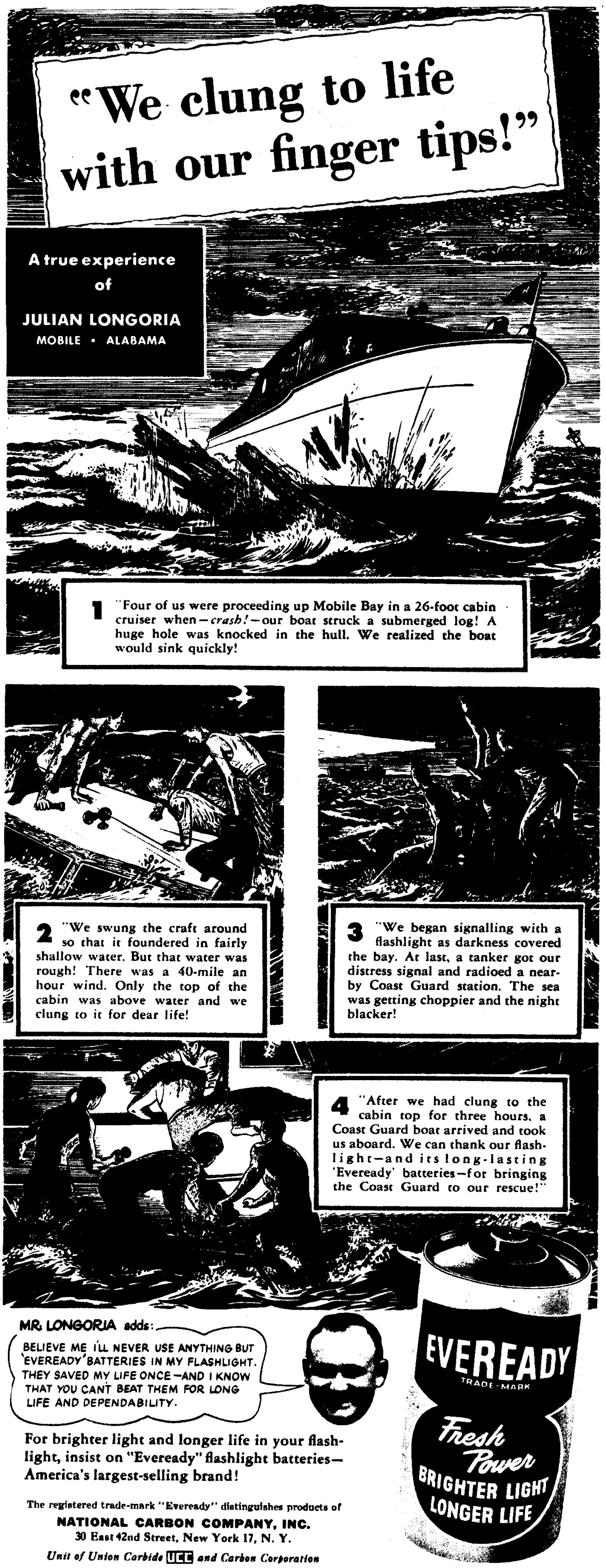
The airplane, Jim reasoned, is simply a new branch of transportation. Its inherent value is speed. But first there must be safety—through strength adequate to hold planes together at high speed. Next there must be reliability, all-weather operation. Then range—the distance factor. Lastly, operational economy. Otherwise, aviation would remain a freak; and develop no general efficiency or usefulness.

The flight "time" as a pilot in Doolittle's official logbook, if averaged over the 31 years since he entered the air service, amounts to just under one hour a day; approximately 10,000 hours. Some veteran military and commercial pilots have logged greater totals. But one factor makes Jim's record unmatchable by any living airman; it is that much of his time was piled up under specialized and ultra-hazardous conditions of testing, racing and demonstrating in experimental types.

There are two chief ways of determining the strength of airplane structure: static—loading it with pressures and weights on the ground, until it collapses. Test flight—subjecting it to breaking-



COLLIER'S "Happy birthday, Charlie! Make ours with soda!" DON TOBIN


"We clung to life with our finger tips!"

A true experience of
JULIAN LONGORIA
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1 "Four of us were proceeding up Mobile Bay in a 26-foot cabin cruiser when—*crash!*—our boat struck a submerged log! A huge hole was knocked in the hull. We realized the boat would sink quickly!

2 "We swung the craft around so that it foundered in fairly shallow water. But that water was rough! There was a 40-mile an hour wind. Only the top of the cabin was above water and we clung to it for dear life!

3 "We began signalling with a flashlight as darkness covered the bay. At last, a tanker got our distress signal and radioed a nearby Coast Guard station. The sea was getting choppier and the night blacker!

4 "After we had clung to the cabin top for three hours, a Coast Guard boat arrived and took us aboard. We can thank our flashlight—and its long-lasting 'Eveready' batteries—for bringing the Coast Guard to our rescue!"

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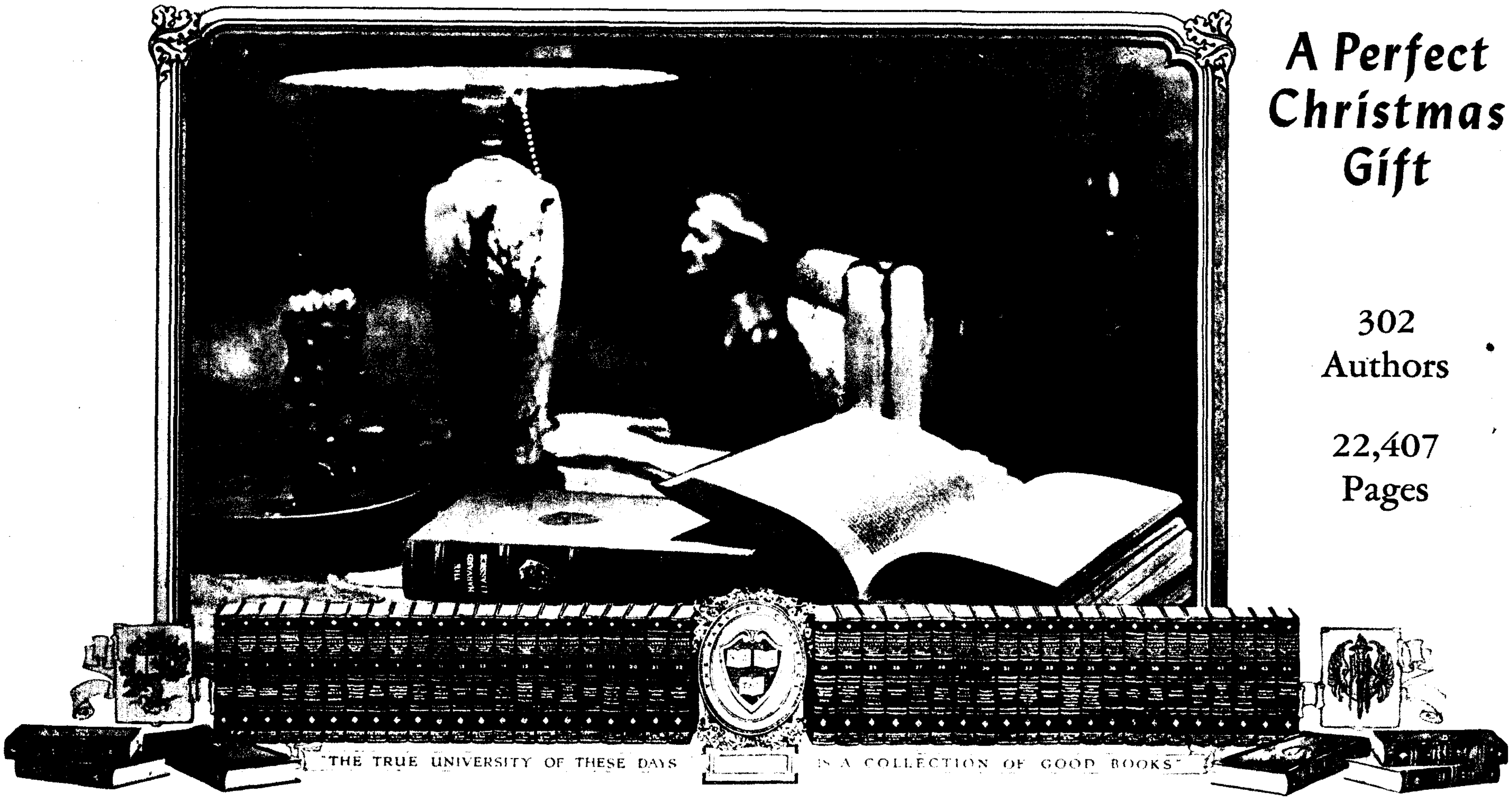
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point maneuvers and stresses in the air. That's the sort of flying Jim did as chief of the Test Flight Section at McCook Field, Dayton, after his graduation from the Aeronautical Engineering School there.

When the Army sent him to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he did three years work in two in gaining his master and doctor of science degrees, he continued his test flights at McCook while on vacations. For his master's thesis he submitted a paper he wrote for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics on "Accelerations in Flight." Translated into nontechnical language, it was simply a record of his observations of the effects of sudden acceleration upon the structure of a plane as he flung it through a series of punishing maneuvers—including screaming dives from high altitudes.

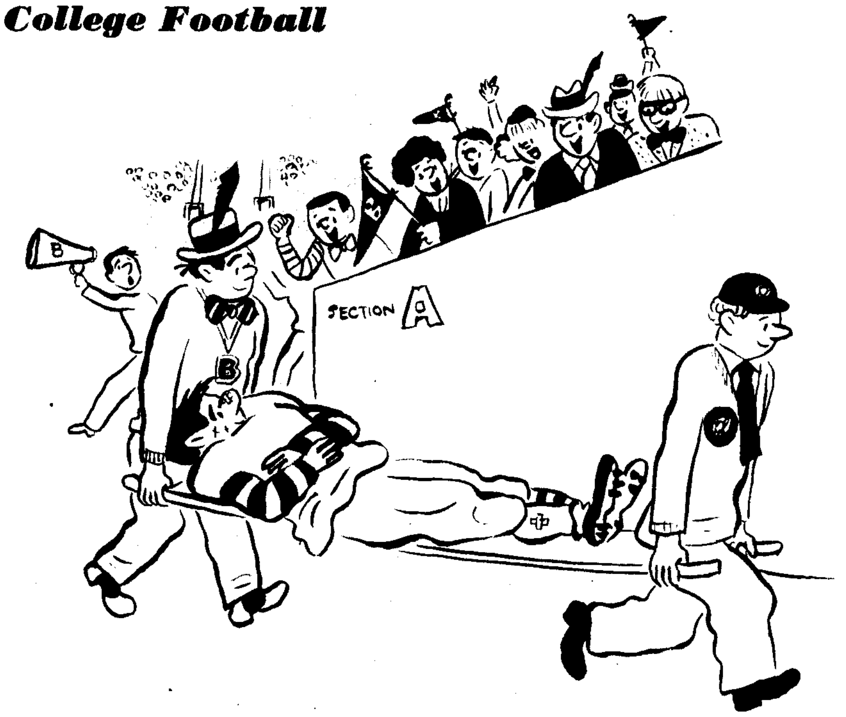
Once, as he pulled out of a long dive, something gave way in a wing. He couldn't tell what it was; but he knew instinctively it was important and valuable, and that he ought to "bring the ship back alive." Tested planes had been destroyed in the air before—and usually their pilots and evidence with them.

Jim disregarded his parachute, though he knew the plane might disintegrate and trap him at any moment. With consummate nerve and skill he eased off his speed and glided to a safe landing, where it was learned that one wing had indeed failed internally, yet had been kept almost miraculously in place under his delicate handling.

In the history of aviation this was the first actual "destruction test" achieved in the air that preserved its vital testimony. The Army citation read: "These tests were put through with that fine combination of fearlessness and skill which constitutes the essence of distinguished flying . . . through them scientific data of great and permanent importance to the Air Corps was obtained"—in giving Jim an oak-leaf cluster for his Distinguished Flying Cross.

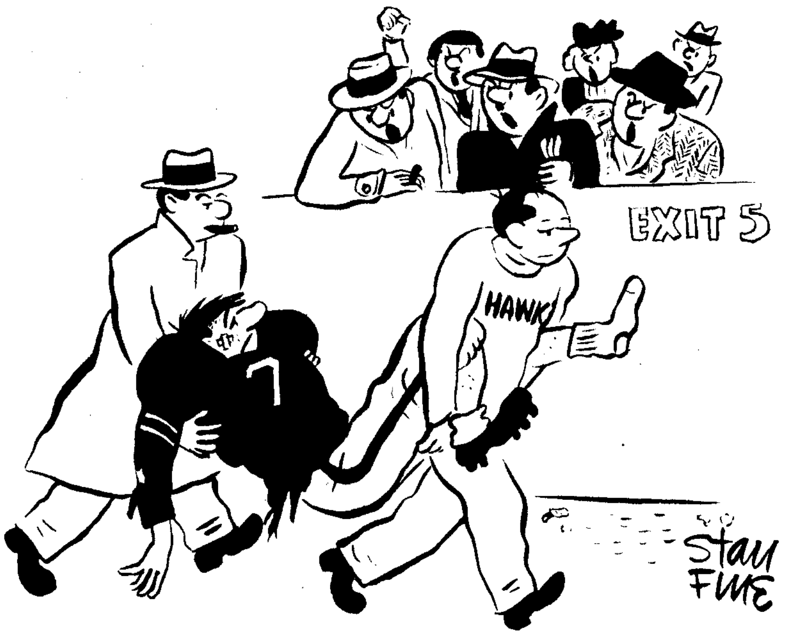
The original medal—first of a deep and wide chestful of fruit salad from the United States and foreign governments

College Football



"'Ray, Thompson! 'Ray, Thompson! Thompson! Thompson! Thompson!"

Pro Football



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WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

—was awarded in September, 1922, for what Army records term "the first of the cross-country flights that brought him international fame." That flight enabled Jim Doolittle to be the first human to cross our continent within the span of one day.

His primary attempt to get the heavily gas-laden plane off a beach near Jacksonville, Florida, was somewhat ignominious. To hear Jim tell it, he paid more attention to bowing to the admiring throng that lined the beach than to his work. The plane veered off the hard sand, capsized and left our hero dangling head down in the ocean. The helmet slipped over his eyes and he couldn't see where he was as he fought to unbuckle himself and "swim to the surface." Then some folks came along and righted him—in surf that barely covered his shoes!

Ignoring the hero worshipers, Jim got away successfully on his second attempt. He made one stop for a quick gas-up at Kelly Field, Texas; then went on through darkness and storm to reach San Diego 22 hours and 30 minutes after leaving Florida.

Another personal contribution to the shrinking of the earth came exactly nine years later to the day and month, when he zipped from Burbank, California, to Newark, New Jersey, in 11 hours and 16 minutes—and became the first human ever to traverse our continent in less than half a day.

Doolittle, age four, in Nome, Alaska

After years of test flying, which did so much to advance plane strength, Jim gave a major share of his interest to speed. By 1932 he had set the International Airplane Speed Record at just under 300 miles an hour—five miles a minute; tortoise stuff in these jet days, but daringly hot only 16 years ago.

Not Scared by Killer Plane

The Schneider Cup, Bendix Trophy, and Thompson Trophy were among the famous races he won—the Thompson in a plane known to be a "killer." It had already taken the lives of Lowell Bayles and others. Every time Doolittle climbed into it news photographers flocked around to get the "last" picture!

After winning the race, Jim flew that plane to its home field, got out, bowed and tipped his hat to it, then walked away—and left it there for good.

One test flight series of larger value to the progress of aviation than it sounds—"The Effect of Wind Velocity Gradient"—was the basis for his doctorate at MIT. Many old fliers had claimed they could tell wind velocity and direction "by instinct" while in flight. Doolittle proved it was utterly impossible, thus helping to bring to an end the myth that aviators were "supermen," and putting flight on the road on which it belongs: for ordinary men, pilot skill and training supplemented by reliance upon equipment and instruments.

His chance to serve a further and far-reaching step toward reliability came when the Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aeronautics borrowed him from the Army to work on fog flying equipment.

"During this assignment," his official Air Corps record states, "the now almost universally used artificial horizontal and directional gyroscope were developed."

No other single advance had greater direct bearing on the enormous growth of American commercial air travel; or the inexorable regularity of our heavy bomber missions during the war. On September 24, 1929, at Mitchel Field, New York, Doolittle made the first public flight in history completely "blind" from take-off to landing.

Reasons for a New Job

In 1930, Doolittle resigned from the Air Corps to become Aviation Department Manager of the Shell Union Oil Corporation. The financial pressure of a huskily growing family upon a first lieutenant's pay was partly responsible for the decision. Mainly, however, it was an inevitable step in the recognized "pattern" of his air career. The other basic factors—speed and the rest—having been gradually surmounted, scientific experimentation and development in fuels now became of paramount importance if economy and efficiency were to be gained.

It was a change that was to lead Doolittle into new and glamorous experiences the wide world over. Before he was fairly launched on those, however, once more a member of his family knocked his exuberance back into practical balance.

Although Jim once remarked, of testing and racing, in a speech before the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences, "I have yet to hear . . . of anyone engaged in this work dying of old age!" the racing fever was still in his veins. Moreover, there was prize money to be won by civilians in air races that would help out a lot until he had become profitably settled in his new work. So Jim bought a Travelair, souped it up for racing and called it his "Mystery S 400."

While flying it over a speed course, tuning for a race, the ailerons and part of the right wing broke off. He was very close to the ground but able to pull up to 400 feet in what was left of the plane before it went completely out of control—and he had to jump at what is dangerously near the minimum for parachute operation. His chute opened when he was only a few yards from the ground, while the remains of the plane were falling all around him.

Jim, Jr., who had been watching the speed trials, came rushing to where his father stood, draped in his chute, gazing sadly upon the wreckage. Jim turned to his son, expecting an outburst of filial solicitude.

Instead, however, of inquiring after the old man's well-being, young Jim crossly asked, "Dad, how much dough did we have wrapped up in that crate?"

"All we had," said Jim.

The boy walked away muttering.

Jim couldn't hear what he was saying. He didn't have to. The retreating back was a plain lecture upon the lack of consideration of fathers.

In the next installment, Doolittle becomes the United States' secret weapon against the Fascist axis—barnstorming through South America, the Orient and Europe—and fights aviation's greatest sham dogfight with German ace Von Schonabeck. Follow the jet-propelled career of Jimmy in next week's Collier's.

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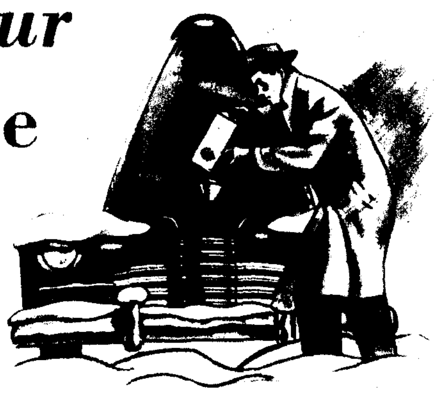

In weather when even the icicles have icicles—*you* need extra protection too. Don't take chances with your health; change now to the full-length, *equalized* protection of knit underwear by Wilson Brothers. Made in many styles and weights, for really heavy weather or milder spells, too. See your Wilson Brothers dealer now.

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2. Cap Sleeve Undershirt of fine-combed cotton. Trim-fitting cuffs. Gives your shoulders more protection than sleeveless garments, without sacrificing freedom of movement.

3. All-cotton Cutaways by Wilson Brothers. Comfortable, lightweight, yet amply protective. Full length model shown, also available in Mid-length and Briefs.

4. Mid-length Unionsuit, medium weight, all cotton. Also available in 25% wool. Collarette is protective, yet lies smooth and flat. Cuff made to fit snug.

Wilson Brothers

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FOR YOUNG MEN OF ALL AGES: Faultless Nobelt Pajamas . . . Shirts . . . Skipper Sportswear . . . Sweaters
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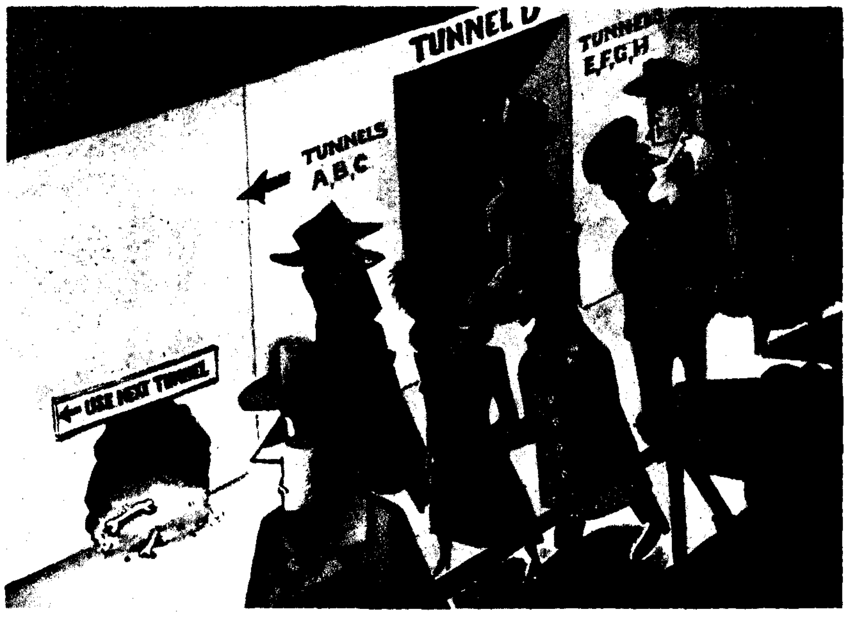
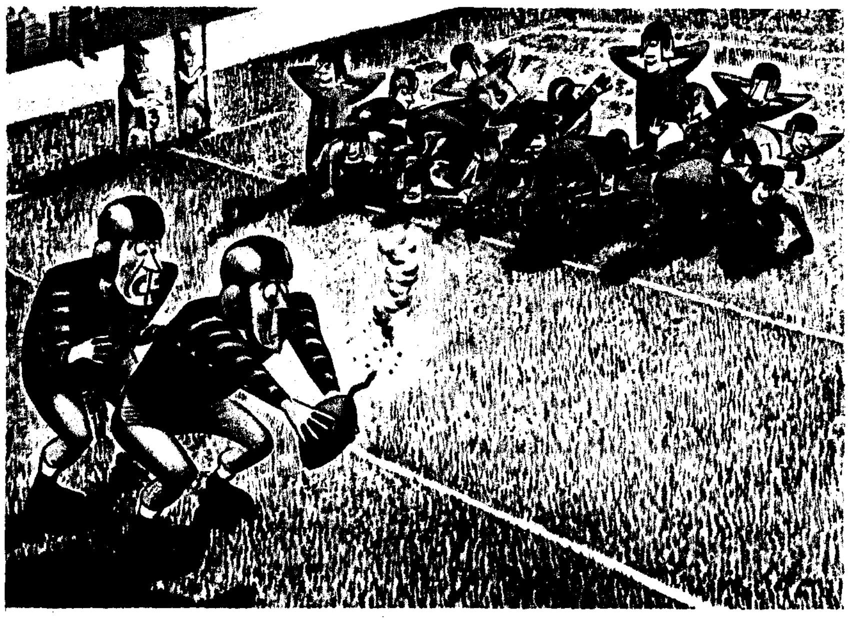
Big Game

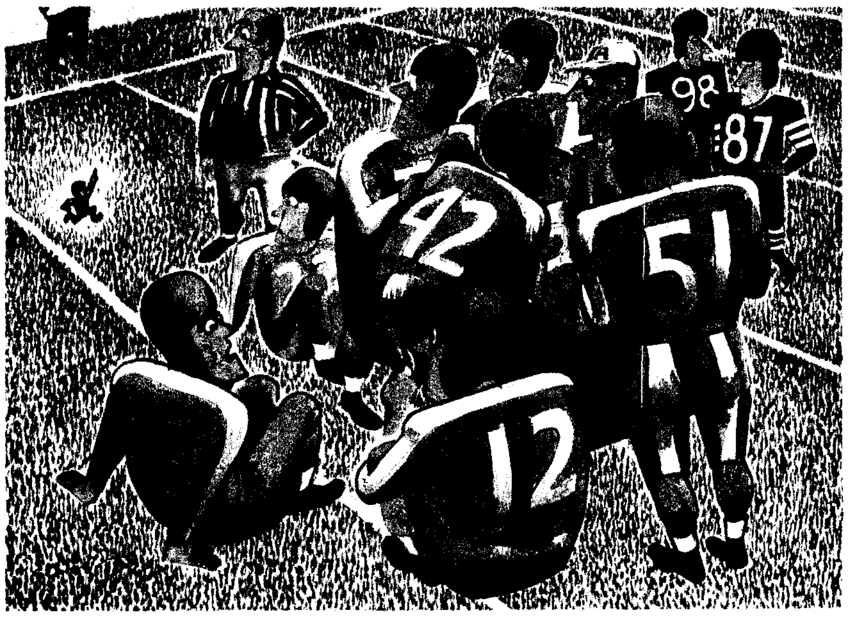
Football frenzy calls for mad treatment. Cartoonist Virgil Partch is the man for it


TUNNEL D
TUNNELS E,F,G,H
TUNNELS A,B,C
USE NEXT TUNNEL

"We're almost there"



"There's something awfully fishy about the way they let us intercept so easily"


98
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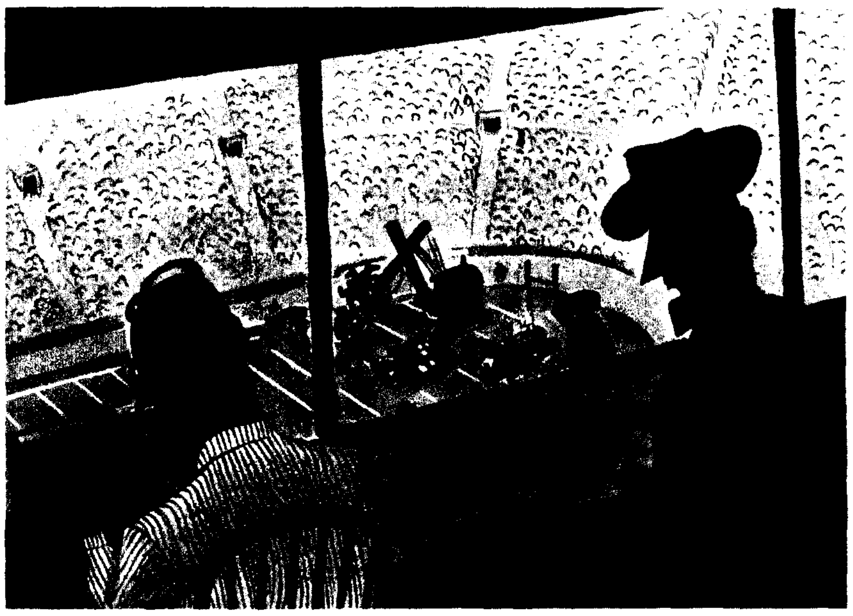
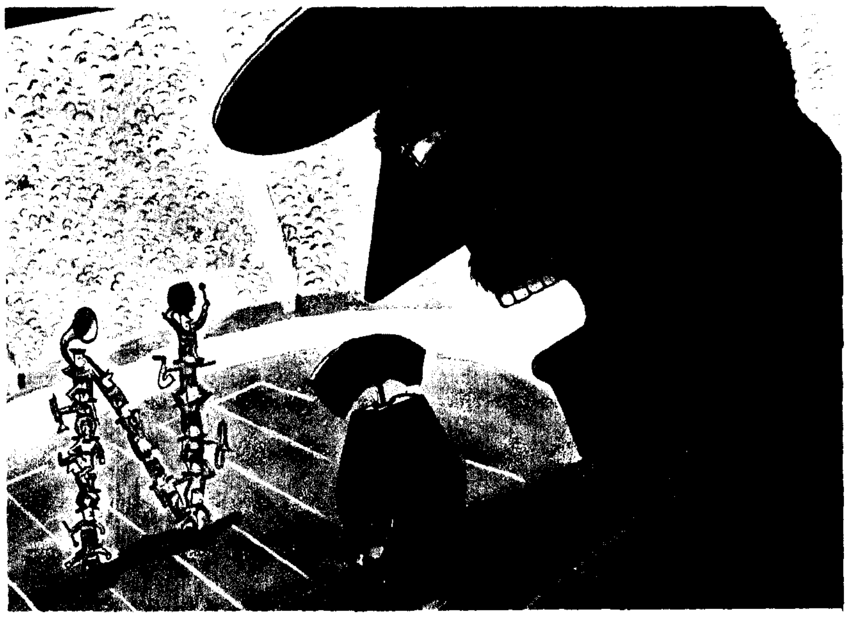
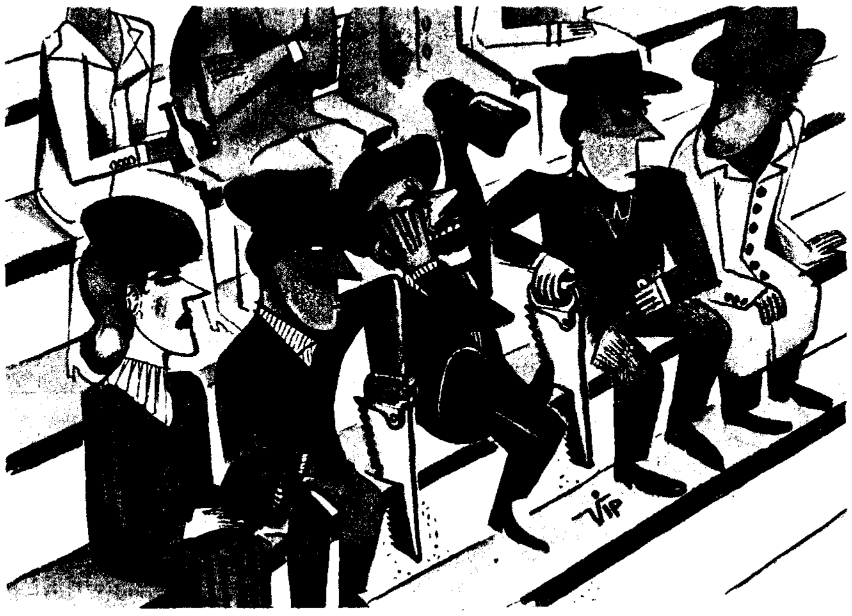
"Watch out for this guy—he can turn on a dime"



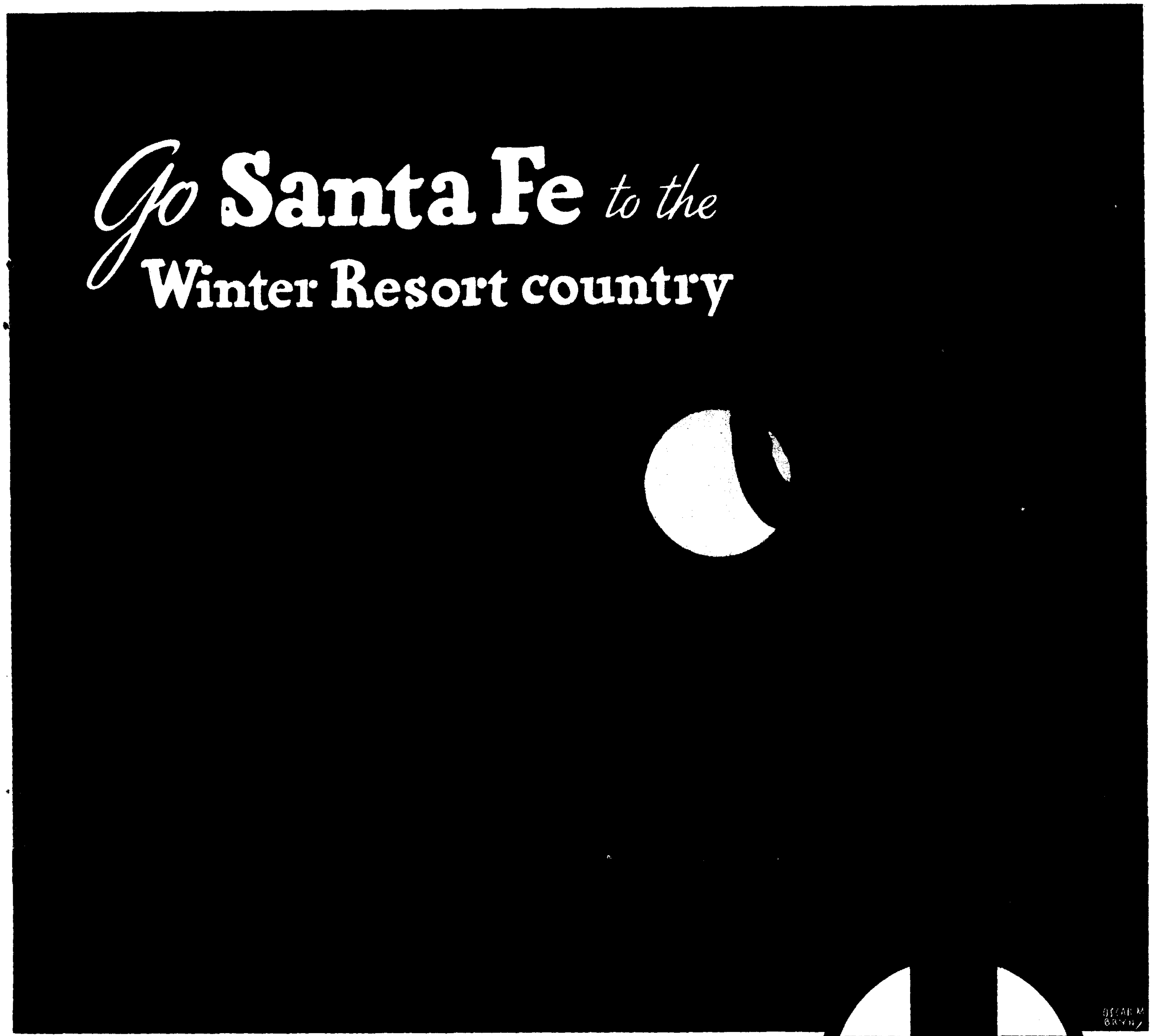
"They're still unpiling players down there"



"Now the band forms a huge 'N' "



"Yea—touchdown!"



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You can take your choice of a wide variety of places—from "roughing it" in comfort with a swimming pool at your door, to saddling your own horse on a working ranch.

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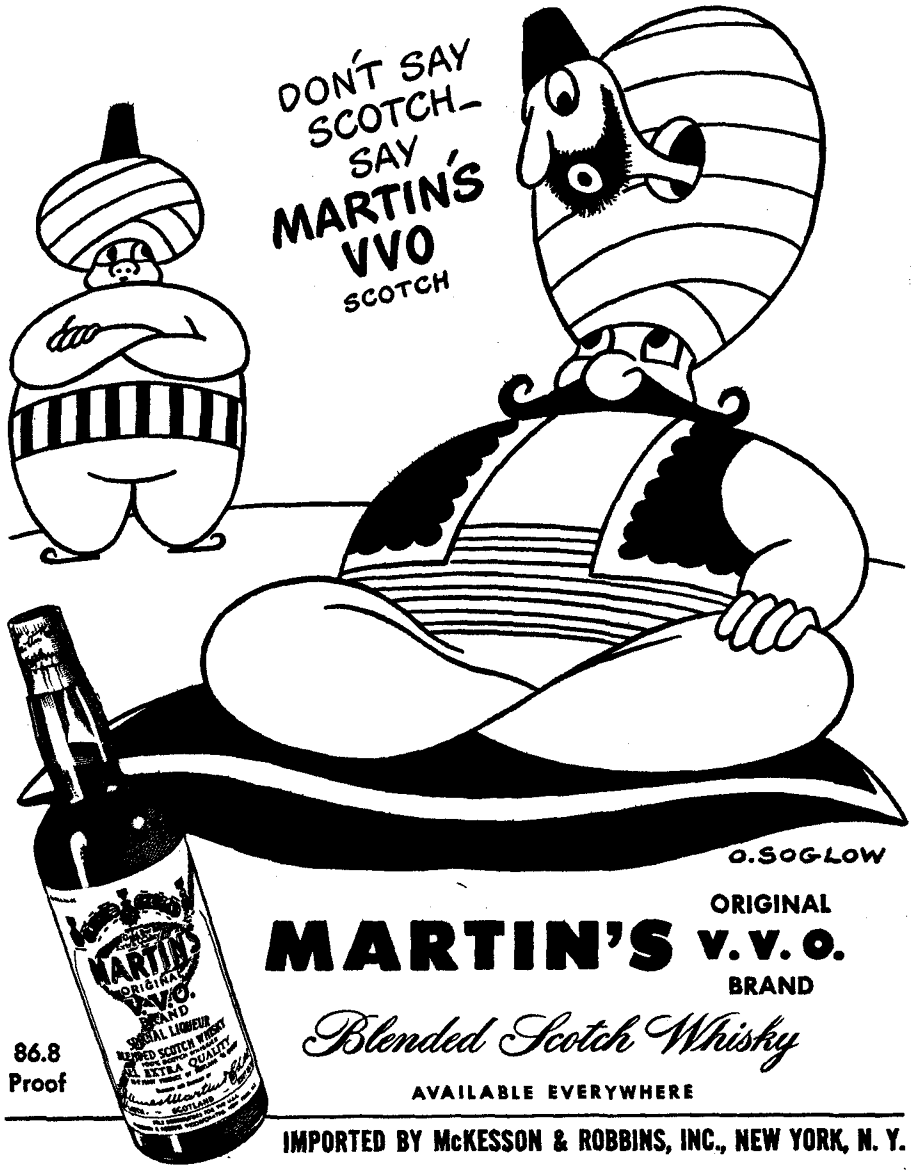
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LEO THE TERROR

Continued from page 15

The circus tent was crowded that night, and the spectators watched breathlessly as Leo was put through his paces. Hercule guided the lion with a long whip from one high stool to another. Leo climbed and sprang as directed, growling forlornly as he felt the twinges of rheumatism. When he sat on the highest stool of all and looked at the distance he would have to climb down again, he raised his muzzle in the air and howled heartbrokenly.

The sergeant in the front row wiped the sweat from his forehead and thought of the fate of Hercule's predecessors. The lion tamer kept Leo on the move, tipping and prodding him with the long whip, because there was a danger that if Leo was left for a few minutes sitting in the one place, he would fall asleep.

At length the lion was guided down again, growling and complaining, to the floor of the cage, and Mr. Bullitt, stalking to the center of the arena, announced in ringing tones the high spot of the evening—the intrepid Hercule would now place his head in the lion's mouth. A shudder of expectancy rippled through the audience, there was a roll of drums, and a green spotlight picked out Leo as he wearily opened his mouth and displayed his terrible fangs.

Hercule laid aside the whip and approached cautiously. He placed his two hands on Leo's corrugated cheeks, and unnoticed by the audience, slipped the usual block of wood between the lion's *back teeth, just in case Leo should grow* tired of holding his mouth open and close it without giving due warning. Then the intrepid Hercule carefully introduced his head between Leo's gigantic dentures.

Women screamed and buried their faces on the shoulders of their escorts, while the men, with white faces, stared fascinated at the terrible spectacle. Slowly Hercule withdrew his head, and there was another roll of drums, and a moment later he was bowing in the center of the ring amid a thunder of applause.

When the lights in the great tent had been extinguished, and a couple of cowboys were treading their way between the caravans essaying the impossible task of hunting the children of the town away from the circus ground, Leo ambled slowly across his cage and peered into the bucket which contained his supper.

At first he could scarcely believe his eyes. He stared incredulously but there was no mistake—the bucket was only half full. He looked to left and right, and then, opening his jaws, emitted an indignant roar. It was a hollow, reverberating roar, which seemed to come from the depths of his stomach. Two small boys who had been fiddling with the catch on the door of the cage, immediately sprang to the ground and raced off into the darkness.

Leo did not even bother to glance after them. He knew that the bars of the cage were there to protect him from human beings, and that as long as the bars were intact, he was safe; so he paid no attention to noises outside. Anyway, his mind was too taken up with his wrongs. He kept his eyes fixed on his meager supper, growling at the bucket as he gradually backed away from it until his hindquarters came in contact with the door.

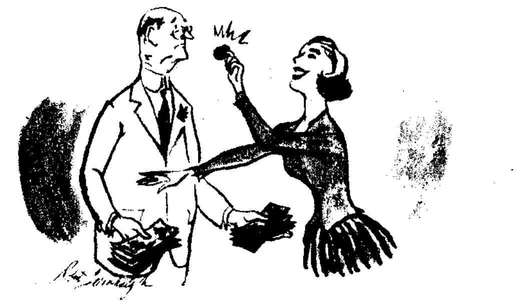
To his astonishment he felt the door opening behind him. He turned his head and studied this extraordinary phenomenon, slowly coming to a realization of the infinite possibilities which were opening before him. Normally he would never have thought of exchanging the safety of his cage for the unknown dangers of the outside world, but his mood at the moment was one of extreme exasperation.

If they weren't going to give him his customary measure of food, be damned but he'd go and get it for himself. He did not hesitate for long. He paused for a moment only at the open door, then bounded softly to the ground. He stood for a short while sniffing the air to left and right, his tail lashing gently; then he padded off cautiously into the darkness.

EARLY the following morning Hercule burst into Mr. Bullitt's caravan with the news of the calamity. The circus magnate sat up in his bunk in his nightshirt and upbraided the lion tamer.

"He must be got back or it's the end of us. We're near enough to bankruptcy as it is, without losing our *star performer. You hear me: He must* be got back!"

The news spread with astonishing rapidity. When the sergeant was informed that Leo the Man-Eating Lion was abroad, he turned white. He fumbled and dropped his keys as he hurried to open the station to issue revolvers to his men. About midday a furious barking of dogs announced the breakneck arrival of a bread truck in the town. The driver sprang from the truck and shouted his news, that three miles out in the country he had seen a telegraph lineman marooned up a pole while Leo lay fast asleep at the base. The lineman had



ROBERT GREENHALGH

On the Average

There is enough money in circulation to average out to $200.30 for each American.—*News item.*

Come, let us combine our resources,
  Our silver and currency join,
Assemble per capita forces
  And put in one pocket our coin.

No need for us both to be slackers
  And under the average; hence,
If you have the two hundred smackers,
  I'll manage the thirty cents.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

shouted piteously that he had been up the pole for two hours, that he was riddled with cramp and that he expected to fall off any moment.

A volunteer party with scythes and pitchforks crowded into the cars which the police quickly commandeered, and set out for the scene, but on their arrival they found nothing of Leo except some molted hair. The lineman had to be taken from the telegraph pole by ladder. He was quite incapable of giving an articulate account of the affair and had to be assisted to walk by two men holding him under the armpits. He was conveyed back to the town and put to bed in the County Hospital.

BY EARLY afternoon, all the schoolmasters in the neighborhood had got through on the phone to the Department of Education and obtained permission to close their schools.

"What I'm afraid of," said the lion tamer, "is that some of these yahoos of policemen will frighten Leo. A sudden shock at his age might have serious consequences. They're tearing around the countryside on bicycles with revolvers. You can never trust a policeman to act sensible: They're that wild when they get excited, they might even open fire and injure the poor inoffensive animal.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For the Men in Your Life

By BERT BACHARACH

In Collier's next week

"Oh, Mr. Bullitt, sir, Leo has been with us a long time now. You'll have to do something to save him. Can't you go to the sergeant and explain that he's the most harmless lion that ever walked on four paws? Honest, boss, that animal is innocent. I don't believe that in all his life he has even had a bad thought."

"Keep your mouth shut. He has been billed for years as an animal of most unexampled ferocity. Do you want to have me prosecuted for fraud? Anyway, if it's made public that he's nothing but a sissy, we might as well take his act out of the show, and where'd we be then? In the bankruptcy court, every man jack of us."

That evening when it was reported that Leo had been sighted on the railway line some miles outside the town, an engineer refused to take his train out of the station. He was backed strongly by the fireman, who insisted that he had seen, in the films, lions springing unerringly from overhanging trees on to innocent passers-by.

Neither threats of dismissal nor bribes could move the engineer. There were too many overhead bridges on the line, he said; he didn't mind for himself, but he had a wife and five children dependent on him. The indignant passengers had to be accommodated for the night in the railway station.

"I don't think I'll be able to sleep," said the lion tamer sorrowfully, "when I think of that poor animal with nowhere to lay his head."

"I wish I could lay my hands on him," said Mr. Bullitt savagely. "He has the whole life of the county paralyzed."

Mr. Bullitt's temper was not improved by the arrival the following morning of a farmer claiming compensation for the loss of a goat, shot dead during the night by a nervous policeman, whose only excuse was that it had failed to answer his challenge. . . .

Some five miles away in a small belt of trees Leo lay, his chin resting dejectedly on his great soft paws. Half an hour before, while sheltering in a ditch beside the road, he had been startled by the sudden appearance of a small boy on a bicycle. The unusual sight had nearly thrown Leo into convulsions. He had flung himself in desperation through the hedge and made off across the fields.

It was the worst thing that he had yet experienced, and his heart was still thumping against his ribs. On the previous day he had ambled along the road until the pads of his paws were sore from the hard macadam, telling himself that sooner or later he would surely come on something to eat. Then he had tried the railway line for a bit, but he had found the sleepers so placed as to render a prolonged walk uncomfortable, and you couldn't trot on them at all.

Now he lay motionless except for a slight twitching of the ears, wishing to Heaven that he was safe back in his cage. He lay there hour after hour until the urge of hunger became so strong that he could not bear to remain still any longer. He reared himself slowly to his feet, moaned plaintively, and started to wander disconsolately across the field.

As he was mooching through a gap, he saw something which brought him to a sudden halt. A few paces from where he stood, a fox terrier puppy was nuzzling a bone. It was a very large bone, far too big for so small a dog: In fact, it was nearly as big as himself. When the puppy saw Leo, the eyes nearly popped out of his head. For one moment he gazed incredulously. Then he rolled over on his back, all his paws relaxed in token of surrender.

But Leo was not taking any chances: He had once been bitten by a furious Sealyham which had managed to worm its way between the bars of his cage, so his approach was wary. When he was near enough, he put out a cautious paw and quickly flicked the bone in his own direction. In a moment he had it between his teeth and was running back the way he had come.

THE puppy, apparently of opinion that his last hour had come, was lying on his back with his eyes closed; but when after a reasonable time it was borne in on him that nothing was happening to him, he ventured to open his eyes. Observing that the coast was clear, he rolled over onto his paws again, and with his tail between his legs scuttled off as fast as he could in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile Leo, when he adjudged that he was at a safe distance from the fellow animal which he had wronged, lay down to inspect his loot. It was a toothsome bone with shreds of meat still adhering to it, and his sniffing nose told him that it was packed with marrow inside. He wrapped a paw over the bone so as to keep it steady while he tried to get a grip on it with one side of his jaw.

But the bone was slippery, and the fact that he was wearing false teeth was an additional difficulty. He licked the bone several times, moved over onto one elbow and tried again. With his eyes half closed and his nose wrinkled almost into a knot, he at last managed to get a firm grip. He exerted all the pressure of which his jaws were capable. There was an ominous crack, and several of his fangs fell out.

In the market square a trembling small boy leaned his bicycle against the town lamppost and related to the horrified crowd, how he had been chased for miles along the road by a lion.

"There's nothing else for it," said the sergeant, as he picked up the phone. "I should have done it before. I'm going to call out the military."

The lion tamer had been drinking

two can look
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heavily, but this was the final blow. He took to his bunk and refused to get up.

"This is the end. They'll riddle the unfortunate animal with bullets."

"Yes," said his master bitterly, "and he's not even insured."

During the ensuing week, terror possessed the countryside. In outlying farms, behind doors heavily bolted and barred, farmers stood in the centers of their kitchens gripping pitchforks. Upstairs the women of the house tried to quieten the children, while all listened trembling to the soft pad of footsteps in the farmyard outside, the scratching sounds and the inevitable clucking and squawking from the poultry house.

In the morning when the farmer ventured to withdraw the bolts, it was to find that nothing remained of his hens but feathers scattered widely in the yard and on the neighboring road.

"I wouldn't have believed that Leo was capable of it," said the lion tamer.

"I don't know what sort of government we have in this country. They can't even catch a wayward lion, who's probably only too anxious to give himself up if he was certain he could do it with safety."

The authorities in fact were doing their best. A military cordon had been flung around the area, and six sharpshooters were on hand, but while there was a certain amount of banging at night, which gave the local people confidence, the only casualties so far had been among livestock.

ON THE following Saturday evening, Hercule, his face radiant, burst into Mr. Bullitt's caravan.

"Leo has been vindicated!"

Mr. Bullitt sprang from his bunk. "Have they captured him?"

"No, but his character has been cleared. Last night a farmer named Murphy saw that thieving poacher, Larry Hamill, creeping out of his yard with a sackful of dead hens. The poacher stood in the yard as bold as you please scattering feathers up in the air and in all directions, so as to put the blame on the unfortunate lion. Old Murphy peppered him with a shotgun from the window."

"That villainous twister! I knew he was no good. The dirty double-crosser! Have they arrested him?"

"No, he's in the County Hospital with the doctors digging the shot out of him with knives. They've arrested Old Murphy and charged him with attempted murder."

"They can't go on with it. There'll be a revolution in the neighborhood."

"That is the authorities' lookout. Maybe now that Leo has been proved innocent, the government will call off its gunmen, and we can get a little sleep."

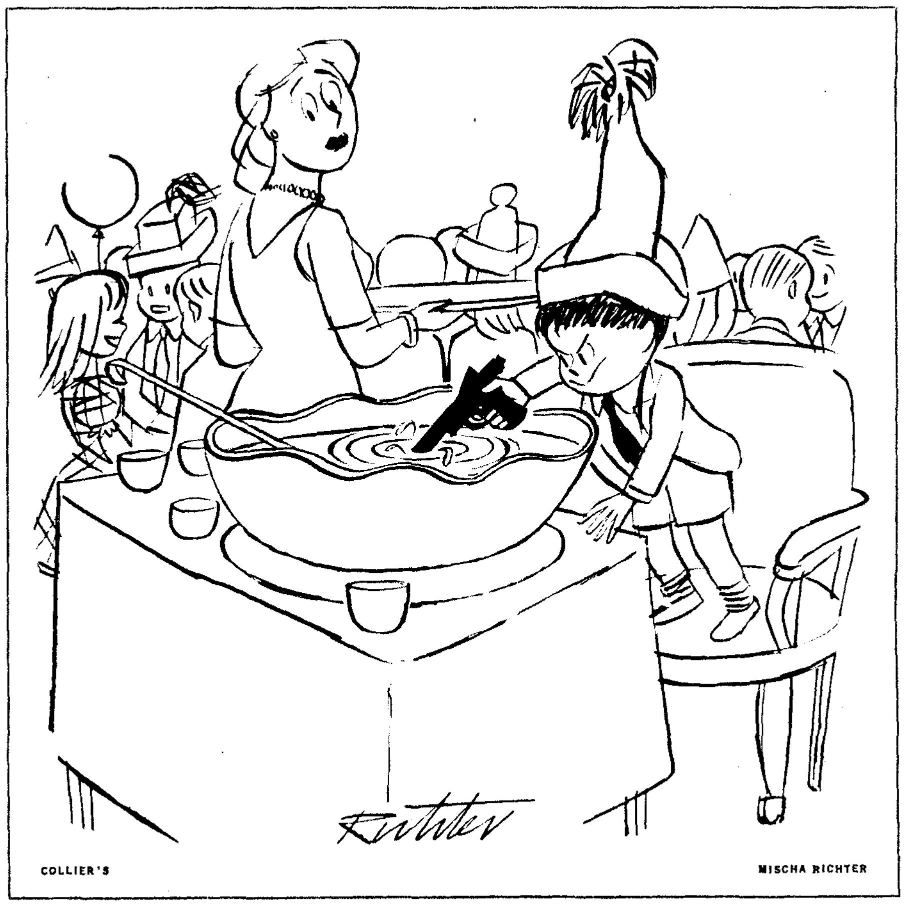
The disclosure of the poacher's perfidy was followed by a revulsion of popular feeling in favor of the maligned Leo. It was realized that there was not a tittle of evidence that the lion had done any harm to man or beast; moreover, as he had not been seen for a week, the belief began to grow that he was either deceased or that he had moved out of the neighborhood altogether.

The local people began to clamor for the withdrawal of the military sharpshooters, who were felt to be a greater danger than the lion. They became confirmed in this belief when one of the sharpshooters shot part of the roof off a poor man's cottage with a tommy gun one night, leaving the startled tenant and his wife exposed to the stars.

The military was withdrawn, and after a couple of nights undisturbed by random rifle fire, Leo ventured to put his head out of the boghole where he had gone to ground. He was very scraggy and emaciated. His bones were nearly protruding through his hide like the ribs of a broken umbrella.

There was no moon overhead, and no one knew how he found his way home back to the circus. Hunger may have sharpened his homing instinct, for he had subsisted for a week on an inadequate vegetable diet, mostly water cress and nettles. The lion tamer had hopefully left the door of the cage open, and one morning he was rewarded.

Leo was found squatting on his haunches inside, looking rather sheepish, his paws tar-stained, and his mane full of pieces of brier and bristling with burrs. He was a very sorry-looking lion, but he purred deep down in his throat and rubbed his scarred muzzle against Hercule as the lion tamer flung his arms around his neck. And Leo noted with satisfaction that, excited as the lion tamer was, he did not neglect to test every bar of the cage and lock and padlock the door before running to prepare a bumper meal and announce the return of the prodigal.



COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

FOLLOW THE STORM

Continued from page 25

hear your plane. Would you—would you be Mr. and Mrs. Liddicott?"

Joan nodded. "We would. But I can't think how you guessed."

"I've seen pictures of you."

Two men came in from the back room. The first was a barrel-chested man whose huge frame and leathery face gave his great age an air of indestructibility. He had a monkish fringe of white hair around a bald pate. His blue trousers and unbuttoned waistcoat seemed to be survivors of metropolitan fashion, thirty years back. The tall, tight-lipped young fellow behind him wore no badges, but there was an official neatness to his khaki shirt, pants and black boots.

The girl made introductions. "This is Mr. Horrocks, my grandfather, and Constable McIver. Gran'pa, what do you think? This is Mr. and Mrs. Liddicott. You know—the American fliers."

HORROCKS took a cloth from his bar counter, wiped his fingers on it, and came forward deliberately to extend a vast hand to Martin.

"Well, fancy that! Pleased to meet you. Got lost or something, did you?" he rasped. "Don't get many visitors from outside nowadays. We had a Liberator force-land here in '44. Goin' to Darwin, they were. Eight Americans, and they drunk us dry in two days—fair dinkum, they did! You better have a drink. What will it be, Mrs. Liddicott?"

"Could it be a brandy?"

"It could be anything you name."

Constable McIver asked, "You've had trouble with your plane?"

"Spilt all our fuel," Martin told him. "Trouble with a metal stiffener in the *monocoque* fuselage. They didn't allow enough clearance between it and the main tank. It chafed a hole. I think I can fix that. Could I get enough gas here to carry us on to Longreach?"

McIver nodded. "There's a dump of hundred-octane stuff. If you've come across from Darwin, you're well off your course for Longreach, you know."

"We know it. Weather in Darwin had a monsoonal storm plotted. We aimed to come well south around it. As it was, we ran into an odd corner of storm."

At that, everyone looked sharply at the Liddicotts.

"You came through a bit of wet?" Horrocks twitched his set of heavy white eyebrows. "Could you tell us where it was?"

"The tail end would be the best part of two hundred miles from here, and moving west."

"Ah!" Horrocks poured two drinks and brought them to the bench.

The girl Caroline moved forward. "Maybe they saw Jim's mob," she ventured.

"From an aeroplane goin' five hundred miles an hour and five miles high?" Horrocks scoffed. "Wouldn't be a chance, Caroline."

"You flatter that airplane," Joan said. "Would Jim's mob be some men with a big herd of beef?"

Caroline nodded.

"Well, maybe it was them we saw. At an old watercourse. A whole lot of cattle. All we saw of the men was that one wore a red shirt. I'm afraid we scared his herd—"

McIver's coldly steady voice cut in. "Which way were they heading?"

"They were crossing our course at right angles. They were going sou'west."

They had hoped not to hear that. The room was silent for some moments. Joan saw the girl's hands tighten. Horrocks began to fold his bar cloth carefully. He said, softly, "Suppose you go and fix a bedroom, Carry."

The girl turned and walked from the room. Horrocks watched her from the corners of his eyes. "Give that door a kick, Mac," he told McIver. He went slowly back to his counter, and propped his elbows on it.

Joan stood up. "Better tell us what's wrong."

"Eh? Well, you see, it's Caroline's young man," Horrocks said. "That was his plant you saw. He and his partners are overlandin' a mob of cattle. They got a buyer waitin', over Alice Springs way. They reckoned to get through on the rains. It looked pretty right when they started. But we heard on the radio that the wet looked like missin' the country ahead of them. Jim won't know it for sure yet, but he's headin' out for perishin' dry country."

Martin said, "It all looked perishing, the way we saw it."

Horrocks shook his head. "You can travel cattle through it, and fatten 'em, too, if you know how. It's grand country if it isn't overstocked. You should see it in a good season, when the creeks run." He turned to look at the photograph on the wall. "That's the way it is, isn't it, Mac?"

McIver shrugged his shoulders. "It comes good once in a while, Mr. Horrocks, but—"

"Ach! You ought to go back to a city beat," Horrocks flung down his cloth. "Come on, I'll show you people your room. You can have a kettle of warm water for a shower. It's only a kerosene tin with holes in it, but it does the trick."

"I'm sure it does," Martin said. "Look, Mr. Horrocks, we've only a few shillings of Australian money with us, but if you'll take my check—"

"Who the hell cares about your money?" Horrocks glared.

THREE hours later the Liddicotts, in engulfing suits of borrowed pajamas, lay on the one brass-knobbed double bed in Darfie's Ponds. A candle lighted their room. The furnishings were a grass mat, a broken chair, an ancient washstand with a cracked pitcher, and the inevitable framed photograph of flooded country.

Joan reached for another cigarette, and propped herself on one elbow. "What happens when we patch up the Barq?"

Martin continued to stare at the unlined iron roof. "We fly on our orders, as long as we can."

"You know, if we'd been smart, we'd have made Souronnier pay us in advance for this flight. What happens now if we make Brisbane?"

"Some sheriff's officer nails a writ on the Barq, I guess. Then you and I just walk out, honey, hand in hand, toward the sunset."

"How much have we got left?"

"Two G's in the bank at home. And my gold statuette."

"Don't forget my two gold cups. But we're not hocking them."

There was a soft knocking on the bedroom door. Joan called, "Come in."

The girl Caroline appeared. "We heard your voices," she said. "Grandfather says, would you like a nightcap?"

"I think," Martin said suddenly, "we'd like you to stay and talk a while."

"Is it always quiet like this here?" Joan asked.

"Oh, no." Caroline took a pace or two into the room. "Every second Tuesday, when the mail truck comes through, there's quite a few people here. The flying doctor comes sometimes to the hospital. Then we have a race meeting, and a dance, too, at New Year. But it must seem deadly to you, after all your adventures."

Joan pointed to the foot of the bed,

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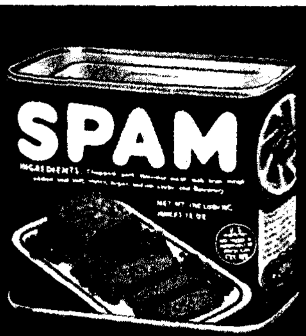

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and said, "Won't you sit down a minute and tell us about your young man?"

"About Jim?" Caroline came up to the bed, and stood fingering its brass knobs. Color rose in her cheeks. "I wanted to ask you. It's what I really came in for. Did you see him when you flew over? The one in the red shirt. I mean, to really see him and tell how he looked?"

Joan shook her head. "I'm sorry, my dear. It was just a glimpse. How badly are you worried about him?"

"There's a chance he could die," the girl answered steadily. "His mates know he's counting on this trip." She looked up with a brief smile. "Jim's always said we wouldn't be married till he could pay for a place of our own. He says it has to be a house with a refrigerator, and a pumping plant for a garden, before he'd ask a woman to make a home in this country. I wouldn't mind if it was just a tent. But he can't see it that way."

"Jim's right," said Martin.

"He's not," Caroline flashed. "Didn't Gran'father and my dad, and most of the men in the Territory start with nothing, and their women face it with them? It's only in the cities that comfort's so important." She hesitated. "Not that a house wouldn't be nice. We had the place picked for it. Jim was going to buy a property, just over the Queensland border. There's lots of trees there, and you should just see the grass after the wet season." Her hands slid away to her sides.

"It *will* work out," Joan told her. "Nothing stops you, when you believe in a thing."

Caroline smiled. "You're very kind. I haven't talked so much for goodness knows how long. Now I'm going to let you rest."

When she had gone, Martin pinched out the candle flame. He and Joan lay quietly, each breathing with a regularity intended to deceive the other.

THE room was bright with the sun when Joan awoke. Martin still slept. The wrinkles beside his mouth had eased. Some trick of the light, Joan thought, was making him appear young again. She watched him for a few moments, remembering the first summer of their marriage.

A shadow fell across the floor by the open window. Constable McIver's voice inquired, "You people awake yet?"

Joan sat up, clutching at a blanket. "What is it?"

Martin opened his eyes as McIver hoisted a long leg over the sill and sat astride there.

"'Morning. Want to talk to you privately," McIver said. He had a townsman's crisp, metallic speech. "It's about that bunch of dopes droving cattle."

"I've been listening on the radio this morning to some chaps who've just been over that route. The rain only got the edge of it, then petered right out. There's no water and damn' little feed for cattle. If Jim Crosbie knew that for sure, he wouldn't take a chance. He could turn his mob around and make for a place called Panorama Valley. There's permanent water there. He could just about make it from where he is now. But he'd have to get the tip-off today."

"I see." Martin was lying back, hands clasped behind his head. "You want someone to fly out there, find him, and give a message?"

McIver nodded.

Joan asked, "Could we land and take off, out where he is now?"

"I reckon not. He'd be getting into his worst stretch of country. Broken, rocky stuff. He'll be pushing his mob flat out to get through, expecting to hit water at the other end. They'll have to be turned while they've got strength to make it back to Panorama. You'd have to drop a message."

The Liddicotts said nothing. Martin rolled to the side of the bed and got up. He padded round to Joan's side, reaching for the pack of cigarettes on the floor.

"It's funny," he said. "I fell asleep thinking that's what I might do. I felt kind of sorry for that what's-her-name girl."

"What's this 'I' business?" Joan asked.

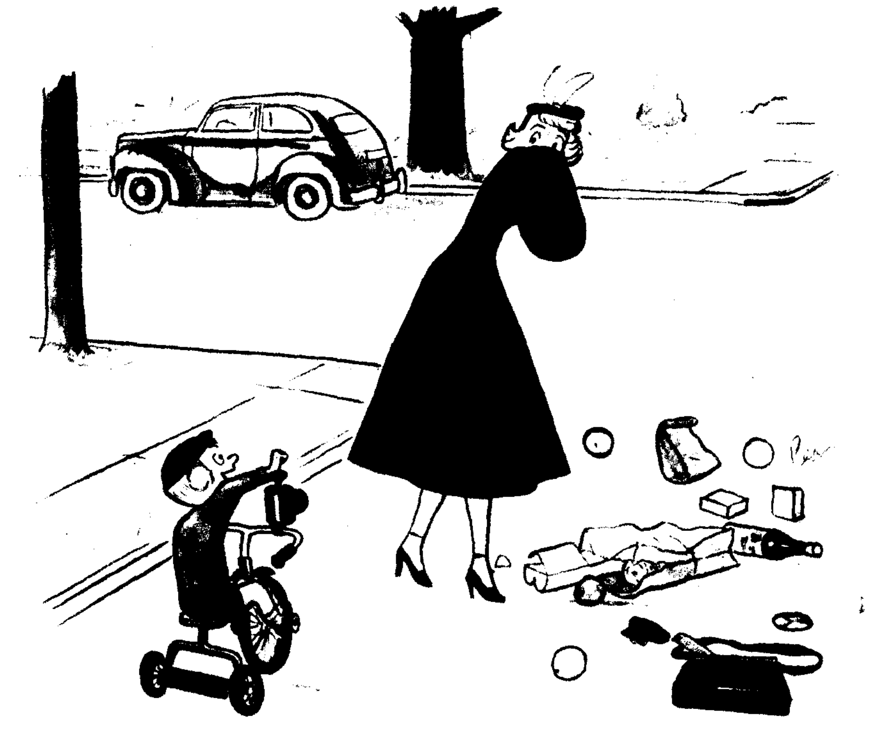
Martin sat on the edge of the bed. "Honey, there'd be no need for both of us to do this little errand."

"No? You're a lousy navigator when I'm not with you. We have to be fair to poor old Souronnier, you know."

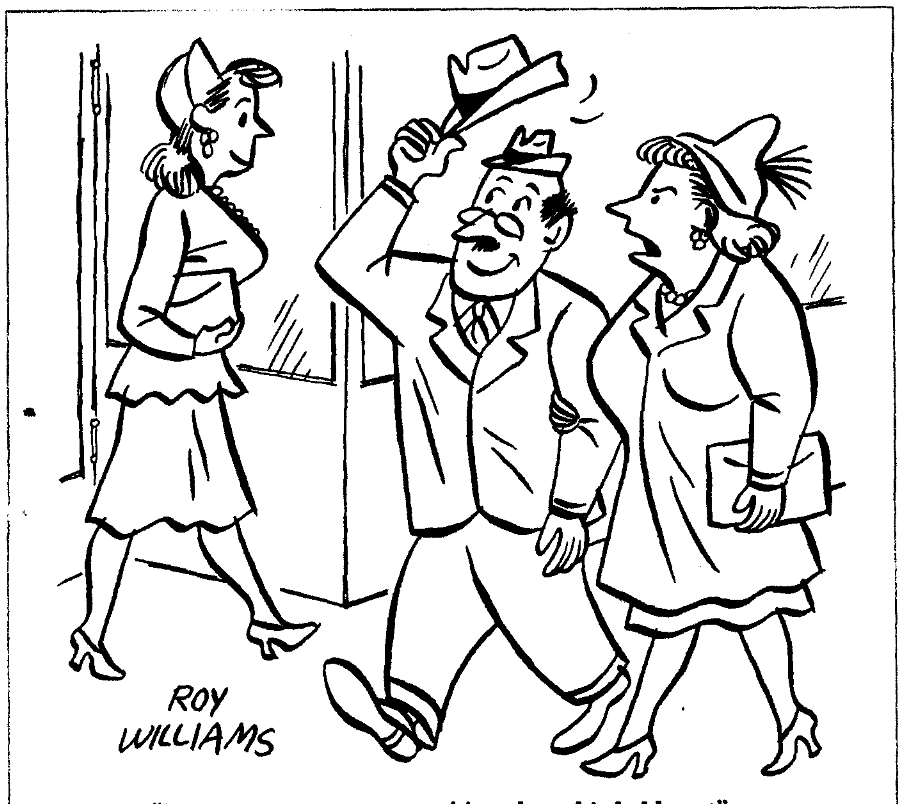
McIver gave them a puzzled glance, then resumed his brooding survey of the plains. "Horrocks or Caroline wouldn't ask you to do it," he said. "They're worried stiff about that boy, but it just wouldn't occur to them that a stranger might help. Well, what do you say?"

"What you expected us to say, of course," Joan told him. "Bring the jeep along in half an hour. We'll be ready—both of us." . . .

The noon warmth was a tingling caress. Joan lay on the sand with her back against a wind-polished boulder. Caroline sprawled beside her, writing a note to Jim. Fifty yards away, Martin and



COLLIER'S "Some horn I've got, huh, Mrs. Jones?" CHARLES PEARSON



COLLIER'S "I never saw a man so sensitive about his bald spot" ROY WILLIAMS

McIver were tinkering with the Barquantine.

The motor of the Barquantine erupted into sound, spluttered for a moment, then caught its slow-running rhythm. Joan turned her head to watch. McIver was coming over, wiping his hands on cotton waste.

"Mr. Liddicott thinks she's right now." He turned abruptly to Caroline. "Haven't you finished writing yet?"

"Nearly." The girl did not look up.

"You've got half an hour yet, Caroline," Joan said. "We have to warm up the motor and mess around quite a bit. I'd better do my share." She got up and began to walk toward the plane. McIver went with her.

"There's something I didn't tell you before, Mrs. Liddicott. On the B.B.C. news from London this morning. That finance bloke, Souronnier."

Joan looked up quickly.

McIver went on. "He's committed suicide. They said he'd been messing about with the funds of his companies."

Joan halted. "Suicide! The poor soul! But he wasn't the type that dies that way."

"There are no types. You never know how a man will face a situation till it hits him." McIver kicked at a pebble. He said abruptly, "I can't take this country any more. I'm resigning from the police. Maybe I'll see you in America one day."

Joan looked at him. "Would you mind if I asked a very personal question?"

"Go ahead."

"You're in love with Caroline, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And all you're going to do about it is quit?"

McIver shrugged. "What else? She doesn't know how it is. She doesn't even see me. There can only be the one man in her world. Jim Crosbie's all right. They're right for each other. They'll do fine together, when you find him and turn him back from trouble today."

Joan held out her hand. "I take it back, about the quitting," she said. "You're a swell guy, Constable McIver."

All afternoon, the Barquantine flew a searching traverse of the west. The light was beginning to fade when the Liddicotts picked up the dust cloud of traveling cattle. The steers were picking their slow way up a league-long slope of eroded country. Black rocks shouldered out of the reddish soil between straggly bushes. Beyond the crest of the climb, the country was a salt-bush plain, with a pallidness near the horizon that suggested water.

Martin throttled back for a glide. Horsemen on the outskirts of the laboring herd pulled up to watch. Joan had the gunny sack with Caroline's note, weighted with a dozen loaves of fresh-baked bread and padded with the hotel's parlor cushions. At two hundred feet, Martin checked speed almost to stalling point. Joan threw the sack.

Martin gave the plane full throttle, and flew on to the north for a mile to stress the dropped message. Then he turned back.

The horsemen had drawn together. A figure in a red shirt held up Caroline's letter and waved. The Barquantine dipped wings to him, then swung away.

MARTIN closed his side window. "Got a course for us?" he called.

"Due east till I can get a bearing." Joan folded her map sheet and held it on her knees. "We ought to sight a range fairly soon. Better sneak some height."

"It does matter, I suppose?"

"You know it does. We wouldn't want to quit before we had to, like Souronnier. We have a reputation."

"Sure. We have a reputation at Darfie's Ponds." Martin reached a hand out to hers. "You're cold, honey."

"Not inside. It sounds stupid, but—I'm happy."

He nodded. "Me too." There were flickers of lightning across the dark sky ahead. "I hope that fellow saves his cattle."

"He will. You know what Caroline told him in that note? She told me, when we said good-by. He's to leave his mob at Panorama and head right back to Darfie's Ponds and marry her. Next time he follows a storm, she has to go along. It sounded like an ultimatum."

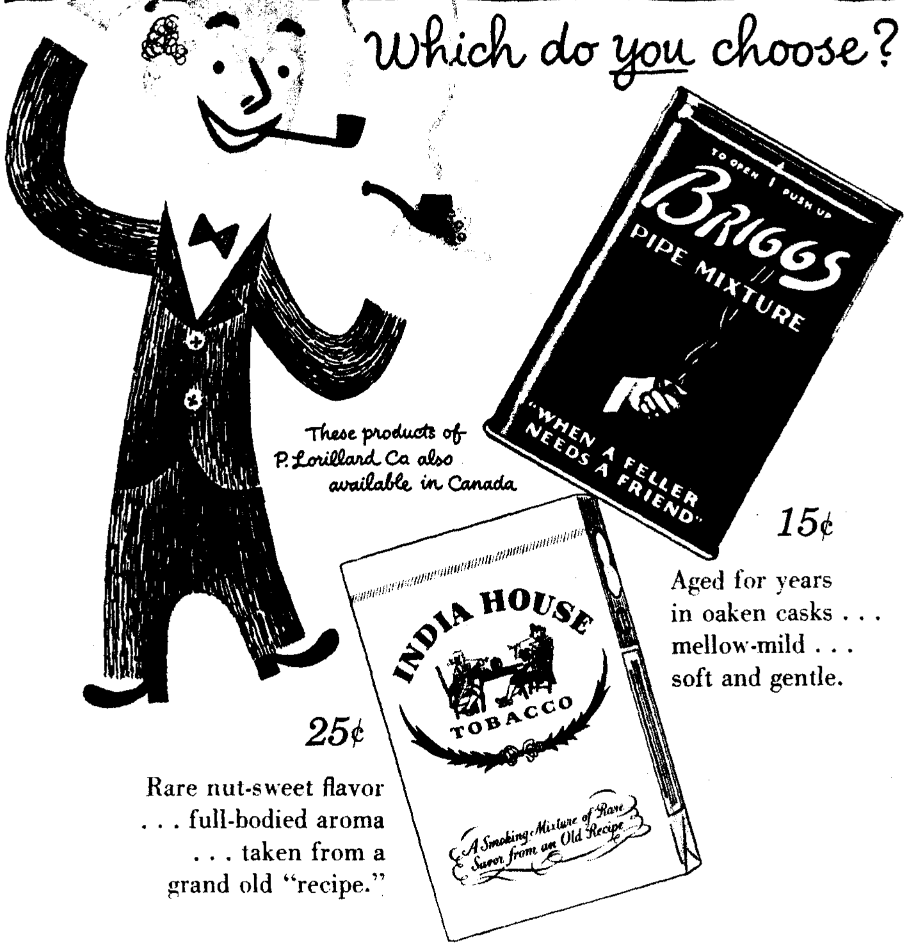
Martin smiled briefly. "Poor old McIver!"

"We don't have to feel sorry for him. He's got what it takes."

"I guess they all have, down there." Martin settled in his seat. "You know, honey, even if the newspapers forget us, there'll be this one little corner of the world where a few people will go on thinking for a long while that the Liddicotts were some damn' use after all. Is that enough credit for us to build a future on, supposing we have the chance?"

Joan looked out into the dusk. "It certainly is," she said.

Delightful Dilemma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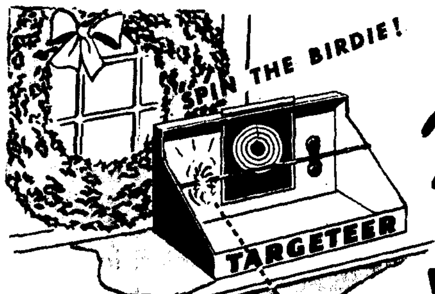

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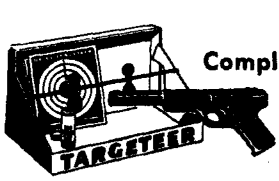

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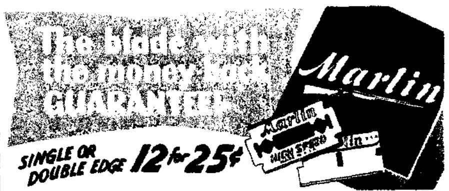
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CAPTURE OF THE INNOCENTS

Continued from page 28

professors, novelists, divines, Broadway and Hollywood celebrities—dangled at the end of our Communist lines. The party provided them not only with ready-made audiences, applause and publicity, but gave them the warm feeling that they were in the swim of "progress." What Stalin's string-pullers got in return was their glamorous names and prestige, their time and talent, and sometimes their cash.

The persistent labors of the party in drawing in these educated stooges netted important dividends. They could always be relied upon to rally to the defense of Communists in trouble with the law; to gang up on "Red-baiters," meaning Americans who told the truth about Communism; to "defend Soviet Russia," right or wrong.

Trying to Wreck Lend-Lease

I repeatedly took part in mobilizing these innocents in support of Moscow's foreign-policy goals. On the ninth floor of our East Twelfth Street Kremlin, back in 1941, we made the plan which resulted in a statement signed by 163 eminent Americans denouncing President Roosevelt for "warmongering" through Lend-Lease aid.

In the very same office, three years later, we initiated a petition, in due time signed by a number of prominent people, urging Mr. Roosevelt's election to a fourth term. The kicker in the story is that a large proportion of the signers were these same innocents!

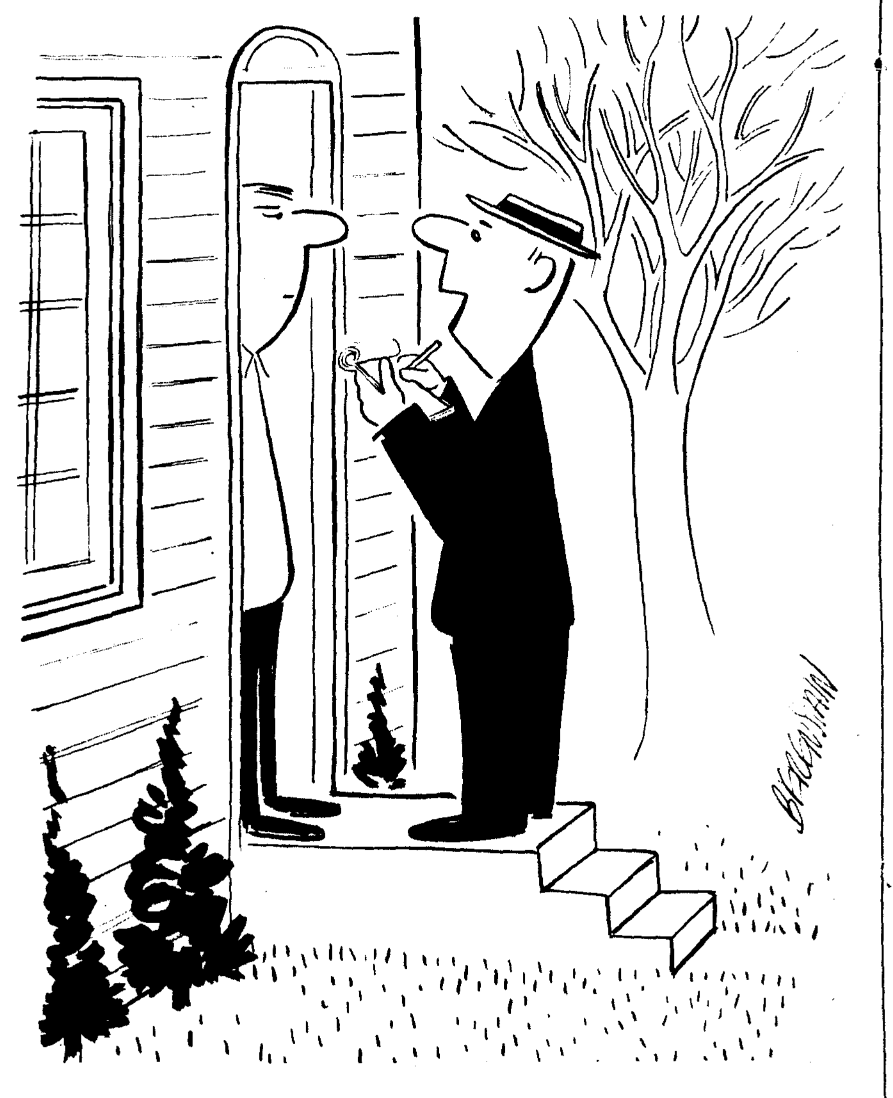
Watching now from the outside with an experienced eye, it is perfectly obvious to me that the same breed of well-known innocents is being relied upon today to weaken and confuse American public opinion and official policy in Soviet Russia's behalf. The fact that most of them think they are free agents serving the cause of "peace" does not make them any less mischievous. After all, money can't buy the kind of frenzied pro-Soviet activity to which famous Americans, from religious leaders to movie stars, lend themselves.

There were—and there are—special false-front organizations for these people, like the now defunct League of American Writers, or the Independent Citizens Committee for the Arts, Sciences and Professions, now merged in the Progressive Citizens of America.

A brand-new "innocents' club" for the fuzzy-minded gentry in the "cultural" field is presently being created under the modest title of Congress of Intellectuals. This is modeled, name and all, on the Soviet-sponsored World Congress of Intellectuals staged last August in Red Poland.

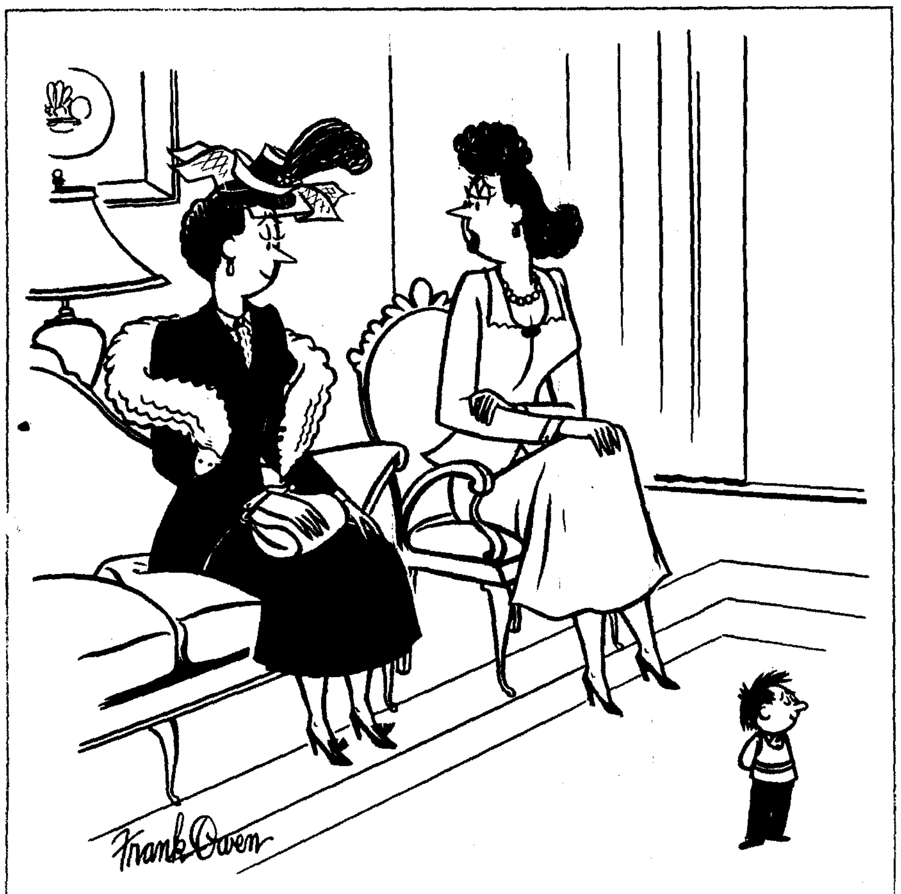
At the Polish meeting the attacks on the United States, Britain and other democracies were so raw that a few British-American delegates couldn't take it. Their protests, however, did no good. The congress formally condemned the "war plans of American imperialism," while praising the Kremlin's "peace" policies. All but a few of the Americans present joined in the typical Communist-line vilification of their own country.

And now an American branch of this



"Sir, we are initiating our poll for the 1952 Presidential election. Now, from this hypothetical list of candidates . . ."

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN



"He's quite proud of himself today. He carried home twenty dollars' worth of groceries all by himself!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

international organization of self-styled intellectuals, stooging for Red imperialism, is being fashioned. Hundreds of confused "cultural leaders," we may be sure, will join up.

Most societies such as these have been frank extensions of similar world-wide Soviet fronts. The most important in my Communist years was the League of American Writers, formed according to detailed blueprints drawn up at the International Congress of Writers. Besides the central apparatus in New York, the league had dozens of local branches through the country. The most active was the Hollywood chapter, drawing on the powerful pink cocktail set in the movie capital.

Another magnetic pole for the Red intellectuals here has long been the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, set up for the specific purpose of bringing useful European Communists—useful, that is, from Moscow's angle—to the United States. In this it has been highly successful, thanks to the good offices of strategically placed persons in Washington.

What "Anti-Fascist" Means

A number of members of this false front were convicted for contempt, having refused to reveal the committee records to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. At this writing a petition for rehearing is before the Supreme Court. Their skittishness on the issue is hardly remarkable. Those records, unless they have been destroyed or doctored, would show that "anti-Fascist" is just another way of saying Communist agent.

Aside from such special committees, councils, congresses and mobilizations, the intellectuals are valuable to Stalin's branch office here as window dressing for all other false-front organizations. The average unsophisticated American, impressed by big-name sponsors and officers, signs up for Communist-hatched causes with a clear conscience.

Stalin's cultural commissar for America, responsible for manipulating the intellectuals, is Comrade Alexander Trachtenberg. For a quarter of a century this man, ostensibly only the head of International Publishers, has been directing and co-ordinating fifth-column activities in our country. Recently he added to his manifold duties the job of chairman of the Control Commission of the party: the purge organ whose very mention makes Red functionaries tremble.

Trachtenberg came to America in 1908, when he was twenty-three. He was one of the founders of the American Communist party and has been back to his native Russia a number of times for indoctrination.

Praise for a Red Quisling

On his fiftieth birthday, in 1935, Imprecor, the Soviet news system for Red quislings in all countries, lauded him "as the adviser and director of the broad cultural movement" in America.

A decade later, a tribute in the Daily Worker by columnist Mike Gold said of Trachty: "He has organized or helped in every writers' or artists' or cultural group I have known since the John Reed Clubs" in the early twenties. More than that, he "publishes all the Marxist-Leninist literature in America" and "has issued millions of books, pamphlets, studies on that subject." The figure was no exaggeration.

It was Trachtenberg who first broke the good news to me of the arrival of a new Stalinist agent for cultural infiltration. He had good cause to chuckle, because a $20,000 award by the Rockefeller Foundation for studies in "new musical forms" helped finance this agent. "Capitalist money is paying for the fight against capitalism," Trachty boasted.

The agent in question was Hanns Eisler, composer brother of the Communist International representative Gerhard Eisler. Certainly the Rockefeller Foundation officials were innocent victims of Communist string-pulling.

Comrade Eisler introduced one of the "new musical forms" in which he was interested at a recital so private that it was secret. Some 300 Communists and trusted fellow trotters exploded with enthusiasm when he presented his song We Are Ready to Take Over, composed for the Communist International. It is an item that assuredly did not appear in his Rockefeller Foundation thesis.

Hanns Eisler was quickly introduced

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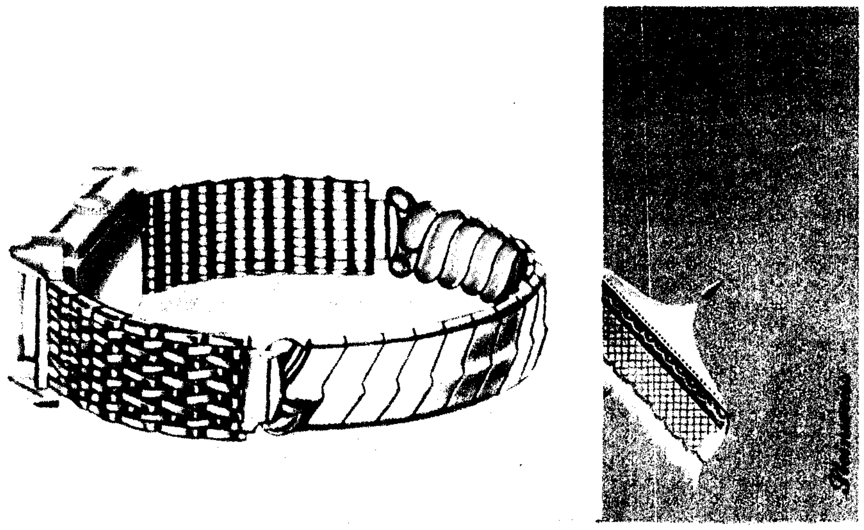

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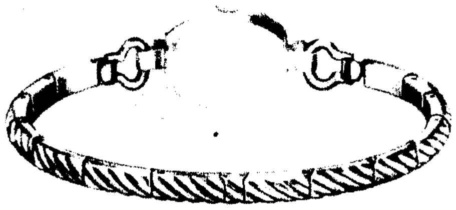

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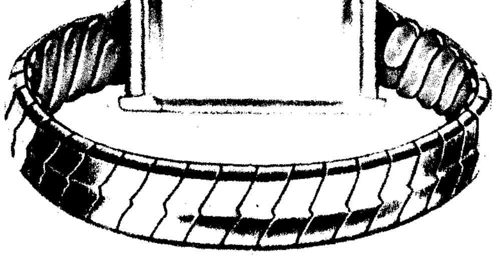

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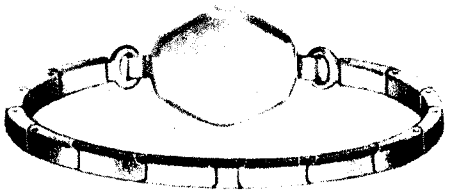

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to Hollywood. There he became one of the powers behind the scenes in "mobilizing" what Eugene Lyons has called "the $2,000-a-week proletarians and the swimming-pool peasantry" of the movie capital. There were years when money shelled out by our Hollywood enthusiasts went further than "Moscow gold" in paying for Communist fifth-column mischief.

When the party set its trap for some intellectual who rated careful attention, a top official was given "political responsibility" for the job.

I want to recount one such assignment out of many because it is typical of the process.

Late in 1942, Jack Stachel, in line with a party decision, called my attention to an article by a world-famous writer. Because he had once written favorably about me in a book about the labor movement, it was decided that I would be the best person to "educate" him and guide him into our preserves.

Why was he important enough to rate the attention of the all-powerful Political Committee of the party? The answer is that we were engaged in selling Marshal Tito to the American people, and this writer, considered an expert on the Balkans, swung some weight with Americans of Slavic origin. The situation was spelled out for me by Comrade Avram Landy, then in charge of secret work among Slav groups in the United States.

A Comrade's Explanation

"Reports from our people in the Office of Strategic Services," Landy explained, "show that this genius is sore at Roosevelt. He had expected some sort of commission as unofficial ambassador to his native country. It hasn't come through. This is a good time to tackle him."

I did. We met in his room at a New York hotel. It didn't take much pressuring on my part to steer the man into the "right" path. As far back as 1934 he had declared publicly that the achievements of the Soviet Union were among the "most important factors" in his "intellectual and emotional consciousness."

However, while we were bending all efforts to put over Tito, the author's friendly attitude toward the Chetnik leader Mikhailovitch was especially distressing.

In that initial meeting he told me that though he was "not unfriendly" to us, he "was sure he could not join the Communist party."

"But that's the last thing I want you to do," I reassured him, as I always did under such circumstances. "You are more valuable to the cause as a writer of independent opinions. But why not meet our comrades and learn the truth about Tito?"

That seemed reasonable and he agreed. I saw him often, at that hotel, then at another when his asthma obliged him to seek an air-conditioned room. Finally I edged him into secret conferences with Landy. At the end of 1942 he was still "withholding judgment" on Mikhailovitch in his writings about Yugoslavia. A few months later he was plugging for Tito and defaming Mikhailovitch without restraint.

Since then, of course, this dupe of ours has been the number one volunteer press agent for the Tito dictatorship—unless Tito's tiff with Stalin has changed the picture. His influence has been enormous in maneuvering the American Slav Congress—a catchall for organizations of Americans of Slav origin—into the galaxy of Red fronts.

The story, as I said, is typical.

How the Sucker-Catch Works

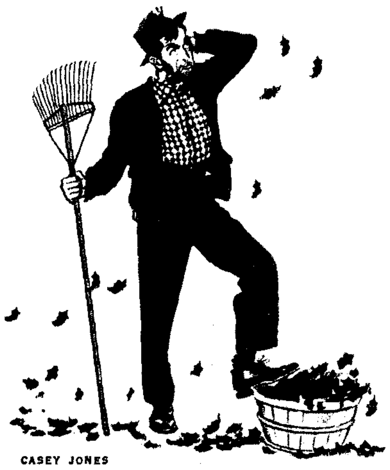
The public from time to time sees exhibits of the Communist sucker-catch in the form of statements, petitions or denunciations carrying a few dozen or a few hundred prominent signatures. The procedure in snaring the names has become fairly standardized and it always works.

First a small committee of party members and fellow travelers gets its instructions. Then, if possible, they persuade a few non-Communists (the more honestly innocent the better) to join them in a letter to a selected list of prospects. Favorable responses immediately pour in from the conscious and disciplined intellectuals.

Since these include many famous names, they serve as additional come-on for the uninitiated.

I know of no case in which this technique failed. Professors, leading physicians, theatrical people and writers overflowing with vague do-good sentiments seem to sign whatever is put under their noses. Often they will give their names to one cause today and, if the party line has about-faced in the meantime, to the very opposite cause tomorrow.

I have a particularly vivid recollection of two Communist documents initiated, to my personal knowledge, by party people. They carried 150 and 400 signatures



CASEY JONES

Lines on Turning Over an Old leaf

The last chrysanthemums are gone.
No longer need I mow the lawn
Or fight the everlasting weed.
At last, I, too, can go to seed
And rest my back, complete with ache.
But what confronts me now? A rake!
And soon thereafter, as you know,
We'll be involved with ice and snow
To hack and shovel. While I wait,
Quite true to type, I'll contemplate
The catalogues, against my will,
To woo next April's daffodil.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

respectively. Most of the signers have since then realized that they were played for suckers. But the unpleasant record of their blunder stands.

American opinion was scandalized by the horrors of the purge trials in Moscow. A commission headed by the octogenarian Professor John Dewey was formed to throw some light on the Moscow horrors by taking testimony from Leon Trotsky in Mexico City.

Moscow demanded that we do something to counteract these rising doubts. This was one instance in which the hand of the NKVD, the Soviet secret police, was deep in the scheme for corralling "liberals" to help whitewash the black deeds in Stalinland. It was then that I was assigned to work with a Russian police agent—carrying the phony name of Robert or Roberts—in forging the murder ring which ultimately assassinated Trotsky.

Meeting at a chain restaurant which was one of our rendezvous, Roberts showed me a list of "liberal" names. Which of them, he wanted to know, would be best suited to lead the counterdrive against Professor Dewey? After some discussion we chose Corliss Lamont.

Few, if any, of those who eventually signed the whitewash of the trials could possibly know that the idea was hatched by top Communist officials in conference with NKVD agents. Not even the five stalwarts who sent out the letter soliciting signatures—Robert Coates, Malcolm Cowley, Stuart Davis, Marc Blitzstein and Paul Strand—had any inkling of the police angle. But on April 28, 1939, the Daily Worker was able to announce in high glee:

"Nearly 150 American artists, writers, composers, editors, movie actors, college professors and Broadway figures yesterday issued a statement in support of the verdicts of the recent Moscow trials of the Trotskyite-Bukharinite traitors."

SEX IN OUR
HIGH SCHOOLS

By AMY PORTER

A Problem for Parents

In Collier's next week

Duping the Intellectuals

The second and larger herd of intellectual cattle was roped in on the very eve of Stalin's deal with Hitler. From my vantage point on the party heights, I observed the whole process from beginning to end.

A group of anti-Communist writers and educators had organized to fight the Red cultural infiltration. Their manifesto stated, among other things, that the Soviet Union was a totalitarian despotism no better than Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany.

We needed a quick counterblast to take the edge off this attack. And as usual our intellectual stooges came through handsomely.

The anti-Red manifesto carried only a few scores of names. The party-made answer flaunted the signatures of 400 men and women from the arts and professions.

The statement, which trusted comrades composed and which the innocents rushed to sign, pinned the familiar smear-words "reactionaries" and "Fascists" on those who dared suggest "the fantastic falsehood that the U.S.S.R. and the totalitarian states are basically alike."

But history played a cruel trick on our fuddled four hundred. Their Open Letter defending Stalin's paradise against the suspicion of totalitarian leanings was made public on August 14, 1939. Nine days later, on August 23d, Stalin had the ill grace to announce the Moscow-Berlin pact of friendship and nonaggression. There were a lot of very red faces among the pink elite that day.

Let no one think that this is in the past. We need only glance at the roster of any of the latest false-front groups, such as the Civil Rights Congress, to see that the work among professionals and intellectuals is still paying off handsomely. The creation of this council—geared to raise money, create sympathetic publicity and provide legal defense for Communists who run afoul of the law—was worked out while I was still in the party.

Prominent Anti-Red Members

At the time of its organization in April, 1946, the Civil Rights Congress ensnared such prominent non-Communists as Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, Mark Ethridge, Dr. David de Sola Pool, and even a Wall Street lawyer, Allen Wardwell. Most remarkable of all—and striking proof of how deceptive a Red disguise can be—Oswald Garrison Villard, an implacable foe of the Communists, joined the parade. Subsequently Mr. Villard revealed how such things can happen even to a knowledgeable anti-Red.

"I went in under a mistaken impression," he attested. "When they came to me, they showed me a list of a half-dozen sponsors, friends of mine and known non-fellow travelers. I gave my name on the strength of theirs. I learned that it was actually being run by Communists and got out just as fast as I could. The trouble is that liberals are always being roped in by seeing the names of their friends."

The unthinking readiness with which these people throw themselves into pro-Communist causes can be illustrated with another recent episode. As editor of the Daily Worker, I reported the launching, in 1944, of the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief. Under the guise of charity, this was simply an innocents' front to help Marshal Tito fasten his fangs on his country.

But Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt became honorary chairman. Among the sponsors were the then Senator (now President) Harry S. Truman, Dr. Albert Einstein, Rita Hayworth, William Green and Philip Murray. These names speak volumes for the skill with which party-line boys handled the project. These and other sponsors dropped out when the Communist influence became increasingly evident in the following years. Over $3,000,000 was collected from softhearted Americans.

The end came last July. The committee suddenly announced that it was disbanding. Had Yugoslavs perhaps become too well off under Tito to require any more relief? Nothing of the sort. What happened was that Marshal Tito was in disgrace with his Kremlin bosses, and as a matter of course, the supposedly independent organization acted to choke off the flow of dollars to his bailiwick.

Large as the pro-Red contingent may be among intellectuals, it should be remembered that they still add up to only a tiny fraction of the total. For every professor or churchman or writer who takes the bait, there are thousands who don't. All that my account proves is that among the educated—as among the uneducated—there are careless, bemused and confused people. It is upon them that the Communists concentrate their wiles and their tested techniques, with amazing success.

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An Oklahoma member wrote, "I am so happy that in the last half of '47 I made close to $100. This extra income helped me buy a rug for my living room. I am thankful for the extra money earned in such an easy way."

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
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Do you need a canoe?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

You can furnish a house for free but it isn't worth the trouble

DRAWINGS BY MISCHA RICHTER

"What'll you do about furniture?"

NOBODY asked for my advice but if you ever move from a two-room apartment in the city to a house in the country, don't tell anybody but your own moving men; otherwise you're going to wind up with a situation that shouldn't happen to a doghouse.

When my wife and I announced this move twelve years ago the first apartment neighbor to grab my lapel was Sam Dillingwater.

"I hear," he said, "that you and Lois are going to live in the country. What're you going to do about furniture?"

"We've decided," I told him, "to pick it up gradually. Maybe I'll make some out of orange crates and nail kegs."

"Look," Sam enthused. "Bessie and I have a mess of household goods in storage, eating its head off in monthly charges. Why don't you use it? What you don't want you can keep in the cellar or attic."

"Thanks just the same," I hedged, "but we'd rather not be responsible for your things. Suppose our house burned down?"

"What nonsense!" he scoffed. "It wouldn't be your fault, probably, and besides, the stuff isn't very valuable and your insurance would take care of our loss."

I made the mistake of giving in. We needed furniture.

We hadn't hung the first cup in the cupboard or the first pan in the pantry of our country place before a van grunted up to the premises and disgorged a sofa, chairs, three barrels, some cardboard cartons and six rugs. From its appearance the sofa had apparently barely survived a flash fire and several generations of wire-haired fox terriers. The springs sagged and one leg was missing. It wouldn't go up the attic stairs or down the cellarway, so we ended up by spending $147 to have it made presentable for our living room.

The chairs were all right and the cartons and barrels made the grade to the attic but as we unrolled the rugs a squadron of moths, exhibiting no traces of malnutrition, took off for the far reaches of the house. We have yet to conquer their progeny. At the time, the rug-cleaning bill was fairly reasonable and we wish now we'd had the frayed edges rewoven and the holes mended.

During the first six months of our rural tenancy two other vans and various light express trucks unloaded miscellaneous furniture, trunks tied with rope, bashed-in lamp shades, crates of battered kitchen utensils and a rug-weaving outfit comprising 210 separate pieces.

These were from the Wilsons, the Slinghammers and a family whose name we didn't catch.

Most of the furniture went down into the cellar, since by that time the attic was an impenetrable jungle (for the past three years we have been endeavoring, without any success whatever, to locate a small box containing our birth certificates and $500 worth of War Bonds).

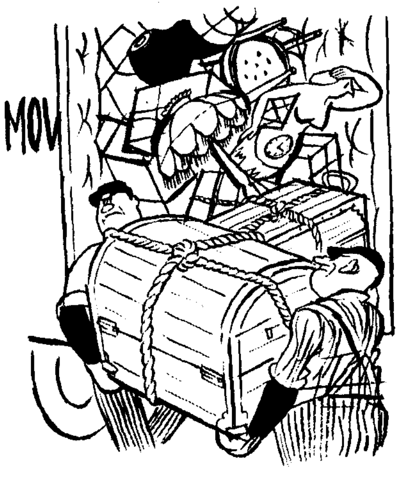
The cellar is damply and darkly suited for growing mushrooms, which is undoubtedly the reason several Slinghammer items became unglued rather rapidly. We weren't aware of it until the Slinghammers came out one day to look through one of their trunks, the bottom of which fell out when they lifted it. What disturbed them most, however, was the soggy condition of their Uncle Jake's rocking chair.

Anyhow they moved their junk out just in time for us to take care of a waterproof canoe owned by the Hartwells.

I don't mean to imply that some of this trash hasn't been useful. We're still using broken-down bedroom stuff that's adequate for our guests, and our living room is replete with other people's chairs, lamps and fireplace accessories. Three dining-room tables are handy, too. Also, since we've always wanted a grandfather clock, I suppose we should consider ourselves fortunate in having five of them lined up along a wall in the library. Someday I'll try to get one working.

Last Monday we received most of the worldly goods of the Sheltons, who had a house sold over their heads and who have holed up in a hotel for two months until they can take possession of a new place.

By moving our car out into the driveway we managed to provide shelter for the Shelton collection. One item was an expensive sun lamp I lugged into the house Monday night and which blew out five minutes after I had started a sunburn. On Tuesday I paid a fantastic price for a new tube and Wednesday morning Lou Shelton called up and said awfully sorry to bother you, old man, but would it be too much trouble to ship the sun lamp back to town? The hotel is so dingy.



They unloaded miscellaneous junk

Now and again my wife puts down the evening paper and gazes intently at a drum table or a ladder-back chair. I know what's on her mind. She's trying to recall whether it belongs to us or to somebody we haven't seen since the hit tune of the day was The Music Goes Round and Round.

Some day I'll try to get one working

I say nothing. I merely keep my eyes glued on our antique coffee table that cost me two hundred and fifty clams. When the day of reckoning comes we're going to keep that coffee table, no matter what Mrs. Feiffenhawser says. So help me, it's ours, not hers.

I almost forgot. Last night I answered the phone and a lady said, "This is Grace Buttonhouse."

"Who?" I asked as politely as possible (I had been wrestling with eight cartons of books from the Jansens, who have just gone to South America for an indefinite period).

"You've been taking care of a very valuable Chinese rug for Fred and me since 1936," explained Mrs. Buttonshoe.

"Oh—Chinese rug," I temporized. "Was that yours?"

"What do you mean," she demanded, "was it ours?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Buttonhook," I apologized. "It had been here so long we thought it belonged to us and we sold it at a rummage sale last week. Fetched a pretty penny, as a matter of fact. By the way, Mrs. Buttonhorse, would you be interested in buying a nifty waterproof canoe? At twenty-one bucks it's a steal."

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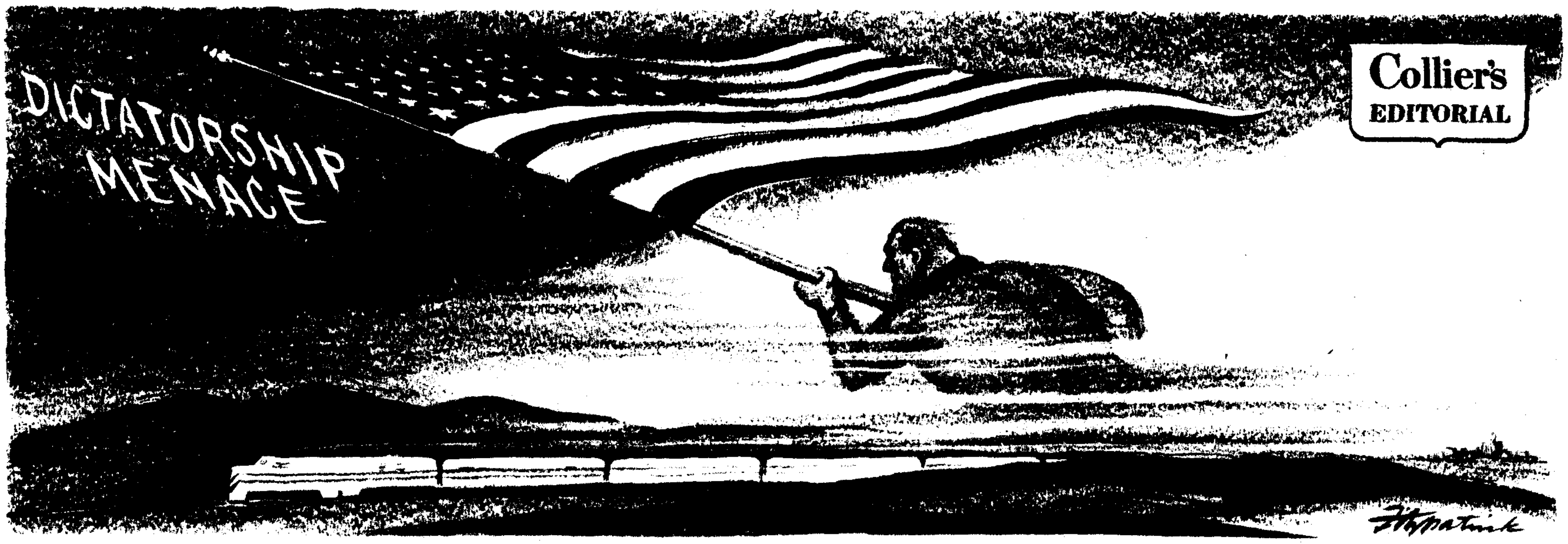

Collier's believes...

FREEDOM SHOULD RING: WITHIN about a month the Freedom Train will pull into New York to remain until New Year's Day. A year's travel around the United States will have been finished. An amazing journey will be over.

Nobody quite anticipated what has happened. Somehow the arrival of the Freedom Train in a community seemed to give people a chance to express their deeper feelings. Love of country, love of liberty, hope for recognition of human dignity got intermixed in this carnival, just as the singing of The Star-Spangled Banner and the sight of the flag fluttering in bright sunlight quickens the pulse and awakens sentiments and emotions that most of the time are safely dormant.

The train itself was an inspiring thing, well designed to draw the crowds it summoned in such droves. The 115 documents, the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Emancipation Proclamation and such, had all the force of records of some of the greatest moments in our history. But more important than the documents or the train was the timing. The year 1948 has been one when pre-eminently men have been compelled to think of freedom.

We have to thank the Communists for that. Because Russian ambition to rule was depriving so many people of independence, liberty suddenly became much more significant and interesting. When liberty is safe, we don't have to get excited about it. And we don't. But when actually it is in danger the situation is different and we are not bored by the recollection of the great episodes of our past.

So without intending to do so or even knowing that they were doing it, the Russians gave the Freedom Train a greater opportunity. When the Communists strangled the independence of Czechoslovakia and conquered Hungary, they compelled freemen everywhere to think about their own principles and their own security.

Times of danger often put principles to the critical test. The Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to our Constitution, is a sort of memorandum of the privileges we like to possess. The right to speak freely implies, however, a tolerance of the other fellow's right to speak freely.

If the differences of sentiment are quite marked, toleration becomes more difficult. Where agreement is fairly general, as between Democrats and Republicans, for instance, it is easy to endure the foolish opinions of those who do not see eye to eye with us. Where the differences are more emphatic, as between the Wallace party and either Democrats or Republicans, it is much harder to tolerate strange doctrines. Yet the Emancipation Proclamation on that same Freedom Train and now also embodied in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of our Constitution is a reminder that men previously ignored also have rights.

The Communists in the United States impose an even greater strain upon our principles and upon our tempers. They frankly try to take advantage of our freedom, to destroy our freedom. They seek a refuge in the Bill of Rights in order to deprive us of the privileges embodied in the Bill of Rights.

No people as practical as those who have won liberty and independence for themselves, certainly none as practical as Americans, will carry the logic of liberty to the point at which liberty is lost. This is axiomatic. Abraham Lincoln exemplified that in his treatment of the Copperheads. If Communists ever get numerous enough or important enough to be a real internal threat to American principles, common sense will not permit them to destroy us.

We are far from that now. Meanwhile, we are strong enough and secure enough to enjoy the great free way of life celebrated by the Freedom Train. During the past eleven months some 3,500,000 Americans have actually visited the train and gazed at the documents. Nearly 45,000,000 Americans have in one way and another participated in the program. The year 1948 is in a special sense a Year for Freedom. The assemblers and exhibitors of the historic documents of our liberty aboard the Freedom Train have done well by it. . .

WE, THEIR ELDERS, SHARE THE BLAME: WE BELIEVE that the early manifestations of sex in high school trouble teachers, parents, writers of letters to the editor, and numbers of other important and conscientious citizens. We think also that the young and the adolescent are also bothered. Old folks have no monopoly of worry.

Every school since Noah has had its problems and some have had their scandals. It is our impression that today's high-school boys and girls are not much better than were their fathers. Not much worse either.

It is a fact, as Amy Porter shows in her article published in next week's Collier's, that parents, generally speaking, are complete flops as instructors in matters of sex—and schoolteachers are not much better.

The reasons for this failure are obvious enough. Principles and practice even among the mature don't always coincide. Shame, modesty, the natural impulse for privacy tend to keep parents and teachers mute or awkward in the discussion of such affairs.

The truth is that the young are much better than their elders fancy. For one who breaks the unwritten and unspoken code, there are the many who do not fail The majorities comply with what is silently expected of them.

The few who do not conform create the scandals and make the problems for the school and family and society. Surely we should do better in informing the young.

A few communities, churches and social agencies are now equipped to help those who have blundered. But the numbers of those ready and able to help are indeed few.

If we are concerned at all, we might be concerned intelligently.

To us this means first improving the routine of instruction as much as possible. Then work out civilized methods for helping those who have made early mistakes. . . . W. L. C.

★ ★ ★ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ★ ★ ★

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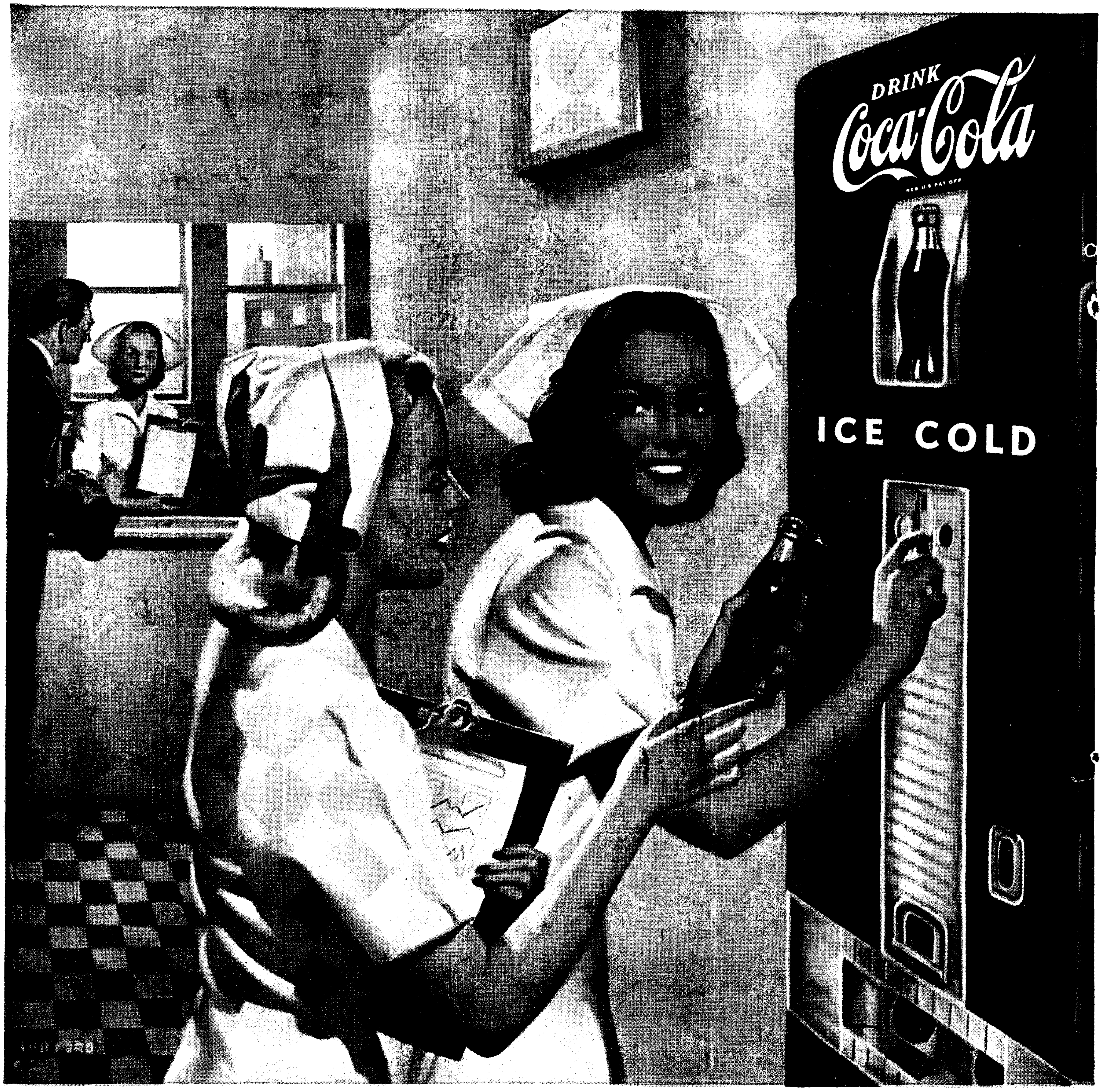

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